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THE OLD MERCHANTS

OF

NEW YORK CITY.

BY

WALTER BARRETT, CLERK.

- The harvest of the river is her revenue. and she is a mart of nations.
- Whose antiquity is of ancient days.
- The Crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.

—*Isa'ah* xxiii, 3, 7, 8.

VOL. V.

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INDEX.

A

Addoms, David	175	Barretto, Francis	164
Affleck, Lady	51	Barrington, Lord	151
Allaire, Maria	33	Bates, Abraham	41
Allan, John	107	Bayley, Richard	182
Alexander, Joseph	276	Bayham, Lord	241
Alexander, Wm.	179	Beach, Rev. Dr.	33
Alley, Saul	33	Bedell, Gregory T.	149
Allston, Mrs. Gov.	150	Beekman, James	151
Ammerman, Richard	205	Beddinger, Henry	103
Anderson, Elbert	176	Belmont, Anguste	35
Anderson, Professor	176	Belvadere, Peter	235
Anderson, Charles	252	Benkard & Hutton,	259
Andros, Edmund	97	Bennett, Mr.	35
Appleton, D. & Co.	281	Bennedy, Rev. Andrew	19, 22
Argo, J. J.	63	Berry & Rogers,	183
Ash, Thomas	223	Bergh, Christian	201
Astor, John J.	41	Bergh, Edwin	201
Astor, Henry	109, 198	Bergh, Henry	201
Atwill, Winthrop	168	Bergh & Norsworthy	202
Austen, David	33	Bergh & Russell	202
Ayres, Daniel	156	Bergh, Temis	201
		Betts, Geo. W. & G.	249
		Bevan & Humphrey	186
		Bevan, Matthew L.	188
		Bevan & Porter,	188
		Biddle, Nicholas	257, 258
		Biddy, Governor S.	41
		Biddy & Rutgers,	183
		Blagg, Benjamin	34
		Blackwell & McFarland,	56
		Blatchford, R. M.	193
		Bloodgood, Thomas	80
		Boorman, Johnson & Co.	156
		Bonsfield, Benjamin	161
		Bonsfield, Thomas	161
		Bonnell, Hezekiah	141, 145

B

Bacon, Marshall	122		
Bacus, Andrew & Son	166		
Bailie, Wm.	274		
Bantey, Peter	144		
Barker, Jacob	167		
Barnum, P. T.	231		
Barker, Gardiner	229, 231		
Barret, Walter	5, 19, 20, 115, 116, 182, 281		

Clarkson, Maria C.	54	Daulmeny, O. B.	45
Clarkson, David M.	54	Davis, Charles	78
Clark & Nightingale,	190	De Forest, Benjamin	5
Clarkson, Gen. Matthew	17	De Forest, Carlos	6
Clarkson, Mary Ruthford	17	De Forest, Mrs. Carlos	6
Clay, Henry	249	De Forest, Don	5, 6
Clinton, De Witt	73	De Hart, Jane	69
Clinton, Gov. George	135, 192	Delaplaine, John F.	153, 154,
Cocart, Isaac	7		155
Codman, Wm.	82	Depeau, Francis	48
Coit, Daniel L.	264	De Peyster, Miss Eliza	73
Colton, Daniel	125	De Russe, Col.	101
Colden, Cadwallader	24, 47,	De Rham & Iselin,	185
	114	De Ewes, Simond	89
Coles, John B.	71	Desbrosses, Charles	278
Cole, Mr.	35	Desbrosses, James	278, 280
Connolley, Michael	233, 234	Desbrosses, Elias	278, 279, 280
Cooper, T. R.	143, 144	Desbrosses, Catherine	279
Cooper, Peter	281, 283	Desbrosses, Mrs. Magdalen	280
Corp, Crammond	77	Dickson, Dr.	8
Corp, John C.	77	Dickson, Cornelius	67
Corp, Samuel	76, 77, 78	Dodge, Gen.	114
Corp, Ellis & Shaw,	76, 77	Dolan, John	276
Corp, Wm.	77	Dorance, Billy	196
Coster, Henry A.	40, 139	Doughty, Edward	209
Coster, John G.	40, 74	Dove, Wm.	143, 144
Cox & Co.	167	Dubois, Domine	161
Crammon, Ann	77	Dudley, Guilford	90
Craven, Lord	89	Duer, Alexander	84
Cromwell, Oliver	89	Duer, Wm. A.	160
Cromwell, Richard	89	Duncan, Sherman & Co,	281,
Cruger, John	24		283
Cushman Family,	283	Dunham, E. W.	281
Cushman, Allerton	283	Dunlap, Alexander	63
Cushman, Robert	283	Dunlap, James	63
Cushman, Alonzo	286	Dunlap, James & Judah	63
Cushman, Falconer	286	Dunlap & Grant,	63
		Dunlap, Thomas	63
		Dunstan, Frank	38
		Duryee, John P.	191
		Duvrseau, J. A.	48
D.			
Dailey, Henry	88		
Dailey, Joseph	248		
Dana, W. B.	216	E	
Danbury, Cook	13		
Dando, Mary	205	Ebbit, Daniel Jr.	267
Dash, John B.	109	Eckford, Henry	79

Eddy, Thomas	139	Freeborn & Lawrence,	102
Edgar, Wm.	71	Fuller, Cornelius	8
Egbert, Benjamin	225	Furness, Gabriel	222, 223
Egerton, Algernon	261		
Ellis, Henry	77		
Ellis, John	77	G	
Ellis, John F.	77		
Ellis, Dr.	78	Gadebin, Joseph	223
Ellis, Jack	78	Gaine, Hugh	163, 182, 187
English, Wm.	52	Gale, Dr.	15
Eno, Amos R.	281	Gallatin, Albert	241
Ernest, Anthony	223	Garr, Andrew S.	64
		Gandy, Sheppard	281
		Gebhard, Frederic	40
		Gebhard & Schuchardt	75
		Gerard, Wm.	86, 148
		Gerard James W.	148, 149
		Gerard, Betts & Co	149
		Gibbs, Thomas S.	41, 44
		Gibbs, Morgan	41
		Glass, Alexander S.	149
		Glass, James	149
		Glass & Gerard,	149
		Glass Eliza B.	277
		Glass, Anna S.	277
		Glean, Oliver	223
		Glover, Jane	51
		Glover, John G.	51
		Goodhue, Jonathan	55
		Goodhue & Co.,	264
		Gordon, Mrs. R.	13
		Grant, Donald	11, 13
		Graves, Jan Boonen	40
		Grafton, Joseph Jr.	75
		Grey, Lady Jane	90
		Greenleaf, Thomas	223
		Grim, David	109
		Griswold, George	38, 39, 166
		H	
		Haggerty, John	32, 33, 34
		Haggerty & Austen,	32, 34
		Haggerty, Austen & Co.,	32
		Haggerty & Tuttle,	32
		Hagar, Mrs. Elizabeth	87, 90
F			
Faden, Wm.	249		
Faile, E. G.	259		
Fair, Robert	62		
Falconer, Archibald	286		
Farquhar, James	183		
Fenwick, George	88		
Fernerhosne, Abraham	184		
Fernerhosne, Isaac	184		
Fernerhosne, Moses	184		
Ferris, Charles G.	149		
Ferguson, John	51		
Ferguson, Samuel	52		
Ferguson & Day,	52		
Field, Josiah H.	117, 119		
Field, Hickson W.	119, 120		
Field, Moses	119		
Field, Wm. Hazard	120		
Field, Maunsell	120		
Pillin, Francis	24		
Firth & Hall.	144		
Fish, Governor	18		
Fish, Whitehead	74		
Fish, Preserved	121		
Fish, Nicholas	236		
Flack, John	33		
Flewelling, Samuel	74		
Foster, Dame	8		
Fowler, Samuel	197		
Franklin, Benjamin	73		
Francis, Dr. John	244		
Freeborn, Gideon	102		

Hagar, John	88	Howland, G. G. & L.	267
Haight, Benjamin	148	Howland, Wm.	102
Hall, James	199, 203	Howland & Lawrence,	102
Halstead, Andrew L.	203	Howard & Phelps,	252
Hamilton, Lieutenant	7	Huddart, Rev. R. T.	291
Hamilton, John C.	41	Humes, John	254
Hamilton, Alexander	41, 70, 71, 72, 101	Humes, J. & J. Lippincott	255
Hamilton, Governor	108	Humes, J. & J. W. Lippin-	255
Hancock, John	141	cott,	255
Hannahs, Wm.	285	Humphrey, Alexander	179
Harrison, James	228	Humphrey, May	188
Harvey, Jacob	33, 276	Humphreys, Sterne	188
Hardenbrook, Abel	223	Humphreys, Bevan	189
Haskell, Dr.	64	Hunt, Wilson G.	281
Hasseling, Arthur	88	Hutchinson & Daulmeny,	45
Hatton, Mrs. Ann Julia	228, 229		
Hatton, Wm.	228		
Heuvel, John C. V.	40, 41, 42, 43, 44	I	
Heuvel, Mrs. Justina	41	Inderwick, Janet	134, 135, 136, 137
Hicks, Almy	183	Inderwick, Jansen	135, 136
Hill & Brown,	186	Ingoldsby, Felix	33
Hoadley, David	281	Ingraham, Duncan	105
Hoffman, Ogden	78	Ingersoll, Charles J.	259
Hoffman, Martin	222	Iselin, Isaac	185
Hoffman, Alida	84		
Hoffman, Catherine C.	84	J	
Hoffman, Phillip	84		
Holt, John	7	Jackson, Gen.	195, 196
Holt, Elizabeth	85	Jaffray, Robert	38
Holland, Capt.	7	Jaffray, Eliza	38
Holthuysen, J. C.	54	Jaffray, Mary	38
Holthuysen & Cox,	54	Jaffray, John R.	38
Holthuysen, John L.	54	Jaffray, Edmund S.	38
Holden, Margaret	85	Jaffray, J. R. & Sons	38
Hone, John & Son,	32	Jaffray, Richmond W.	38
Hone, Phillip	42, 222, 223	Jaffray, Edward S. & Co.	38
Hones & Towne,	52	Jaffray, Rebecca	38
Hone, John	222	Jay, Peter A.	17, 164, 165
Hopson, James	43	Jay, John	17, 69
Hossack, David	139	Jay, Dr. John C.	17
Hossack, Alexander	139	Jay, Mary	17, 114
Houston, Frances	87	Jay, Anna	17
Houston, Mary	84	Jefferson, Thomas	36
Howard, Edmund	87	Jenkins, Marshall	122
Howard, Francis	96		

Jewett, Commodore	241	Lawrence, Wm.	86, 87, 95, 96
Jewett, Augustine D. L.	241	Lawrence, Robert	87
Johnson, Catharine	84	Lawrence, Margaret	87
Johnson, John B.	225	Lawrence, Henry	83, 89, 90
Johnson, Ayres & Co.	157	Lawrence, Susannah	93
Jones, Isaac	290	Lawrence, Joseph	96
Jones, Robert	134	Lawrence, Edlingham W.	102
Jones, Walter R.	170	Lawrence, John W.	102
Jones, John H.	170	Lawrence, Isaac	106
Jones, John Thomas	96	Lawrence, Maria	106
Joseph, J. L. & S. & Co.	75	Lawrence John B.	109, 110
Judah, Moses	63	Lawrence & Shieffelin,	109
Juhel, John	45	Lawrence, Widow Patience	274
K		Leake, John	26
		Leary, Arthur	214
Kane, Oliver	106	Legget, Samuel	73, 141
Kane, John Innes	106	Leister, Gov.	160
Kaye, Edward	87	Lee, Sir Henry	172
Keift, Gov.	91	Lee, Gideon	172
Kernochan, Joseph	33	Lee, Thomas R.	173
King, James G. & Son	35	Lee, Dr.	173, 176
King, Rufus	152	Lee, Wm. E.	173, 175
Kip, Jacobus	104	Lee, Benjamin F.	173, 177
Kip, Leonard	104, 105	Lee, Allen C.	173, 175, 177
Kip, Isaac Lewis	104	Lee, Wm. P.	175
Kip, Rev. Francis	105	Lee, D. T. & A. C.	175
Kip, Lawrence	106	Lee & Babcock,	175, 177
Kip, Wm. Ingraham	106	Lee & Savage,	175, 176
L		Lee & Brewster,	177, 178
		Lee, Geo. W.	177
Labagh, John J.	43	Lee, Powell & Co.	177
Laforque, Martial & Co.	62	Lee, Lorenzo F.	177
Laight, Wm.	71	Lee, Johnson P.	178
Lawrence, John	83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 90, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 174	Lee, & Judson,	178
Lawrence, Catherine	84	Lefevre, Peter	45, 47, 48
Lawrence, Sir Robert	84, 85	Lemox, Robert	40
Lawrence, Richard	85, 97	Le Normand Mlle.	181
Lawrence, Sir James	85	Lewis, Catherine	94
Lawrence, Oliver	86	Lincoln, Abraham	125
Lawrence, Nicholas	86	Linn, Mary	84
Lawrence, Giles	83	Lippincott, J. W. & Co.	255, 256
Lawrence, Edmund	85	Lippincott, Joshua	255, 257
Lawrence, Watson E.	99, 100, 101, 102	Lippincott & Richards,	257
Lawrence, Effingham N.	102	Lippincott, Wm.	257
Lawrence, Charles E.	102	Lispenard, Leonard	184
		Lispenard, Anthony	184

Little, Michael	43	McLauchan, J. L.	275
Little, Jonathan	222	McLean, Dr. Hugh	276, 277
Livingston, Peter	26	McNevers, Dr.	33
Livingston, Robert L.	44	Mead, Walter	81
Livingston, Maturin	64	Merry, Thomas H.	243
Livingston, Brockholst	71, 105	Mills, Philo L.	166
Livingston, Robert G.	77	Minoielle, Gabriel	94
Livingston, Chancellor	105	Mitchell, Samuel L.	192
Livingston, Peter Van Brugh	159	Mollyneux J.	87
Livingston, Mr. Mary Alexander	169	Mollyneux, Isabel	87
Lord, Rufus L.	100, 173, 175	Monteiro, Joaquin	60, 61, 63, 64, 65
Lord & Lees,	173, 175, 177	Montgomery, John B.	276
Lord & Olmstead,	137	Moore, Dr.	7
Lord David N.	175	Moore, Ely	30
Lord, Edwin & Co.	175	Mooney, William	233
Lord & Addoms,	175	Morrill, A. B.	281, 282
Lord, Rufus L.	176	Morris, Helena	17
Lord, Eleazer	176	Morris, Lewis	17
Lord, Thomas	176	Morris, Thomas	43
Lord, Mrs. Thomas	80, 176	Morris, Robert	43
Lord, Thomas Jr.	177	Morris, Dr.	77
Low, Nicholas	40	Morewood & Co.,	50
Low, A. A. & Brothers	1, 281, 283	Morewood, Edmund	51, 52
Ludlow, Daniel	70, 71, 73	Morewood, Gilbert	52
		Morewood & Ogden,	50
		Morewood, Wm. & Co.	50
		Morewood, Geo. B.	52
		Moreau, Melin,	85
		Morton, John	250
		Morton, Gen.	251
		Morton, Maria S.	251
		Mott, Dr. Henry	165
		Mott, Elizabeth	165
		Mott, Dr. Valentine	165, 166
		Mott, John W.	165
		Mott, Samuel	166
		Mott, Samuel & W. F.	166
		Mowatt, John Jr.	63, 64
		Mumford, David	43, 190, 191, 192, 193
		Mumford, John P.	190, 192, 193, 194
		Mumford, Benjamin M.	190, 191, 192
		Mumford, Gurdon S.	190, 191, 192, 193, 197

Mumford, Wm. C.	190	O'Neil, John & Charles	7
Mumford, Robinson	190	Osborn, Samuel	276
Mumford, John P. & Co.	191	Overing, Henry	279
Mumford, D. & G.	191		
Mumford, John I.	193, 194, 195, 197		
Mumford & Underhill,	194	P	
Mumford, T. V.	197		
Mumford, Samuel J.	197	Palmer, Amos	100
Mumford & Carroll	197	Pardoe, Miss	49
Murray, Mumford & Bowen	190	Patterson, Mathews	78
Murray, John B.	190	Patterson, James B.	78
Murray & Mumford	193, 194	Patmore, Thomas & Co.	256
Muhlenburg, Rev. Mr.	108	Pearson, Charles E.	79
Muhlenburg, Dr.	108	Pearsall, Thomas	119, 192
		Pearsall, Mrs. Fanny	187
		Peck, Elisha	246
		Peck, E. & Son	247
		Peck, John J.	248
		Pendleton, Nathaniel	139
N		Penn, Wm.	98, 188
Neilson, Lady Catherine	84	Perit, Pelatiah	260, 265
Neilson, Wm.	169	Peters, T. M.	120
Neilson, Wm. & Son	169	Peyton, Edward	89
Newton, Dr. Thomas	13	Peyton, Amy	88
Niblo, Wm.	33	Phelps, Dodge & Co.	114, 246, 248
Nichols, Robert	273	Phelps, Thaddeus	117
Nichols, Mrs. Robert	273	Phelps, Anson G.	246
Nicol, John	100	Phelps & Peck	246, 247, 252
Nicol, Augusta M.	100	Phelps, James & Co.	246
Nicol, Wm.	100	Phelps, Anson A.	252, 253, 254
Noble, David	8	Phillips, Rev. Dr.	238
Norsworthy, Samuel	199, 202, 204, 205, 206, 207	Pierpont, Henry	12
Norsworthy & Hall,	199	Pierce, Gen. F.	79
Norsworthy, Frances	202	Pintard, John	222
Norsworthy, John	202	Pistor, Phillip Frederick	290
Norsworthy, Wm.	202	Post, Wm. & Gerardus	166
Norsworthy, Caroline	204	Post, Anthony	222
Norris, Joseph Parker Jr.,	259	Powell, John Hare	257
		Prime, Laura	17
		Prime, Nathaniel	17
		Prime, Ward & King,	17, 145
O		Provost, Mrs. Gen.	150
Ogden, David B.	47	Provost, David	159, 160
Ogden, Jonathan	50	Provost, John	159, 161
Ogden, Jonathan & Co.,	50	Provost, Samuel	161
Ogden, Ferguson & Co.,	51		
Ogden, Isaac G.	187		

Q			Rogers, Lewis	248
			Roosevelt, Miss Janet	135
			Robinson & Hartshorn,	185
Quincy, Hon. Josiah	251		Rossier & Roulet,	185
			Routh L. & Sons	152
R			Rupert, Richard	137
			Russworm & Dailey,	248
			Russell, Lord John	262
Radcliffe, Jacob	47		Russell, Dr.	186
Ralston, Sarah	149		Russell, C. H.	39
Ransom, A. F.	198		Rutherford, John	16, 17, 18
Ransom, Brothers	198		Rutherford, Robert W.	17
Ray, Cornelius	40		Rutherford, Walter	17
Redmond, Timothy B.	237		Rutherford, Lewis M.	17
Reed, Mr.	35, 36		Rutherford, Mary	17
Remsen, Henry	36, 37, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 75, 155		Rutgers, Col.	37
Remsen, Peter	36, 69		Rutgers, Eve	161
Remsen, Rem	67		Rutgers, Herman	184
Remsen, Henry J. & Co.,	67, 69		Rutgers, Nicholas G.	184, 187
Remsen & Slate,	69		Rutgers, Seamen & Ogden	187
Remsen & Son,	69			
Remsen, Samuel	69		S	
Remsen, Henry J.	75		Sage, Lawrence	164
Remsen, Wm.	75		Saltonstall, Gurdon	94
Remsen, Robert G	75		Saltonstall, Richard	88
Remsen, Catherine Ann	75		Sands, Benjamin	147
Remsen, Elizabeth	75		Sargeant, Henry W	78
Respham, Joseph	257		Scamman, Andrew	74
Retter, Peter	286		Schermerhorn, Peter	170
Richard & Respham	257		Schermerhorn & Banker	171
Richard & Miller	257		Schieffelin, Jacob	98
Richard, Benjamin W.	252, 257		Sears, Peter	69
Ricker, Richard K.	174		Seaman, Benjamin G.	187
Riddington, L.	6		Seaman, Lee & Ward	177
Riggs, Mrs.	137		Seixas, Rev. Mr.	49
Riggs, Jerome & Co	281		Seymour, Milly	133, 138
Rivington, James	33, 77		Seymour, Wm.	133, 139
Rivington, James, Jr.,	33		Sharpe, Peter	43, 204
Rivington, Charles A.	77		Shaw, John	76
Robbins, Mr.	39		Shaw, John C.	77, 79
Robbins, George S.	166, 175		Shaw, Ann Marston	79
Robbins, Geo. S. & Son	281		Sheppard, Burrit	203
Robinson, Wm. & S.	235		Sherred, Jacob	43, 237
Roberts, Sarah	183, 187		Schieffelin, Jacob	108, 109, 110, 111, 112
Roget, Isaac	45, 47, 48, 49			
Rogers, George	183			

Schieffelin, Hannah	108	Spofford, Paul	210, 215, 218
Schieffelin, Edward L.	108, 110, 112	Spofford, Paul N.	220
Schieffelin, Henry H.	108, 111, 112, 113, 114, 118	Spring, Rev.	220
Schieffelin, Effingham	108	Startin, Charles	42
Schieffelin, Jacob, Jr.	109	Startin, Mrs.	42
Schieffelin, John L.	109	Stanley, Thomas	87
Schieffelin, Maria	101	Stewart, A. T.	42, 71, 208
Schieffelin & Son	110, 111, 112	Stewart, Susan Ann	110
Schieffelin, I. & E.	110	Stewart, Alexander	110
Schieffelin, Jonathan	110, 112	Stewart, A. & Co.	110
Schieffelin, Thomas	110, 112	Stewart, Seneca	178
Schieffelin, Ann Maria	111	Stewart, Dr. James	285
Schieffelin, J. & T.	112	Steinback, J. L.	60
Schieffelin, H. H. & Co.	113	Stevens, John	71, 160
Schieffelin, Samuel B.	114	Stevens, Ebenezer	222, 225, 233, 234, 236, 237, 241
Schieffelin, Bradhurst	119	Stevens, Horatio Gates	233, 238
Shimman, William	102	Stevens & Connolley,	233
Shuchardt, Frederick	75	Stevens, Hubbell	234
Sidney, Philip	90	Stevens, Ebenezer & Sons,	238, 241
Silliman, Professor	265	Stevens, John A.	238
Skaden, J. C.	145, 146	Stevens, Wm.	241
Skellon, W. G.	140	Stevens & Mactier,	241
Skidmore, Leonard & Wm.	200	Stevens, Henry H.	241
Skidmore, Leonard & Lem- nel	200	Stevens, Samuel	241
Skidmore, W. B.	203	Sterling, Lord	160, 179
Skidmore, Burt	209	Stillwell, Samuel	209, 237
Sleight, Henry	70	Stonner, Francisco B.	60
Slidell, John	43, 250	Stoutenburg, Mary Louisa	84
Smith, Dr.	38	Stoutenburg, Philip Tredwell	84
Smith, Walter	62	Story, Rev. Henry L.	106
Smith, Pascal N.	71	Story, Hon. R.	106
Smith, Dühr	91	Stoddart, Sarah	165
Smith, Wm.	94	Stoddart, Robert	165
Smith, Elizabeth	95	Stringham, Joseph	52, 53
Smith, Richard	95	Stringham, John B.	53
Smith, John P.	171	Stringham, James S.	53
Smith, John F.	175	Strannenger, Ann	53
Smith, Melanethon	222	Strong, Benjamin	225
Smith, N. B.	290	Stuyvesant, Peter G.	18
Snawsell, Thomas	94	Stuyvesant, Gerard	18
Somerville, Admiral	38	Sturgis, Bennet & Co.	281
Southwick, Francis	83	Suffern, Thomas	33
Spofford, Tileston & Co.	210, 217, 221	Sumner, Gen.	106
		Swartwout, John	222
		Swartwout, B.	236, 237

T.		Underhill, Anthony Lispen- ard 193
		Underhill, Henry 194
		V.
Talcott, David 270		Valentine, David 30
Talcott, Noah 270, 271, 272		Vanderbeck, Rem Jansen 67
Talcott, George Jr. 270		Vanderpoel, Aaron 275
Talcott & Ellis 271		Van Buren, Cortlandt 222, 223
Talcott, N. & D. 272		Van Buren, Martin 275
Talcott & Lyman 272		Van Cortlandt, Burgomaster 91
Talcott, Frederick L. 272		Van Dam, Rip, 273
Talcott, Noah & Son. 272		Van Horne, Miss 78
Talcott, Wm. W. 272		Van Ruyvan, Cornelius 91
Talman, Geo. H. 166		Van Wyck, Pierre 64
Talman, Somerindyke 168		Van Rensselaer, John S. 106
Talman, Peter & John H. 168		Van Zandt, Wynant 242
Talman, John H. 168, 254		Van Zandt, Thomas 242
Tapp, Wm. 223		Van Zandt, Mrs. Wynant 242
Taylor, Eliza 209		Van Zandt, Wm. 242
Taylor, James 267		Van Zandt, Dr. Charles 242, 243, 245
Ten Eyck, David 273		Varet, F. 239
Thompson, Jeremiah 122		Varick, Richard 51
Thomson, Edward 254, 257, 258		Voisin, Madame 238, 239, 240
Tileston, Thomas 211, 215, 218		
Totten, Joseph G. 101		W.
Tom, Thomas 98		Waddington, Joseph 279
Tom, Hannah 98		Wainwright, Jonathan M. 163
Tompkins, Daniel D. 192		Wakeman, T. B. 166
Townely, Mary 96		Wallerton, Robert 86
Townely, Joseph 96		Waller, Ralph 88
Townely, Charles 96		Walworth, Henry 100
Townsend, Jonathan 185		Walsh, Mike 146
Tracy, Irwin & Co. 42		Walbridge, Hiram 146
Trafford, James 85		Walker, W. A. 146
Tweed & Bonnell 140, 141, 142, 145		Warren, John G. 44
Tweed, Richard 140, 142, 144, 146, 147		Washington, Geo. 21, 22, 129, 141, 235, 283
Tweed, Wm. M. 145, 146		Washington, Mrs. George 130, 131
Tweed, Emma 147		Watts, Dr. John 18, 71
Tylee, James 43, 223		Watkins, Judith 84
U.		
Underhill, Wm. 165, 166		
Underhill, David 165		

Watkins, Dr. Samuel B.	117	Whittingham, Wm.	93
Watkins, John	150, 151	Wickham, C. M.	186
Watson, Elizabeth	93	Wickham, Thomas	186
Watson, Thomas	98	Wier, Lewis & Co.	256
Watson, Wm.	174	Willink, John A.	40
Waters, James Talman	290	Wilmerding, Wm.	34, 118, 205, 206
Webster, Daniel	213, 214	Wilmerding, Catherine	118
Webster, Sir Godfred	151	Wilmerding, Eliza	118
Weed, Nathaniel & Harvey	161	Wilmerding, Elizabeth	118
Weed, Nathaniel	164	Wilder, S. V. S.	253, 254
Weed, Harry	164	Willet, Thomas	94
Weed, Charles	286	Wilson, Wm.	105
Weed, Harvey	286	Williams, Thomas	267
Welles, Lionel	85, 86	Williams, Russel	286
Wells, Richard	87	Winter, Moses	8
Wells, Endo	87	Winthrop, John Jr	88
Welsh, James H.	140	Windust, Ned	198
West, Benjamin	35	Withers, Renben	154
Wheeler, John	146	Woodbury, Dr. Perry	13
White, Robert	33, 74, 157, 159	Woolsey, W. W.	62
White, Campbell	33, 74, 157	Wood, Fernando	73
White, Henry	185	Wool, Mrs. Eliza	271
Whitney, Stephen	56, 57, 58, 59, 115	Worth, Gorham A.	79, 80, 121
Whitney, Samuel S.	57	Worth, Gen.	79, 121, 122
Whitney & Storm,	57	Wraxall, Lady	151

THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK CITY

CHAPTER I.

I recently devoted a chapter to the De Forests, particularly to Benjamin, who was a heavy merchant in this city for many years. In that article I alluded to old Don De Forest, who lived at New Haven forty years ago, in a house at the upper end of the "Green," and to his son Carlos. This letter, regarding that branch of the De Forest family will prove very interesting:

WALTER BARRETT, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—I am almost tempted to depart from the usual custom, and address you as friend instead of sir, but I feel the very fact of my addressing you at all, is, in your estimation, "departing" sufficiently; but it is of the "departed" I write you—yet, all the while, there is something within keeps saying, "how dare you?" In the first place, you must know that the *Leader* is my special admiration. Through the kindness of a good friend of mine in New York, I have had the reading of it for more than two years, for which favor he can never know how grateful I am; in return, I would marry him, if—he would only ask me. Among the many good things the paper contains, *The Old Merchants* is one of my chief favorites. They are always conjured up in such an entertaining manner, I have sometimes imagined they were chimerical creatures, till I read Number 147, of August 1st, where you make mention of the family DeForest. This very day I have been looking at a daguerreotype of that same "Don

De Forest," and *what* a face ! and upon the same table, amidst a conglomeration of old card cases, mats of yellow and green *creased* work, perfumery bottles, and little red-covered books with gilt edges, are lying pictures of Carlos and his handsome black-eyed sisters (all copied from portraits). The old Don died many years ago, and his son Carlos, with a few thousand dollars in his possession, strayed away into this part of the country in quest of some cousins on the maternal side of the house—he found them; they gave him a warm welcome. He soon after became enamored of their servant girl—an uncouth, illiterate, ignorant creature, and married her. His cousin took Carlos' few thousands, and gave him in exchange a poor ragged farm, while he moved into the town and set himself up in the mercantile business; soon became rich; removed to New York; there lives in princely style, doing a splendid business. And here, nestled in among the hills of Northern Pennsylvania, is a little, obscure dwelling, and a rainy-painted barn, surrounded by chickens' coops, lilac trees and currant bushes, only a few days ago, the master of that house, Carlos De Forest, was borne to his last resting place, and a more humble procession seldom passes. Of all his many relatives, only two—his wife and son—followed him to the grave. His mother and two sisters are still living—they very seldom come to see him. The last year of his life he was hopelessly insane. If the "stately house on the east side of the green," still stands, Ichabod is most sadly written upon its portals.

As you say, more than forty years ago, you used to feast your eyes upon the grandeur of that stately mansion, and since then you have never heard of the inmates, I thought I would like to tell you the little I know about them. You can think me a meddlesome neighbor, but Mrs Carlos De Forest always came to me to write and answer all letters to his friends; in fact, nearly all communications between them were carried on in my name up to his death.

It is said Don De Forest's death was caused by the rupture of a blood vessel, upon receiving news of heavy pecuniary losses. At all events, his was an eventful life, and shows us in how many instances the rich of one generation are the poor of the next.

Yours, truly,

L. RIDINGTON.

TRoy, Bradford County, Pa., Aug., 31, 1863.

Reading in the *Leader*, a few days since, an article copied from Dickens' "Once-a-week," relating to a visit to America in 1798, it brought to my mind an article I have of a rarer value. It is "Freeman's New York Almanac for the year of our Lord 1767; and, according to the Scripture accounts, from the creation of the world, 5,776 years. By the author of several pieces that have appeared under the name of Freeman. Printed by John Holt, at the exchange."

The almanac was originally bound up with a blank leaf between each of the original printed leaves.

On them are kept, in a bold hand, a most rare and interesting journal. I have no clue to the author. He must have been a merchant who represented the following houses.

Edward Burne & Sons, Lisbon. John & Charles O'Neill, Lisbon. Isaac Cocart, Falmouth, England. These names are written on the leaves.

Sunday, Sept. 13th, 1767.—Took our departure from New York; passed Stout's ten minutes before ten; reached King's Bridge, Dyckman's, fourteen minutes past twelve. 15 miles to-day.

Here we found the celebrated Capt. Holland and several others from New York; wrote to Nancy by one of them. Just as we were setting off, who should arrive but Dr. Moore, Lts. Hamilton and Graham, between the latter of whom and my landlord high words passed, to our no small edification. N. B.—The Doctor gallanted a lady whose person was such his taste must ever be admired. At two we proceeded, but casting a shoe, were obliged to stop at a smith's at Phillips-

borough. Distance from bridge, 9. Here we drank tea, sweetened with molasses sugar, and the table garnished with cold boiled beef, and colder boiled potatoes. Poor Tom asked if he might say it was sad stuff. 24.

By six o'clock the horse was shod, and by eight we reached the mills (8), where we found a tolerable good tavern and civil people. Slept in good beds, but the room full of broken pains.

Monday, Sept 14th.—At six o'clock, set forward for Pine's Bridge; small rain; found Dame Foster, a buxom widow; reached her house (13) by nine. Here we had a noble repast of broiled pork and stumes, and pumpkin pudding; at eleven proceeded to Moses Winters (9); got wet through; reached there by one; a nasty, shocking house; the man rude and impertinent at first, but being properly took down, became tolerably civil; waited and stayed till the rain was over, then pushed on for John Taylor's; a dreadful road, obliged to walk greatest part of the way, and when we got there, to our no small mortification (9) found we could receive no manner of sustenance. Five o'clock, destitute of dinner, and the probability of speedily obtaining one; proceeded to Cornelius Fuller's, but missed the road, and lost our way; were advised to make for Conklin's among many difficulties seemingly insurmountable; we met with one—a large tree fell right across the road in the middle of a thick wood. This day we walked not less than ten miles, and that all up hill and down hill. N. B.—Broke our bottle of arack. Reached Conklin's, a house destitute of windows, and to outward appearance, destitute of every necessary for man, and without a stable or so for horse. Distance from Taylor's 7.

As it was but four miles to Mr. Brown's, and only 7 o'clock, the horse quite fresh, we attempted to reach it. By the time we had got half a mile, we found ourselves entangled in a wood, two roads dividing — either dreadfully bad and stony. In this situation, highly alarmed at our prospects forward, we agreed to sound a retreat, first attempting to disturb the stillness of the neighborhood. The Goddess Echo alone returned our hallo's. The peaceful inhabitants of the mansions all around were lulled with security and fatigue of the day, and remained undisturbed in their corners.

“ Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.”

Tom was weary, and now gave out, but 'twas impossible he could ride. The evening o'ercast the road so dreadful, we once more led and walked. Our good genius led our landlord Conklin to our assistance; he dismounted for Mr. Bolton, and released me from the care of the chair; he getting in, and driving over stumps and stones most unconcernedly. Tom and I walked the remainder of the way back, where a cheerful fire saluted us, and the most obliging readiness to please discovered itself in my landlady's words and actions. Murder was committed, two slaughtered chickens were prepared for a ragout, with which, and a few boiled eggs, we were enabled to make a noble repast of supper-dinner. At nine we retired to our landlord's bed, the house affording but one, and consisting of only ~~two~~ room, and slept through a dreadful windy, stormy, rainy night. Arose half-past five; got “Robbin”

ready ; engaged our landlord to be our guide to Mr. Morrison's. 70.

Tuesday, 15th. — Very rainy morning, and proceeded — Mr. Bolton and I a foot, Tom in the chair, and landlord mounted on "Doust" for conductor. Walked about three miles ; met nothing material besides bad road, well soaked with rain ; reached our friend's mansion half-past eight (4), whom, to our no small disappointment, found from home, and gone to visit his lady. Mrs. Morrison afforded us a kind reception. Rained all day ; obliged to keep close house ; only visited the Commodore's, where we drank tea and coffee.

Wednesday, 16th. — Rain continues, no stirring out ; cards affords some little amusement. After dinner, we agreed to pay Captains Campbell and Grant a visit. Mr. Morrison mounted us on two noble brutes. Found Captain Campbell (5) a bed ; he arose, and made us a good dish of tea ; after which we returned to Grant's, where we were soon refreshed with a bowl of punch. N. B. — The bowl was too good for the liquor. Reached home (5) by seven, and though it rained all the time we were out, yet so many beauties constantly presented themselves, as to afford us the highest satisfaction. Mrs. Morrison prepared a good supper for us, and cheerfully retired to bed by ten.

Thursday Morning five o'clock. — Very rainy, left Tom a bed and prepared for writing to Nancy. Detained by Mrs. Church the washerwoman, who turkeyed much for being hurried. Wrote to Calkins, who received the messenger *en cavalierly* ; refused to come anigh me, or read the letter. David Noble never came, though wrote to on Monday. One o'clock we mounted

for Danbury ; the road lying part of the way upon the ridge of the oblong, would have afforded us a most delightful prospect of the country so much below us, but the haziness of the weather would not permit us to enjoy that pleasure. The road being dreadfully stony, crooked and hilly, we hired a guide to show us the road, lead the horse, and break the jolts ; reached Danbury by six o'clock (14), a very pleasant New England town, regularly laid out in lots, with a church and meeting. I left Tom and his friend to provide a supper dinner, while I visited the Dr. Dickison, whom I found, contrary to my expectation, one of the most uncouth figures imaginable, with every appearance of poverty and wretchedness surrounding him. He promised to spend the evening with me, but never came, which I will readily excuse. Upon my return found a nice broil of pork and potatoes prepared for our repast ; fed heartily, played at picquet, and retired to bed by nine, rain continuing.

Friday, Sept. 18th. — Arose by six ; this day, as preceding ones, hard rain ; hired a guide and horse, borrowed a woman's cloak for Tom, mounted him behind the man, and took charge of leading the horse myself. Roads wet, splashy, hilly, rocky, stony. Stopped at Landlord Fairchild's, three miles short of Newtown, baited and shaved ourselves, remounted and got to our friend by ten o'clock (distance, 11), whom we found waiting upon his poor, distressed friend, Donald Grant.

Here lives the old gentleman's fairest among the fair ; have not yet seen her. His friend, going very fast, being seized with every alarming symptom of an abscess in

the pleura. No opportunity has offered whereby I could convey a letter to Nancy.

Saturday, 19th. — Rain continues. At dinner yesterday the lovely — oh ! for Mr. Bolton — the too lovely Miss Grant made her appearance. Ah ! poor Sir Richard, shot like a deer — so sure, so certain, oh, Sir Dick ! But who can stand, where so many have fallen ? How honorable ? Grace in every step, and dignity in all her actions. What is very remarkable in this young lady's real character, amidst a crowd of admirers and dangles she has preserved the utmost simplicity. This day we have walked, between the showers, about this beautifully situated town — the country all around most agreeably diversified and improved. Spent a very serious evening. Sabbath begins at sunset in this religious country — no mirth, no festivity, no song in a sick house. We were favored all the evening with the fair one's company, but not conversation. She read "Mr. Spec." all the while ; Mr. Brown and Sir Richard did the same, together with the lawyer Botsford, who lives in the house, but had like to have been forgot — a genteel young fellow, religious, and an humble admirer of Misses —

Sunday Sept. 20th.—Fine morning ; rose early ; shaved in our own rooms, out of sight ; dressed and went to meeting ; no church this day ; an execrable preacher, Master Benbee. The evening service we likewise attended, and then desired to know if we might not indulge ourselves with a walk ?—but were refused, till sun was down. We then, accompanied by Mr. Botsford, sauntered until we reached a chestnut tree, which he, conscientious gentleman, would not so far

break the Sabbath, though it might be said to be over, as to pluck a single fruit off, but when picked he eat most greedily of, even so far as to distance us who were employed in the laborious part of knocking them down. Grave subjects concluded the evening, and we retired to rest, I having first wrote two letters — one to Mr. Cook Danbury, the other to Dr. Perry Woodbury, concerning Donald Grant's case. N. B. — Spoke to Mrs. Botsford for Dr. Thomas Newtown, etc.

Monday, Sept. 21st.—Rose early; fine morning; disturbed the family; took our leave, and proceeded on our journey. N. B.—Would not let us pay a farthing. Set off at half-past six; road tolerable; “Bob” in good spirits, fresh as a daisy, and went like a lily. But Sir Edward, poor devil, with a pain in his side, his left right side so bad, sighs every moment. The road was then bad; the child rather troublesome; I was provoking; the horse was tearing; it was a fine day; it was not a fine day; the country was beautifully laid; it was shockingly rude and rough; there were fine prospects, and there were none; fretting, growling, scolding; the pain in the side increasing, we reached “Beer's Tavern” (10) by nine, where we breakfasted; set off again at eleven; baited at——. 8.

Here we were highly diverted with an advertisement, which even had the power to alter the muscles of my poor fellow-traveller. It was concerning “how a cow's taking or stoling out my paster,” &c.; brought it away with me; dined at Stratford. 4.

Picked mushrooms by the way, and cooked them my self; set off at three; reached Law's by five. 7.

“Robbin” flagged; I walked on, and got the start

considerably ; picked mushrooms all the way. To his eternal disgrace never to be forgot, " Robbin " gave out, and before we reached New Haven (which we did past (7) seven, quite dark), I was obliged to get out, and whip him along before he would stir. As soon as we had ordered supper, we went by Mr. Bolton's desire to inquire after his neighbors, whom at length we found, but, contrary to our expectations, refused to come and sup with us. We returned, not well pleased ; fed heartily, and retired to rest.

Tuesday Morning, 22nd.—I rose early ; left my fellow-travellers fast asleep ; roused the negro ; got " Robbin " fed ; sent for a barber, but barbers in New Haven are above going out ; they do business at home only, Detained by negro being sent for cows, &c. ; could not set off till half-past eight ; then took my departure for Killingsworth ; lost my road several times ; " Robbin " flagged ; hired a guide ; " Robbin " fairly knocked up ; reached Brandford by eleven ; road, 10m., errors, 4. 14.

Here I met with an extreme civil man, one Mr. Billings, a merchant, who sent and got me a saddle-horse in a few minutes, and, what was better, sent for Dr. Gould, who came and readily lent me a fine old mare, but when I set off, found she had lost two shoes ; these after two hours' detention — for now I am in the blacksmith's shop, I find I am likely to have supplied. Gilford. I am just arrived here, and find an old acquaintance in my landlady, who is getting a few eggs, while I continue my journal. 12.

This time two years I lay at this house, together with Messrs. Symmonds & Quash. At four set off for Killingsworth ; reached it by half-past six. 10.

Found Dr. Gale engaged in court, where he presided as judge ; 'twas a special court, called together for the trying Rumtidoodle's servants, who stole the mares ; who broke down the fences ; who broke open barns ; who turned the cattle adrift ; who stole the pumpkins, and did other damage, besides breaking the Sabbath ; for all this was done after sunset on Saturday night, the 19th inst. It being a case where so many different actions were brought on, it could not be finally determined before another meeting, so the court was adjourned till the next day, and I had the pleasure of the Doctor's company to supper at bed time, viz. : 10 o'clock. We settled our account, and I flatter myself concluded an advantageous agreement for both parties. The Doctor is a writer, but the most insipid, dull, stupid companion I ever had the misfortune to spend an evening's conversation with.

Wednesday Morning. — Rose early ; fine weather ; set off on my return ; by six o'clock reached Gilford ; by half-past eight (10) breakfast and waited upon the Drs. Redfield and Ruggles ; the former was not at home ; the latter promised to call upon me in a short time ; proceeded half-past nine ; picked mushrooms all the way ; got to Brenford by twelve (12) ; returned the Doctor's mare, and invited him to dinner, together with Mr. Bellfield ; cooked my mushrooms, the first they ever saw cooked or tasted , at four, having taken the Doctor's note for balance of my account, pushed " Robbin " for New Haven ; insulted and ill-used by a brute of a ferryman, who refused to lend the least assistance to get the chair into the boat ; arrived at port half-past five (10) ; found my friend and Sir Thomas gone a

frolicking with a parcel of ladies, the collector and comptroller's families; shaved, dressed, and went to Mr. Mills's in pursuit of them; found them not; Mr. Mills was gone to "Tavern" with them to spend the evening; Mrs. Mills and sister, Englishwomen, but from appearance, of a low degree; Mr. Mills, a most national Scotchman, a creature of Charles Townsend's, a creature of Lord Bate's; spent a tolerably, agreeable evening; retired by ten.

Thursday Morning. — Cold, raw, and threatening rain; set off by seven on our route homewards; reached Stratford by ten; nothing material occurred, save the most lucky circumstance in the world, for a poor, over-loaded jade of a horse, viz.: a young gentleman, pupil to Dr. Fitch, of Stanford, his name Wadsworth, was returning from New Haven, took pity on us, and offered to take Tom into his chair — a temporary relief, which I intend to improve. Stratford. 14.

Breakfast of broiled beef, which Tom was very witty upon; at half-past eleven hoisted sail, and made the best of our way for Fairfield; made a change; took Tom to me, and made Mr. Bolton take his place — a material difference to "Robbin;" reached F. by two. 12.

Dined, and passed on by four for Norwalk; "Robbin" and I always hindmost and quarrelling; reached Norwalk very late, very much fatigued; got to bed very soon, first partaking of all the house could afford — namely, an egg supper. 12.

Here ends a part of this ancient Journal.

The citizens of New York ought to erect a monument to John Rutherford. He was a great benefactor

to the city. Let us see what has become of the race. John Rutherford must have married Helena Morris about 1775. She was a daughter of the celebrated Lewis Morris. Mr. Rutherford must have been born about 1750. He became a Colonel in the Revolutionary army; but afterwards he moved to New Jersey, where he became a senator in the United States Senate. He was a vestryman of Trinity Church from 1784 to 1787. He joined the St. Andrew's Society in 1784.

He had several children. Robert W. Rutherford, who was born in May, 1778. Robert married his cousin, Sabina Morris, a daughter of Lewis Morris and grand-daughter of the famous Lewis Morris. They have two children — Walter Rutherford, of New York, and Lewis M. Rutherford. The latter married Margaret Stuyvesant Chanler, a sister of J. Winthrop Chanler, who married a daughter of William B. Astor. Mr. Chanler was a member of Congress from this city.

Lewis M. Rutherford had a son named Stuyvesant Rutherford. His name was changed to Rutherford Stuyvesant in accordance with the will of Peter G. Stuyvesant, who married his grand aunt Helena.

Mary Rutherford, a sister of old Senator John, married General Matthew Clarkson. They had a daughter. Her name was Mary Rutherford Clarkson. She married Peter A. Jay, a son of old Chief Justice John Jay.

Mr. Jay and his wife had four children — Doctor John C. Jay, who married Laura Prime, a daughter of old Nathaniel Prime, of Prime, Ward & King; also Mary Jay, who married Fred. Prime, a son of N. P.; Anna Jay married Henry Pierpont, and Matilda married Matthew Clarkson.

I now return to the second child of John Rutherford Anna married Doctor John Watts, of New York. There were three sisters that I believe were never married. Mary was the eldest daughter. She died June 16th, 1863, aged 79. Another sister died a year or so ago, and I think there is one of the three sisters yet alive. They resided on this side of the river at Newark. Another sister, Helena, married Peter G. Stuyvesant. He died a dozen years since, leaving not far from four million of dollars, the residuary legatees being his nephew, Governor Fish, Gerard Stuyvesant (since dead), and the son of his wife's nephew.



CHAPTER II.

I have come into possession of a rare book, published by Marchbank, Coles Alley, Castle street, Dublin, in 1765. It is called "Travels through the Middle Settlements in North America in the year 1759 and 1760, with observations upon the state of the Colonies, by the Rev. Andrew Bennaby."

No one can appreciate the delight with which I receive any thing of this kind, until he feels as I do, how little we know of the people of this city only one hundred years ago. What a treasure would be a book written by a Walter Barrett in 1763! What would I not give to find a free and easy sketch of our own city in 1763 — when it had its 12,000 population — who they were — where they lived — how many children they had — what they did — who this one married — what funerals were attended, and the ten thousand things that would now so deeply interest us, but alas! no home sketches were written then, and there are none to be had. It is all guess work. I sometimes throw myself into an atmosphere of a hundred years ago, and think and breathe old New York, and walk about with the merchants of that day, and go to their homes and their country houses and stores.

The Irish clergyman opens his clever book in this

style of sensible writing. "Before I embarked for America, being in Dublin Coffee House with some friends taking a parting drink, and discoursing of things relative to that country, an elderly gentleman advancing towards the box where we were sitting, addressed himself to me in the following manner: "Sir," said he, "you are young, and just entering into the world. I am old, and upon the point of leaving it; allow me, therefore, to give you one piece of advice, which is the result of experience, and which may possibly some time or other, be of use to you. You are going to a country where every thing will appear new and wonderful to you, but it will appear so only for a while, for the novelty of it will daily wear off, and in time it will grow quite familiar to you. Let me, therefore, recommend to you to note in your pocket-book every circumstance that makes an impression on you; for, be assured, sir, though it may afterward appear familiar and uninteresting to yourself, that it will not appear so to your friends, who have never visited America, and they will be entertained by it."

How I wish the clergyman had only followed his friend's advice, and narrated all that he saw, instead of devoting three small-sized pages to the Colony of New York!

Still, it is something. I myself when I get tired of writing these chapters, and think they must be tiresome to readers, cheer up, and work away in research again, when I feel how glad I am to get even the slightest information of 1759—think how glad will some of the great grand-children of the past and present merchants in New York be in 1976 to W. Barrett. My work

will be valuable then, though others may regard it as of no merit now. Style of composition will not stand in comparison with facts, and with the knowledge that what is contained in these chapters and the Old Merchants' books are generally true. When I write of one hundred years ago, I give the fruit of the most impartial inquiries and research into the old but limited sources of intelligence. If I ever have been led into error, or misrepresented any thing, it has been undesignedly. In regard to families and business, it is not always an easy matter for me to get at the exact truth, but I believe in general, I have been pretty successful.

I will now give what I have gleaned from my old Irish friend. He left the other side of the channel the 27th of April, 1759, in the brig "Dispatch." Captain Necks, for Virginia. She was under convoy of his Britannic Majesty's ship "Lynn," as was thirty-three other sail of trading vessels. England was then at war with France. The brig "Dispatch" reached the capes of Virginia July 4th, sixty-eight days' passage. He remained in Virginia some weeks. He thus speaks of the great Washington as he was afterwards. Though what he says of Washington is not relating directly to New York and old merchants, it possesses a deep interest to know what impression Mr. Washington, then only 26 years old, made upon the young Irishman.

"There is a small town lately built for the sake of the back trade, at Acquia Creek. I went up from there to Mount Vernon. This place is the property of Col. Washington; and is truly deserving of its owner. The house is most beautifully situated upon a very high hill, on the banks of the Potowmac, and commands a noble

prospect of water, of cliffs, of woods, and plantations. The river is two miles broad. I rested at Mount Vernon one day, and then went up to look at the great falls. I returned the next day to the Colonel's (Washington), and in a few days afterwards I went to Williamsburg. I cannot omit this opportunity of bearing testimony to the gallant and public spirit of this gentleman. About seven years ago, in 1753, Gov. Dinwiddie, in November, informed the Assembly that the French had erected a fort upon the Ohio. That body resolved to send somebody to M. St. Pierre, the commander, to claim the country as belonging to his Britannic Majesty, and order him to withdraw. Mr. Washington, who was then a young gentleman of fortune, having just arrived of age, offered his services on this important occasion. The distance was more than 400 miles, 200 of which lay through a trackless desert, inhabited by cruel and merciless savages; and the season was uncommonly severe. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Washington, attended by one companion only, set out upon this dangerous enterprise; travelled from Winchester on foot, carrying his provisions upon his back, executed his commission, and, after incredible hardships and many providential escapes, returned safely to Williamsburg and gave an account of his negotiation to the Assembly the 14th day of February following."

How little did he dream of the high destiny that was to be Washington's in after years. If he had, we should have learned somewhat more of the habits of the gay young gent.

Mr. Bennaby stayed South ten months, and then came

North by land. On the 9th of July, 1760, he crossed from "Jersey to Staten Island, in the Province of New York, and travelled upon it nine miles to the point which is opposite to New York city. In my way I had an opportunity of seeing the method of making wampum. This, I am persuaded, the reader knows is the current money among the Indians. It is made of the clam shell, consisting within of two colors, purple and white, and in form not unlike a thick oyster shell. The process of manufacturing is very simple: it is first clipped to a proper size, which is that of a small oblong paralleliped, then drilled and afterwards ground to a round, smooth surface, and polished. The purple wampum is much more valuable than the white, a very small part of the shell being of that color."

Millions have since been impressed with the grand scenes which he saw and described 103 years ago.

"At the point of Staten Island I embarked for New York, and after a pleasant passage over the bay, which is three leagues wide, and various delightful prospects of rivers, islands, fields, hills, woods, the Narrows, New York city, vessels sailing to and fro, and innumerable porpoises playing upon the surface of the water, in an evening so serene that the hemisphere was not ruffled by a single cloud, arrived there about the setting of the sun."

Who would not wish to be with him and see how New York city looked in the olden time?

We can fancy it almost. The ships, snows, brigs and sloops did not stay along the docks in the rivers, as now. They were anchored in the stream, along up the East River, or in the great dock, with a bridge over it,

when he landed. But five steeples loomed up above the other buildings. On one of these floated the city flag. It was the City Hall tower, that stood at the head of Broad street. The loftiest was that of Trinity, and the next was the tower of the Exchange in Broad street. The first was the first building seen at the church. The city lay along the East River. Murray street was the northern boundary next to palisades, extending from the Broadway to the North River, and *Frankford* was the next northerly street on the East River side. Chatham street was commenced to be laid out that year. Two houses were erected near Barnum's Museum.

Cadwallader Colden was the British Governor. The Mayor was merchant John Cruger, of whom I have written. The St. Andrew's Society had just been established, and its leading men were such names as Phillip Livingston, who was Alderman of the East Ward, and afterwards signed the Declaration of Independence. Old Francis Filkin, a merchant, was Alderman of the South Ward. Benjamin Blagge was Alderman of the Montgomery Ward. He lived in Cherry street, two doors from St. James (James), on the south side. This was the sort of crowd that met our clergyman, though he does not say it. I now continue his journal. After describing the boundaries of Manhattan Island, he says ; "The City of New York contains between two and three thousand houses, and sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants. It is tolerably well built, and has several good houses. The streets are paved, and very clean (they must have had a Boole in those days), but in general they are narrow. There are two or three which are spacious and airy, particular-

ly the Broadway. The houses in this street have, most of them, a row of trees before them, which form an agreeable shade, and produce a pretty effect. The whole length of the town is something more than a mile, in the breadth of it about half an one. The situation is healthy, but it is subject to one great inconvenience, which is the want of fresh water, so that the inhabitants are obliged to have it brought from springs at some distance out of town. There are several public buildings, though but few that deserve attention. The College, when finished, will be exceedingly handsome. It is to be built on three sides of quadrangle, fronting Hudson's, or North River, and it will be the most beautifully situated of any college in the world. At present only one wing is finished, which is of stone, and consists of twenty-four sets of apartments, each having a large sitting room, with a study and bed chamber. The name of it is King's College."

Who can realize all that has occurred since. It was Columbia College, that stood at foot of Park place, between Murray, and Barclay, and College Place. Now all gone, and stores occupying the ground where the College and its green stood. In 1759, the water came up to where College place now is.

Thus far our narrator has not yet mentioned a name. Oh! if he could have told us about the appearance and the dress of such merchants as Theophylacht Bache, who lived down where Hanover square now is; or of the brothers John and James Burling, whose residences stood about the centre of the block in Beckman street, where St. George's Church now stands. They gave the name to Burling slip, which was named in 1760. It

had been previously called Lyon's slip. Old John Leake, too, was alive, and lived in Skinner street, two doors from Ferry street. It would be about No. 2 Jacob street now.

There were then great sugar houses. Bayard's, in Wall street, where the old Sub Treasury stands; Peter Livingstone's, the old sugar house in Liberty street, afterwards used as a prison, and now No. — Liberty street; Van Cortlandt's sugar house, on the south side of what is now Cortlandt street.

Our minister goes on to say:

"There are two churches in New York — the old Trinity and the new one, or St. George's Chapel — both of them large buildings; the former in the gothic taste with a spire, the other upon the model of some of the new churches in London." (St. George's Church was built in 1752). "Besides these, there are other places of worship: two Low Dutch churches." (The one in Garden street about one hundred feet from Broad street, was built in 1691; the other, Middle Dutch, where the Post-office now stands, was built in 1729.) "One High Dutch Church." (Stood on the lower corner of Broadway and Rector street, was built in 1710.) "A French church." (Built in 1704; stood on Nassau street, between Pine and Cedar streets.) "A Presbyterian meeting-house." (In Wall street, north side, between Broadway and Nassau street, built in 1720.) "A Quaker meeting-house." (In Liberty street, near Nassau.) "A Mariner's Church." (In Fulton street; built in 1752.) "A Jews' Synagogue." (Built in William street in 1730). "There is also a very handsome charity school for poor

boys and girls." (Stood opposite English burying-ground, south side of Trinity churchyard.) "There is also a barracks for a regiment of soldiers." (These barracks had been built by the Corporation in 1757; the house was 420 feet long, 21 feet wide, two stories high, and 20 rooms on a floor. It was built on the Commons — Park — between the jail, now Hall of Records, and Catimont's Hill, near Chatham and Cross streets, and the Rotunda or Croton water office.

"The Court, or Stadt House (in Wall, head of Broad) makes no great figure, but it is to be repaired and beautified. There is a quadrangular fort, capable of mounting sixty cannon, though at present there are in it only thirty-two. Within this is the Governor's palace, and underneath it a battery capable of mounting ninety-four guns, and barracks for a company or two of soldiers." (All this south side of the Bowling Green.)

"Upon one of the Islands in the bay is a hospital for sick, and upon another a pest house. These are the most noted public buildings in the City of New York.

"There are 2,000 negroes, mostly imported. There are larger importations of negroes here than to Pennsylvania. The people carry on an extensive trade, and there are said to be cleared out annually from New York 30,000 tons of shipping. The exports are grain, flour, pork, skins, furs, pig iron, lumber, and staves. Their manufactories are not extensive. The Irish settlers make very good linens. Some woollens have also been fabricated, but not to any amount. There are several other manufactories, viz. : of beaver hats, which are superior in goodness to any in Europe; of cordage, linseed oil, starch, myrtle wax and spermaceti candles,

soap, earthen ware, shoes and other articles of wearing apparel. They make glass also, and wampum; refine sugars, which they import from the West Indies; and distil considerable quantities of rum. The New Yorkers were restrained by act of Parliament from erecting slitting mills to make nails."

"Ship building is carried to a great extent, and many hands are employed.

"The government of this colony is lodged in the hands of a governor appointed by the Crown; a council consisting of twelve members, named by the same authority; and a house of twenty-seven representatives, elected by the people in the province — four for the City and county of New York, two for Albany, and other counties. The legislative power is lodged entirely in their hands, each branch having a negative; except that all laws must have the king's approbation."

"The inhabitants of New York are more than one-half Dutch, and almost all are traders. They are habitually frugal, industrious and parsimonious. Being of different nations, different languages, and different religions, it is almost impossible to give them any precise or determinate character. The women are handsome and agreeable, though very reserved. Their amusements are balls, sleighing expeditions in the winter, and in summer going in parties upon the water, fishing, and making excursions into the country. There are several houses pleasantly situated upon East River, in the city, where it is common to have turtle feasts. These happen once or twice a week: thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and

then return home in Italian chaises (the fashionable carriage in most parts of America, except Virginia, where they use only coaches, and these drawn by six horses), a gentleman and lady in each chaise. In the way there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York city, which you always pass over on your return, called the 'Kissing Bridge,' where it is a part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has placed herself under your protection."

"Singular situations and manners will be productive of singular customs; but frequently such as upon slight examination may appear to be the effects of mere grossness of character, will, upon deeper research, be found to proceed from simplicity and innocence. A very extraordinary method of courtship, which is sometimes practiced among the lower people of this province, and is called *tarrying*, has given reflection. When a man is enamored of a young woman, and wishes to marry her, he proposes the affair to her parents (without whose consent no marriage can take place in this colony); if they have no objection, they allow him to tarry with her one night, in order to make his court to her. At their usual time, the old couple retire to bed, leaving the young ones to settle matters as they can, who, after having sate up as long as they think proper, retire together also, but without pulling off their garments, in order to prevent scandal. If the parties agree, it is all very well; they are married without delay. If not, they part, and possibly never see each other again."

Now, I have examined these subjects thoroughly. I am satisfied that the writer did not get at the true facts. The original name was *tarrying*, and it gave the name

to "Tarrytown," in this province. It was principally famous for this sort of courtship. It was and is frequent in parts of Jersey. It is called "bundling." I am satisfied that I have got at the true *origin* of the custom. I arrived at it by accident. Some years ago, I stopped over night at a house in New Jersey, where Ely Moore was born. The family was a highly respectable one. One of the daughters was a very beautiful girl. We played backgammon in the sitting room with the old people until 9 o'clock. The old gentleman then observed: "I always put out or rake up the fire before I go to bed, but you need not mind me. If you are cold, Kate will take you in her bedside room." I had at once the origin of *tarrying*. There was, 50 years ago, no coal fires. The head of the house did not want a fire burning; he had no insurance, and had to be careful. He did not wish to prevent courtship going on, nor did he wish the young couple to freeze. So they were allowed to be together in an adjoining room, and there the courtship was carried on. I have known fifty instances where the same custom was practiced in religious Connecticut, and from the same cause. The old folks would not let fires be kept burning after they went to bed.

I think Uncle David Valentine, who is well posted in the causes for many queer customs, will agree with me in this solution.

Our Irish traveller 100 years ago, concludes as follows:

"The present state of the City of New York is flourishing; it has an extensive trade to many parts of the world, particularly to the West Indies; and has ac-

quired great riches by the commerce which it has carried on, under flags of truce, to Cape Francois and Monte Christo. The troops, by having made New York the place of their general rendezvous, have also enriched it very much. However, it is burdened with taxes, and the present public debt amounts to more than \$300,000 currency (\$750,000). The taxes are laid upon estates real and personal, and there are duties upon negroes and other importations. The troops of the city are about 2,000 men. The difference of exchange between currency and bills is from 70 to 80 per cent. Oct. 20, 1760, I embarked for England in the ship 'Winchester.' "

What a treasure that would be, if he had only put in the name of the merchants he met with, and told us all about their business and their families.



CHAPTER III.

One of the old merchants of whom I have written considerably, died on Wednesday evening, the 7th October, at his country seat at Whitestone, L. I. I allude to John Haggerty. He was born in September, 1773, before the war of the Revolution, and his age lacked one month of being ninety years.

I have written several pages about Mr. Haggerty. He was for more than half a century one of the most noted merchants in this city, and his house of Haggerty & Austen did the largest auction business in the city or in the United States. The rivals were John Hone & Sons, in 1830. That year Haggerty & Austen paid auction duties to the extent of \$56,199 92. John Hone & Son paid \$54,162 68. The nearest approach of any other auction houses to these sums was Pearsall, who paid about \$27,000, and Hoffman who paid \$20,000.

The house of Haggerty, Austen & Co., dissolved in 1836, and Mr. Haggerty formed the house of John Haggerty & Sons.

Mr. Haggerty went into business on his own account at 82 William street, in 1797. He resided in the house for some years. He was succeeded in it by Haggerty & Tuttle, who kept there as late as 1812. John Haggerty removed his dry goods business to 169 Pearl

street, in 1805. The year after he took into partnership David Austen. Previous to this, while in business alone, July 3, 1802, at 82 William street, he married the lovely Maria Allaire. They were married by the Rev. Dr. Beach, at No. 29 John street, the residence of the father of the young lady, who kept a livery stable then and for some years afterwards.

The marriage of Mr. Haggerty was celebrated on the Sunday evening before the 4th of July. The talk among the guests related principally to the melancholy death that lovely Sunday morning of old James Rivington, at the house of James Rivington, Jr., at 114 Pearl street. The old man was the famous King's printer, and the proprietor of Rivington's printing-office and newspaper. He was 78 years of age when he died, and was in his day the most noted printer and book-seller in the colony. He was buried in the yard of the Dutch church, where the Post Office now stands.

In 1811 Mr. Haggerty moved up to Broadway, among the fashionables. His number was 239, between Barclay street and Park place. His neighbor on one side was D. Marcellis, father of the dentist of that name at present in the city; and on the other was old merchant Boardman. Mr. Haggerty was one of the early members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, cotemporary with such men as James McBride, Felix Ingoldsby, Thomas Suffern, Saul Alley, Jacob Harvey, Thomas S. Brady, Joseph Kernochan, John Flack, William Niblo, Robert and Campbell P. White, Doctor MacNever, Daniel McCormick, and others.

Mr. Haggerty was universally respected. His fame as a merchant was world-wide. He advanced money

on cargoes from China, the West Indies, Europe, or any part of the world. It would require pages to enumerate the time and the names of corporations that honored his name. He was one of the best judges of commercial responsibility in the city, with but one exception, and that was his son, John Haggerty. His sons still continue the auction business on a large scale in Broadway, under the firm of Haggerty & Co. It seems but yesterday that I saw him in the store, as strong as a lion, and as lively and spry as if he was just out of his teens. He left a large family. More lengthy information of him and his is already printed in the chronicles of the Old Merchants, series 1st and 2d.

Haggerty & Austin had become eminent auctioneers, when among their numerous attachés Wm. Wilmerding appeared, and, as the sequel proved, knew his consequence. The guaranteeing part of the auction business — that is, charging for the risk of time sales, was by far the most lucrative part of the auction business; H. & A. had amassed large fortunes by it. Wilmerding disclosed to his employés talents of the first order as a salesman, insomuch that they found it to their advantage to allow him a fractional percentage part of commissions on amount of sales, retaining the guaranteeing by which the house had made money. But in 1837 the great commercial crisis caused so many failures that H. & A. lost largely, while the large amount of sales yielded to Widmerding for the year more than \$20,000. Thus encouraged, Wilmerding undertook and succeeded in accumulating a large fortune, by the dint of his individual management, leaving the reputation of a good merchant. His firm still exists.

Of the many commercial revulsions New York has felt, they appear to have increased in amount in a ratio with the increase of commerce of the city — that of 1837 was much greater than any previous, though not entirely originating from previous causes. Formerly, a short harvest in England caused a drain of the precious metals from her Bank to purchase bread-stuffs — formerly from up the Baltic — which caused the English creditors of Jonathan to draw from this country the precious metals to supply the place of the deficit in the English Bank, causing a stringency here, and thereby proving that bread ruled and not money. However, the great commercial storm that occurred in this country in 1837 was very severe: it changed values rapidly, causing many-failures, and great alarm; to allay which, Mr. Bennett of the *Herald* had recourse to ascertaining and publishing the solvent houses in Wall street, among which I find the following names: Brown Brothers, Aug. Belmont, James G. King & Son, etc., etc.

Lurnan Reed, whom I barely named in a previous volume, I have since learned was conspicuous in many things besides buying and selling groceries. After distinguishing himself among the grocery fraternity, his mind expanded apparently, as proved by its fruits, and became of great capacity in the way of the fine arts, for he devised and caused Mr. Cole, the American painter, to execute a series of paintings denominated the “Course of Empire,” which design would have done credit to the famed Benjamin West. Mr. Reed paid Cole six thousand dollars to execute his design, which consisted in delineating on six separate pieces of canvas, ten feet square, each one intended by Mr. Reed

to represent in good rational keeping, the important interests of the different periods of time of the supposed existence of this terraqueous globe, beginning in chaos, and through the different aspects to the end, with, as a sample (as B. would say in the grocery line), the appearance of many of the different seats of antique remembrance, such as Persepolis, Babylon, Nineveh, and in later time, the Valley of the Nile, &c. I am constrained to believe that Mr. Reed had inherent talents which, if cultivated in early life, would have shone brilliantly in the world of letters.

Of all the Knickerbocker families, I know of none more worthily conspicuous than that of Remsen; and, although I omitted in previous volumes, yet of Henry Remsen I ought to have said he was as distinguished as a banker as Peter was as a merchant; and Henry was no less than private secretary to Thos. Jefferson, President of the United States, and it was proverbial in after time, when Remsen was President of the Manhattan Bank, that he was as polite as a French dancing-master and, with all, most scrupulously honest, in so much that all his private penny-postages he received at the bank he paid himself from his private funds, unlike one of the last Presidents of the U. S. Bank, who, report said, daily caused the bank to pay his private postages. And there was another saying that, on the election of said U. S. Bank President, all the electors (as we would say in political matters) previous to the election had a caucus, and all agreed to vote for him, of which votes he, the elected, cast one; when, on counting the votes, all was cast for the new man, including the vote of the outgoing President. When the electors severally con-

gratulated the new President, the old President had cast his vote for the new. He remarked to the new President, "I thought I would have had one vote," proving that the new President, though knowing the intentions of the voters to elect him, yet he voted for himself.

However, the sequel told that Remsen's — as some would say — parsimony, or some other reason, sustained him ; while his colleague, of the U. S. Bank, though computed a half-million retired merchant when elected U. S. Bank President, was afterwards a reputed bankrupt, while Remsen left a large estate. All the old folks may remember the immense double house, of brick walls, Remsen erected and occupied to the last, on the corner of Cherry and (now) Clinton streets, within 100 feet of his relative, Colonel Rutger's, private yard, at that time quite out of town. There are many (of this fast age) singular incidents of Remsen. At that time the banks had no clearing house as now, but assorted and pinned a paper band round each other's bills, and sent them in to each other in the morning. The Manhattan Bank, having a large issue, the clerks had to be very expeditious unbundling and counting the different packages, when Remsen, in supervising the business, would frequently remark, at the desk where the pins were hurriedly taken out and dropped on the floor, "that the clerk would lose more pins than his salary would amount to." However, Henry Remsen was an extraordinary man, combining those conservative principles that tell in the main, or rather proving the adage, "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

In an article that I wrote respecting the late Robert Jaffray, I made one or two omissions. The son of Mr. Jaffray is still Secretary of the Park Insurance Company. Robert married a daughter of Dr. Smith, of New Rochelle.

The senior Robert Jaffray had three daughters. Eliza died a number of years ago. Mary married Frank Dunstan. Rebecca never married. The two last died about three weeks ago, within five days of each other, and since this chapter was written. They had contracted fever at Astoria, where Mrs. Dunstan lived.

Robert Jaffray's partner was John Richmond Jaffray, who married a daughter of Admiral Sommerville. Edward S. Jaffray married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Phillips, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue. After the death of Robert Jaffray, the firm was J. R. Jaffray & Sons, which was John Richmond and three sons, Edward S., Richmond W., and Arthur W. Recently, Richmond W. died, at which time the father left the concern, and the firm became Edward S. Jaffray & Co.

I make all the corrections that are sent me. Some readers complain that I do more than justice. One in New Haven writes me that to speak *too* well of the old merchants will not have the proper effect upon the rising race. He says: "Do not overstate their virtues nor entirely hide their faults, for who is perfect? For instance, take George Griswold; you quite overdo it when you state that he was a marked merchant—he was anything but a fine specimen of one. He was a harsh, abrupt, selfish man, too bold and reckless a speculator to be a *good merchant*, and in consequence did

not leave half the fortune he would have done had he remained a merchant. You are all wrong about his aiding Mr. Robbins. C. H. Russell started that loan ; he loaned \$10,000, and got Geo. Griswold to promise a loan of \$10,000, but he never performed his promise."



CHAPTER IV.

As I have said before in these chapters, we have had two classes of Dutch or Holland merchants in this city. One is the class whose ancestors came over here 235 years ago — such as the Stuyvesants, Rapelyes, Bayards, Anthonys; and that class of Holland merchants who came here immediately after the Revolutionary war — such as Henry A. and John G. Coster, John A. Willink, Jan Boonen Graves, Frederick Gebhard, and John C. Vanden Heuvel. He was indeed a type of the true merchant. He was a man far advanced in life when he came to this city to reside, in 1790. He had been a merchant in the Dutch West Indies, where he owned two plantations. He had agents who remitted to him every year. When he came here he resided at 87 Liberty street; he lived there until 1800, when he moved up to 229 Broadway, north corner of Broadway and Barclay street. How much was thought of the integrity and capability of Mr. V. may be judged from the fact that though a foreigner, yet, in 1801, he was elected a director in the United States Branch Bank, of which Cornelius Ray was president, and such men as Robert Lenox, Nicholas Low, Peter Schermerhorn, and others of that class, were directors.

Mr. Vanden Heuvel lost a lovely young wife soon

after his arrival. Mrs. Justina Henrietta Frederica Vanden Heuvel died on Monday, March 25, 1793.

He had a fine family of both sons and daughters. Of course, they moved in the highest circles sixty-five years ago. John C. Hamilton, a son of Alexander Hamilton, who was killed by Burr, married Susan, one of the Miss Vanden Heuvels. Thomas S. Gibbs married another. He was a brother of Morgan Gibbs. One of the Misses Gibbs (grand-daughter of old Vanden Heuvel) married John Jacob Astor, a grandson of old John Jacob. There was another sister, a Miss Gibbs, but I don't know who she married.

Another Miss Vanden Heuvel married Gouverneur S. Biddy. The residence of old Vanden Heuvel was where the American Hotel has since stood. The property is still owned by the heirs. Thomas S. Gibbs was a handsome man and a great beau in New York sixty years ago. The store of Mr. Vanden Heuvel was in Dey street; his town house at 229 Broadway, and he had a country seat at Bloomingdale later, in 1815: it was the finest place on Manhattan Island except Madame Jumel's. It was sold after his death, which happened in 1825, to Burnham, and became known as "Burnham's."

His neighbors, in 1806, to 229 Broadway, are now nearly forgotten. On the opposite block, at No. 221, where the Astor House now stands, lived Abraham Bates, a merchant in his day. He had the pity of every one, for he had a son who did not shave, but wore his beard long. This was regarded with horror. He was deemed insane. Never was man neater about the face, though a foreigner, than old Mr. Vanden Heuvel, and

he shaved himself. In some of my antiquarian researches, I have discovered that it is now just 700 years since the custom of shaving the beard was introduced into Europe. It was about the time when the doctrine of transubstantiation, in 1163, was first taught by Peter Lombard. Pope Innocent III. established it with the Monks at the Council of Lateran, in the year 1200, and the reason which induced the Council to make their injunction for shaving beards was, lest in receiving the sacrament, the beard might touch the bread and wine, or crumbs and drops fall and stick upon it. The clergy of that day, however, did not like the change, and in France from 1515 to 1547, Francis first made the priests pay a very large sum for wearing their beards. Adrian was the first Emperor who wore his beard, and he did it to conceal a large wart.

Mrs. Startin lived at 233, next to the yard of Mr. Vanden Heuvel. She was the widow of Charles Startin, who had been a sort of A. T. Stewart in his day, at 225 Broadway (Astor House now), but died in 1804. His widow was very much respected. On the same block, between Barclay street and Robinson (Park Place), were two large but rival ice cream gardens, where all the fashionables met in summer time. One was called the "New York," and the other the "Washington" Garden. The families of those who were connected with the Federal Government, such as the Kings, Hamiltons, Jays, etc., patronised the one, while the old Knickerbockers went to the other. Upon one of these gardens — now 235, where Tracy, Irwin & Co.'s store stands — stood the beautiful house that was owned and occupied by Phillip Hone when Mayor.

Next door to 229 (the corner where Vanden Heuvel lived), David Mumford afterwards built a house. It was a sort of show house; it stood at No. 231. Old Mr. Mumford was a large, portly man, and used to sit out on his front door steps every afternoon. The citizens felt pride in this house, and used to come from the remotest parts (as far out of town as Chambers street) to look at the new model house. It was furnished in better style than any other at that date.

At the other corner of Park place stood, and still stands, the building erected by the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, about 1805. A part was kept as a hotel by Michael Little. It was 247. The second story was a large hall used by the Mechanics' Society for the transaction of their public business and usual meetings. It was also employed for balls, concerts, etc., and was a favorite place of resort. That Mechanics' Society, in its early days, was one of the proudest institutions in this city. It was started after the war in 1786, but was not chartered by the Legislature until 1792. When it was incorporated, the act recited such names as John J. Labagh, Peter Sharpe, John Slidell, James Hopson, James Tylee, Jacob Sherred, and others, as incorporators.

Mr. Vanden Heuvel was a man very much respected. One of his sons was named Charles. He married a daughter of Thomas Morris, who was U. S. marshal, and I think, was a son of the celebrated financier, Robert Morris, of Philadelphia. He lived in Athens, Georgia, afterwards. His widow is alive yet. One son was named Jacob. I think he went to Ogdensburg, and made his place like a court. None of the

sons were brought up to mercantile business. That old Vanden Heuvel must have been very rich. I can only cite the fact that he gave his daughter Susan, the one who married Thomas Gibbs, \$70,000. This was in those days more than \$700,000 would be now. I know this fact from Charles McEvers, who was an executor of the estate, and a guardian for Miss Gibbs.

Another merchant after the Revolutionary war was John B. Church. He lived at 52 Broadway. He made a great figure in New York city between 1797 and 1815. The later years of his life were spent in his house 213 Duane street. There are now several hundred of the name in this city. At that time there was only one Church besides John B. The other was John church, of the firm of Church & Havens, in Front street.

John B. Church was an Englishman by birth. He came into this country with the British army. He had a large fortune. He was the most expensive liver in New York city, and he gave dinner parties nearly every day in the week on silver plates. When he sold out, Robert Lenox Livingston bought all of his silver. He had a son named Phillip Church.

John G. Warren married a Miss Church for his second wife. She was a daughter of Phillip. Old Mr. Church was a small man.

He was a director in the Manhattan Bank as early as 1801.

Phillip Church, the son, had several daughters. The family moved up to Angelina, in this State. Phillip Church was an elegant fellow, and he had a very handsome son. I think he is alive now. They were out of

the way of the rest of the world, until the opening of the Erie Railroad, when their immense landed property must have made them all rich.

The silver plate — the only complete set in the city, for it would dine twenty-four persons, is yet in the possession of the Lennox family.

Some one asked me, not long ago, if there had never been a criminal among the old New York merchants. I must do them the justice to say that they are not remarkable as criminals, though now and then there has been one.

In 1797 there was a merchant named Isaac Roget came out to this country, and established himself in business. He was a very heavy importer. His store was then at 111 Water street. He afterwards did business in Maiden lane. For some years he was in Warren street, No. 46. Many French merchants lived in that street, among them John Juhel, until he died in March, 1817.

Mr. Roget was concerned in a very queer affair, with Mr. O. B. Daulmeny, of the firm of Hutchinson & Daulmeny, importers, 123 Pearl street, and Peter Lefevre — or, as he was commonly called by his friends, Peter Favors. These parties, in 1815, had a schooner called the "Ocean." She was in Havre, France, in December, and was put up for Boston. Isaac Roget, as I have said, was a French merchant in this city, of the highest standing, and had been so for nearly twenty years. He stood very high among our merchants, and was considered a man of the highest respectability. Mr. Roget and others here, and some persons abroad, entered into a conspiracy to make a false insurance upon the

schooner "Ocean" and her cargo, consisting, as they stated, of dry goods and plaster-of-paris, but in reality of stones and rubbish. They insured for \$18,000 in this city, \$10,000 in Boston, \$30,000 in Paris, and largely in London and other places. After this was done, they caused the "Ocean" and her cargo to be sunk at sea. It appeared, however, that this piece of rascality, from which they expected to derive the greatest profit, was from an ingenious deception practiced upon the French Custom House at Havre.

This deception was managed in the following manner. They first entered at the Custom House thirty boxes of goods, valued at \$30,000, and procured the necessary stamps upon the boxes; but after they had done this, instead of putting the boxes on board the schooner "Ocean," they only carried them to some private place, where they removed the goods into other similar boxes provided for the purpose, and supplied their place in the stamped boxes with rubbish of the same weight, which was so ingeniously done by splitting the ropes, as to elude supervision. These boxes were then put on board the schooner, as so many boxes of dry goods, with the Custom House stamp, which secured them from all further inspection. Having thus succeeded with the first thirty boxes, they filled a second thirty with the same goods which had once been entered, and a second time procured the stamp of the Custom House; then a second time they removed their thirty boxes to some private place, where they in like manner rifled them of their genuine contents, and filling them with stones as before, they closed them neatly up again, and shipped them on board. In this way

they repeated the deceptions upon the French Custom House until they had obtained its stamp upon ninety-seven boxes of stores, and shipped them on board as valuable silks and dry goods. Having thus loaded the schooner, their next step was to provide for the lives of the innocent and unsuspecting crew, when the vessel should go to the bottom. For this purpose they provided a clinker built boat, sufficient to hold them all, with provisions and other necessaries. Thus equipped, they wrote to Mr. Roget, and the other parties in this city, on account of their success, that they might do the needful at the different insurance companies, and then set out upon their voyage.

After meeting with some rough weather, which caused them to delay the execution of their purpose for fear of their lives, they at length, after two abortive attempts, which failed through the vigilance and activity of the mate, succeeded in scuttling her, in a smooth sea, on the 25th of February, 1816, about 9 o'clock in the evening, in lat. 26 : 30 N. and long. W. 60 : 10, when they shaped their course for the nearest land, which was the Bahama Islands, distant about 500 miles, and arrived at Nassau the 3d of March, 1816.

Mr. Favours was on board (or Lefevre). When the parties attempted to get the insurance money, it was refused. A trial resulted. It came off at the City Hall before the mayor, the 15th April, 1817. Jacob Radcliff was the mayor. Isaac Roget was the only one indicted and arrested. Cadwallader D. Colden and David B. Ogden were the lawyers for Mr. Roget.

I should have mentioned that Mr. Roget had tried to corrupt a Frenchman in this city named J. A. Duv-

raseau. He disclosed it to Mr. Lovett, and to old Francis Depeau, the owner of the line of Havre packets. They let it out to the insurance companies.

During the trial, it came out that this game had been going on for some years. The brig "Mary" had been lost in the same way with a valuable cargo, and so had several other vessels.

Lefevre, or Favours, who was the principal manager, was allowed to turn State evidence. The principal witness was the master of the "Ocean," who had not been let into the secret. Mr. Wolcott stated that the first time the alarm was given that the vessel was sinking, he exerted himself, contrary to the remonstrances of Favours, and succeeded in getting a sail under the bottom, by means of which they were able to clear her hold of water, so that he could examine the leak. He found the bottom bored with auger holes, which he plugged, but advantage was taken of his being aloft with most of the crew, to bore other holes in another place, which was the cause of her sinking. Emmett, Hoffman, and Maxwell, celebrated lawyers, were associated with the District Attorney. There was great eloquence displayed. The trial lasted a week. The jury retired for only one hour, and returned with a verdict of guilty against Mr. Roget. Then ensued a terrible scene in court. A sister and the wife of Mr. Roget, one of the loveliest women in the city, with six children, had been present the whole time. The sight of these two interesting and wretched women, Mrs. Roget shortly to be again a mother, was very affecting, and had it not been that the testimony and the proofs of the guilt of Mr. Roget was so strong, the jury would not have

convicted him. The firms supposed to be engaged with M. Roget never did business after.

Mr. Roget was married April 3d, 1800, by the Rev. Mr. Seixas, a Jewish clergyman, to the beautiful Miss Pardoe, of Elizabethtown. I think that his family went to his wife's home after her husband was condemned. In 1805, he owned the brig "Phoenix." She traded to Martinique.



CHAPTER V

The Morewood family was English. They came out here after the Revolution, and figured extensively in commerce. As early as 1786, Morewood & Co. were heavy merchants at 222 Queen street. I think the members of the firm were Gilbert, William, George, and Edmund Morewood. George Morewood, in 1789, had his residence at Beekman street. All the members of the family joined the St. George's Society between 1786 and 1790.

In 1791, the firm became William Morewood & Co. The next year all retired except George, Gilbert, and Edmund Morewood; they formed the firm. They lived at 78 Cherry street, but their store was on Schermerhorn's wharf.

In 1795, Gilbert Morewood went into business with Thomas Clayton, under the firm of Morewood & Clayton, at the corner of Cliff and Beekman street. Thomas Morewood commenced business in 1797, and went into partnership with Jonathan Ogden, at 123 Pearl street, and Gilbert was alone. He had dissolved with Mr. Ogden, who afterwards married a sister of Mrs. Edmund Morewood, who was a Miss Walton. In 1800, Morewood & Ogden dissolved, and Mr. Ogden carried on business as Jonathan Ogden & Co., his partner be-

ing Edmund Morewood. He was afterwards a large merchant in this city for many years.

While Mr. Morewood was a partner of Mr. Ogden, he was a witness to a mob in this city. He saw persons going up Greenwich street, just before sundown, on the 17th of July, 1799. It had been a very warm day. They all halted at the corner of Greenwich and Murray streets, and before dark a thousand excited persons of both sexes were there. It seems that a person had been found in one of the North River docks that morning, and bearing on his body evident marks of a violent death. Suspicions were entertained that he had been murdered in a house of ill-fame that stood on the corner of Murray street, where he had been seen the evening previous to his being missed. The mob by dark had increased to 1500, and, at a signal of three cheers, proceeded with the intention of demolishing the house, but they were prevented by the appearance of Mayor Richard Varick, and Aldermen Post and Arcularius, who interfered to keep the peace. The Washington troop and a detachment of infantry were ordered under arms to disperse the mob, but it was not necessary.

Edward Morewood dissolved partnership in 1802 with Jonathan Ogden, and went into business upon his own account at No. 40 Wall street. He was twice married. June 11, 1803, he married Miss Jane Glover, a daughter of John G. Glover. She died about a year after her marriage. He married a second time, Nov. 23, 1805, a Miss Walton. By her he had one daughter, Helen. She married John Ferguson, who was at one time of the house of Ogden, Ferguson & Co. She died a few days ago. Mr. Morewood was largely in the Eng.

lish trade. He had a country seat at Love lane, what is now Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. He was famous in field sports — shooting, fishing, &c., and was a most remarkable pedestrian. Even in his old age, he might be seen in his black spencer pacing off his fifteen or twenty miles. He died in September, 1862, at Stamford, Connecticut, the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Ferguson, where he had spent the last twenty years of his life. His funeral was attended by all classes of citizens, the stores being closed out of respect to his memory. He was a pure man, without an enemy in the world.

Mr. Ferguson, who married Miss Morewood, was a son of Samuel Ferguson, once one of the first merchants in this city, and the founder of the house of Ferguson & Day. One Saturday in the month of August, 1816, he was in the auction store of Hones & Towns, corner of Wall and Pearl streets, when he was attacked by apoplexy and immediately expired.

In 1805, when George Bonny died, Mr. Edmund Morewood and William English were the executors appointed to settle up the large estate.

Edmund Morewood for a long time lived at No. 9 Broadway.

He had nephews; one I believe was Geo. B. Morewood, who went into business about 1830.

The house of Cadle & Stringham did a large mercantile business in this city for many years.

The first of the Stringhams that I wot of, was Capt. Joseph Stringham, who commanded a vessel out of this port before the Revolutionary War, in 1774. After the war, in 1786, he settled down at 110 Smith (Wil-

liam) street, where I think he died. One son — I think Joseph — was a grocer in Queen street, No. 110. He was concerned with Janeway, under the firm of Stringham & Janeway, in a brewery in Magazine street (Pearl, from Centre to Broadway), as early as 1791. I think he died in 1797. He died at 460 Pearl street, and left three sons. One was John B. Stringham, who became a merchant; James S., who became in after years a very celebrated physician, and Joseph, who founded the firm of Cadle & Stringham.

Old Thomas Cadle commenced business in this city as early as 1791, at No. 12 William street. (He was no relation to the Rev. Alexander Cadle, who kept a large school at 60 Wall street.)

Thomas had a son Cornelius, who in 1800 formed the house of Cadle & Cammann, at 85 Pearl street. They dissolved in 1803, and then the house of Cadle & Stringham was formed. Mr. Cadle lived at 88 Beekman street, but their country house was at 27 Old slip. The junior partner went to the Danish West Indies. At St. Croix he became acquainted with the lovely Ann Stranenger, a Danish heiress. He gained her affections, and they were married June 26, 1805. After that Mr. Stringham resided in the West Indies most of his time, and the New York house had a large West India trade.

The house lasted until 1811, when the war with England broke out, and they dissolved. Old Thomas Cadle died about 1816. Cornelius Cadle, the former partner of Stringham, in 1820 became an "accountant" and kept books for merchants whom he had trusted with thousands in former years. He got up again, and in

1827 had mahogany yard, at 28 Harrison street, in partnership with his son Samuel, under the firm of Cadle & Son.

About 1831 I think the firm was changed to Samuel & Cornelius, Jr. Cadle. Samuel left the concern in 1838, and the old man and son Cornelius carried it on until 1841. That year William Cadle died, and his widow started a boarding-house at 68 Hudson street.

Towards the close of 1841 old Cornelius Cadle died. Most of the others of the family have passed away — all except Sarah B., the wife of old Thomas, who lived in William street in 1790. She is yet alive.

Some of the Stringham race are still found in the city, descendants probably of those I have named.

Another Dutch house was L. C. Holthuysen. He established himself in business in this city, in Courtlandt street, as early as 1796. He did a very heavy business with the Dutch Island of Curacao until about April, 1805, when he died in Curacao. Previous to his death he had formed a business partnership with Cox, under the firm of Holthuysen & Cox. The house was dissolved by his death, and his son John L. succeeded to the business at 27 South street. He went out of business in 1808. April 11, 1803, John L. was married to Maria C. Clarkson, a daughter of David M. Clarkson.

As late as 1831, the widow of J. C. resided at 95 Henry street, and remained there until 1841. I think she died about that time. She was the widow of the elder Holthuysen, and I think went to Curacao after his death, and remained some years. I do not know of any of the name now in the city.

I have always entertained a very high opinion of

Jonathan Goodhue, as one of the noblest of our old merchants, and I have so said wherever I have alluded to him. When I find anything well said of such a man I am willing to give it to him in the form in which it will be preserved. He died in 1848. Here are a few lines written at the time of his death: "The passing away from the midst of society of a man who has trod any walk of life faithfully and well, is in itself a general calamity, for, however narrow be the sphere of the individual, the influence of his character radiates beyond it. It is not only the fall of its great men that a nation should deplore, the death of its good men, too, carries its bereavement abroad. But when he whose virtue, quiet and unobtrusive in itself, has yet become distinguished in a degree, when the private and retiring citizen, whose eminence of worth has placed him before men as a landmark and an example, is called from the position which he adorned and exalted, the community may well know its misfortune.

"Such a loss occasioned is the sudden and unlooked for death of Jonathan Goodhue, the son of one who united the highest qualities of merchant and statesman. Young Goodhue was born about the close of the Revolutionary War. He loved his country, and he was an uncompromising Republican. He rested his opinion on faith in the public virtue. A lover of peace, no man could more firmly resist oppression. His patriotism was religious; no feelings of private interest biased his conduct, or influenced his views as a citizen.

"And in all the private relations of life his character was consistent. His piety was pure, and free from bigotry or narrow-mindedness: his attachments were

warm, his friendships unfaltering. His charity never failed. It was not confined to alms-giving, nor measured by pecuniary liberality. He was charitable in extenuation and forgiveness. Upright and single hearted, he could with pain believe in the faults of others, and most readily overlook those which most affected himself. His integrity was entire. It lay at the foundation of his character; it was not that surface honesty which is based upon policy or the world's opinion. He was honest in his heart's core. With fixed opinions himself, he was yet tolerant of those of others. In outspoken truth he was unflinching.

“Of his character as a *merchant*, mention is particularly due. But, to his calling among those who respected it and made it respectable, he was a merchant in the widest sense of the term. The comprehensive views, the broad combination, the spirit of enterprise and adventure which characterized commerce at a time when the resources of the world were developed by commercial men, when far voyages sought out amidst unknown nations, untold paths to wealth, were his by inheritance. And to those qualities he added a pride in commercial faith, an elevation in the standard of commercial character, and an extent of information which placed him deservedly in the first rank of the great merchants of this great city of trade.

Stephen Whitney, of whom I have written, was a sagacious merchant. He, too, was a man of more feeling than was generally supposed. He was a Connecticut boy, and was born in the town of Derby. His father was a farmer in that old town, which lies about ten miles north of New Haven. Stephen lived at home until he

was nearly grown. He did not start business in this city until 1805, and then he commenced at No. 4 Stone street. Previous to that, Aug. 13, 1803, he had married Miss Suydam. Mr. Whitney made no pretensions. He had a great deal of trouble with his sons. They were all more or less dissipated when young. He put his son Samuel S. Whitney into business at No. 71 Front street, as early as 1824, when he was but 20 years of age. The elder Whitney was proud of Sam. He told Sam, when he set him up, "Now, my son, I have given you ample capital. If you are steady, and take care of it and yourself, you will do well and make a large fortune. I only wish I had had such a beginning as you have. Keep out of bad company; avoid gambling. I will indorse all your business notes for your tea and other purchases. If you do not do as I wish you will incur my serious displeasure." At that time Mr. Whitney lived at 25 Pearl, and Sam lived with him. Years passed along, and Sam seemed to be doing well. In 1817, old Stephen moved to No. 7 Bowling Green, corner of State street, the house he afterwards lived in for so many years.

In 1832, young Samuel took in Mr. Storm, and the firm was Whitney & Storm.

Mr. Whitney never doubted but that his son was doing well, when one morning a blackleg called at No. 8, and asked for Mr. Whitney. The old gentleman went down stairs. He presented him with a check on the bank of America for \$1,000. "I have been to the bank, and they refuse to pay it. Is that your signature?" The son had lost that sum at the fare table the night before. It flashed across Mr. Whitney's mind

that something was wrong, and he observed to the gambler, "Give me the check, and I will give you another one." He did so, and the gambler went away satisfied. As soon as he had gone, Mr. Whitney started for the store of his son. All seemed to be sunshine there. All right. He spoke to his son, "I want to see you up stairs." They went clear up to the garret, out of hearing. Then the exasperated father drew out of his pocket the check — he put it under the eye of his son. "What does this mean?" The son was astounded. He tried to shuffle it off — to explain it away. It was of no use. "You shall no longer bring disgrace upon me. I will put a stepper on such goings on." On his way down he had bought a raw hide at a saddler's store in Old slip, near Hanover square. Mr. Whitney took his son by the collar, and he gave him a most terrific cowhiding. When he had finished, he said, "Now wind up your business as quick as possible." The son left business, never to engage again in it. He lived in the city, I believe; but was never regarded as of any account by his father, or any one else.

A noble action of Mr. Stephen Whitney occurred in reference to another son. He was very wild and extravagant. He formed one of those injurious connections with a young lady that are not deemed as respectable as marriage. By her he had two children. This son died. He was buried in Trinity churchyard, where I think the elder Whitney owned a vault. Funeral services were performed in the church, and, while they were proceeding, Mr. Whitney observed a young woman in deep mourning, whose sad, pale face, and actions betrayed the deepest grief. Surprised, he asked a

person near him who the lady was. "She was the mistress of your son, and has by him two lovely children."

The next day, Mr. Whitney made more detailed inquiries — the maiden name of the lady. He then had \$20,000 of stock in the New Jersey Transportation Company placed in her name, and sent it to her. The stock has doubled in value since then. I never heard what became of that lady, so recognized as his son's wife by the act of financial liberality on the part of Mr. Whitney.

This noble record shall not perish. Well would it be for this great commercial city if her merchant princes could make wrong right in the same noble manner as was done in this case.



CHAPTER VI.

I have described merchants of all nationalities, but probably no one ever made so much noise for a time as Joaquim Monteiro, a Portuguese merchant who came here in 1796 and commenced business. His store was at 94 Pine street, and his residence at 216 Broadway. He afterward removed to No. 11 Broadway. He did a very heavy business for some years, but when in 1804 he was appointed Portuguese Consul for the Eastern States and New York State, to reside in New York city, his credit became unlimited, and he used it to his fullest extent. Whether he ever made any money by his business or not, I cannot tell. I know that he found a way to make a large fortune by acting very villainously toward other merchants in New York city.

His transactions were very large. In September, 1704, he purchased of J. L. Steinback, a merchant at 84 Pearl street, the schooner "Recovery." Being a consul, he was able to naturalize her himself and make her a Portuguese vessel. He named her the "Ann," and cleared on the 30th September, 1804, for Madeira, sending in her as a captain, Joseph F. Carvalho, and as supercargo Francisco B. Stoner. The cargo cleared at the Custom House he swore to as worth \$15,022 — Indian corn and meal, \$3,000 ; flour, \$500 ; iron and

tar, \$1,000 ; sailcloth, \$2,000 and the balance dry goods, and besides there was a large quantity of goods to be smuggled, such as arms and ammunition, not on the manifest. The schooner "Ann" went to Teneriffe, where she was exchanged for a large ship, which Mr. Monteiro also called the "Ann." She sailed for Rio de la Plata, with the proceeds of the \$15,000 cargo, increased by the proceeds of drafts drawn by his supercargo upon Monteiro in New York, which a Portuguese merchant cashed. At Rio de la Plata, Stoner, the supercargo, made sale of the investment, and at Montevideo shipped on board the proceeds — 12,000 quintals of jerked beef, and the balance in specie. The ship "Ann" was then taken into Brazil to naturalize the property, and to put the whole under the captain's name, and thus prevent her from being taken by the English or French. Her name was changed to the "Brillante." She touched at Trinidad and Porto Rico, and sold part of her cargo ; but on the 3d June, 1806, arrived in the harbor of Havana, 94 days from Rio Janeiro, consigned to Cuesta, Manzanel y Hermanos, merchant there.

The cargo sold in Havana for \$50,587, net proceeds. The other half, sold in Porto Rico, brought an equal sum, making over \$101,000. This Cuesta & Co. invested in sugar, and shipped it to New York in the brig "Nancy," and ships "Citizen" and "Susan." The three vessels arrived in this port in August, 1806. Ships and cargoes were consigned, by order of Mr. Monteiro, to the house of Le Roy, Bayard & McEvers, for his account and risk. The ship "Brillante" was also worth \$15,000.

This shows how a merchant could make money out of an investment of about \$17,000. But those were times when money could be made easily and honestly. That was not the gait or the game of this Portuguese merchant.

He had a book keeper named Robert Fair, but his domestic establishment was splendid. His children were provided with the most expensive boarding-schools, and he had a numerous retinue of masters for teaching them dancing, music, Italian, French, English, etc., and a dozen servants to wait upon them and himself and wife.

He imported 1,985 gallons of the choicest Maderia, 16 pipes in the brig "Luna," for his own table. He never paid the duty. He had a friend named Walter Smith, a merchant, who lived in 7 Murray street. He afterwards sold this wine for \$250 a pipe, or \$4,000.

He purchased November 8, 1804, of old Irish, importer, Irish linens at a cost of \$3,874. He sold them the same week at auction, for \$2,500.

He purchased one day of Martial Laforque & Co., 10,000 pieces of nankeens for 88 cents each, \$8,800. He never paid them a cent, but hypothecated the nankeens in the Merchants' Bank as security for his notes.

He borrowed of his friend, Walter Smith, in one year, \$85,100. He was supposed to have paid him in the goods he had bought from other merchants, and that were traced to Smith. He got out of Richard Varick and W. W. Woolsey, directors of the Merchants' Bank, \$26,735. He got out of other parties enough to make up \$40,000.

He purchased in March, 1805, of Peter William Mar

rennen, the ship "Hopewell" for \$5,000. He paid in notes, but never paid the notes. He made her a Portuguese vessel and called her the "Maria." He then bought on tick a cargo for the ship, and sent her to Fazel.

It is supposed that he raised in cash on various merchandise half a million of dollars by sacrificing the goods at auction. Whatever became of this cash, or of enormous sums borrowed, or of the proceedings of ships and cargoes sold, were never known.

He bought of J. J. Argo, a quantity of Popes' bulls for \$2,010. He gave his notes dated March 10, 1802, payable at ten months, but he never paid the notes. Argo died and his widow placed them in the hands of John Cazenave & Co.

Mr. Monteiro was brought up all standing in the following manner: He owed James Dunlap, a merchant of this city, \$1,332. He obtained judgment for it September 2, 1805. He obtained delay of execution for sixty days by paying cash \$500, and the balance in eight months. He gave his note for that sum with the costs. He did not pay the note when it became due. James Dunlap did a very heavy business at 11 Courtlandt street. There were several Dunlap merchants. William was of the firm of Dunlap & Judah, looking-glass store, 175 Water. His partner was Moses Judah. Alexander Dunlap was a partner of Dunlap & Grant, merchants in Pearl street, 214. Thomas Dunlap was the great brewer, No. 322 Broadway.

James Dunlap sold the note of Monteiro to his friend John Mowatt, Junior, who was a merchant at 230 Pearl. Old John Mowatt kept a dry goods store at

230 Pearl at that time. Young John obtained a judgment on Monteiro's note April 7, 1803, but he did not put the foreign merchant in the old jail in the Park until September 23, 1807. The reason was that Monteiro could not be arrested while consul, and Mowatt waited until the Portuguese Government removed him.

He had been in prison but sixty days when Francis Baretto, a merchant in this city, petitioned Maturin Livingston, the recorder of the city, for the release of Joaquim Monteiro. He stated his belief that the consequence of a longer imprisonment would be the waste and embezzlement of the estate and effects of J. M., to the great injury of his creditors. This did not get him out; but on the 4th March, 1808, Pierre C. Van Wyck had become Recorder, and Andrew S. Garr got Monteiro on that day to assign to him *all* his property, except wearing apparel valued at \$100. Upon this Recorder Van Wyck let Monteiro out of jail. There was never a cent paid to any of the creditors.

He owed, in this city, Doctors Haskell and Pendleton, and other private citizens. Never was one cent realized on this sum, amounting to nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

Monteiro had proceeded systematically. He had invested his money in Havana and other places where the New York creditors could not reach it.

The sum so swindled, for those days, was greater than two millions would now be.

Yet all the time he resided in this city he was courted by all classes. All were anxious for his business or for his society. He was invited to every dinner party, and he gave dinner parties, but those luxurious dinners were paid for by his guests.

What became of his family, I have no means of knowing. His career shows how a man can make a fortune in this city.

I think Mr. Monteiro was of the Jewish faith. The Portuguese nation, at that time, 1805, was in part Jewish. All the principal as well as the most brilliant writers in Portugal were Jews. The Prime Minister and Treasurer were both Jews. An editor of 1773 abolished the distrust between old and new Christians — *Christianos Novos* and *Christianos Vellos* — that so long tormented the half Judaized Portuguese.

The Portuguese Jews never drop their national characteristics. They were in 1805, and are now, remarkable for their haughtiness, high sense of honor, and their stately manners. So was Monteiro — all except the honor. Still, he did not probably mean to fail when he came here. He went into large operations, and made money, as I have shown ; but he also spent largely, and lived like a prince. Probably, when he found that he should not succeed, he determined to make the best of a bad bargain. He knew that in this community the man who failed was doomed, and that though he paid 99½ cents on every dollar that he owed, yet the unfortunate deficiency of half a cent would blast his mercantile character for ever. He therefore acted honestly in not paying anybody a cent. He served all alike, and showed great wisdom.

The proper course for a merchant to pursue when he fails, is to go deliberately to work. When he finds he is to fail and cannot help it, if he owes half a million of dollars, he should immediately buy to the extent of a million — then turn into cash, say \$800,000. Then re-

port that his failure is an immensely bad one, and that the unfortunate merchant will never pay two cents on the dollar. In this way he will be able to purchase up all his debts for ten cents on the dollar or \$100,000. This leaves him clear in bank or United States Stocks \$700,000. Properly invested, he can make \$100,000 a year on that money. Pay that to his creditors after he is relieved, and all will join in saying: What an honest man! Let him give up every dollar and not have enough to buy a morsel of victuals, and every one will say: "What a d—d scoundrel!" Such is mercantile life in New York.

No, let every merchant who finds that he has to fail, immediately commence in earnest to secure himself and family from harm. Let him regard his creditors as so many fiends who will try to injure him and destroy his good name. Let him take care that these creditors never get the first cent of their claims until he (the debtor) has all the money he can save from his wreck well placed, so that no creditor can get at it. In this way he will gain the respect of his creditors as well as keep money. As I have said before, after he finds himself rich and perfectly independent, if he chooses to draw a check for ten cents on the dollar, invite his creditors to dine and put a check under their plates, say he has earned it since his failure, &c., &c., he can be decreed the most honest man and merchant in New York, and very likely become President of the Chamber of Commerce in after years.

CHAPTER VII.

I have occasionally alluded to different individual merchants of the name of Remsen, but have written very little about them. No family has given more or as many merchants to the city of New York. There were three Henry Remsens in New York city who were eminent as merchants. The first Henry, or Hendrick, was born in 1708. His father was Rem Remsen, born in 1685. His grave is still found in the ancient graveyard in Fulton street, Brooklyn. He was a son of Rem, who was a son of the first Rem, whose real name was Rem Jansen Vanderbeck. His son was called Rem's son Rem, and finally became Rem Remsen. The first Rem Jansen Vanderbeck came out from Holland in 1642. He was a blacksmith, and went to Albany to reside, but came back here and settled in Brooklyn.

His descendant, Hendrick Remsen, who was born in 1708, made a great deal of money as a merchant in this city, and he died July 7th, 1771, aged 63. His wife, Catalina, died in 1784, aged 81. His son Henry was born April 5, 1736; married Cornelia Dickerson, Dec. 28, 1761; was a merchant of eminence in New York, and in 1768 Henry Remsen, Jr. & Co., did a very heavy business. He was son of the first Henry, who died in 1771. Their store was in Hanover square, but

at that period no part of New York was numbered. This house did a very heavy importing business by every vessel. They sold fans, ribbons, indigo, wool, gloves, hats, snuff, paper, breeches, flannel, stockings, &c. &c.; like all the other firms of that period, their stock of goods was very miscellaneous.

When his father died, in 1771, he became Henry Remsen, and was a thorough Whig. He was one of the committee of One Hundred of which Isaac Low was chairman, in 1774. He became chairman also of another great meeting of importers of goods from Great Britain. They met October 13, to take into consideration the dissatisfaction that had appeared in New York city upon the great advance in price of divers articles, some of them the real necessities of life. These importers declared that, "We are determined, so far as in us lies, to preserve the peace of the city; we think it necessary, in order to remove the cause for any future murmurings, to make the following declaration: we will not, from the apprehension of a non-importation agreement, put any unreasonable advance upon our goods; and, when such an agreement shall have taken place, we will continue to sell them at a moderate profit and no more; that we will do our utmost to discourage all *engrosses* on persons who buy up goods with a view of creating an artificial scarcity, thereby to obtain a more plausible pretext for enhancing the prices; that if any retailer should, by any contrary conduct, endeavor to defeat these, our good intentions, *we will, as one man, decline dealing* with him." Signed Henry Remsen.

At the same time he was importing and selling at his store, in Hanover square, (alone, he had no partner,) blankets, and every kind of dry goods.

He also owned saw mills and 1,500 acres of land at Toms River.

Mr. Remsen had time to attend to his commercial business, for he advertises that all persons who owe his late firm of Henry Remsen and Co., should call and pay H. R., to save trouble, and that he will take pot or pearl ashes for such debts.

The same day that appeared, Mr. Remsen was at the City Hall, superintending the election of Isaac Sears to Congress.

Peter Remsen was a very eminent New York merchant; was born in 1722; married Jane De Hart in 1744; and died in 1771, aged 49. His grandson, Peter, was also a very eminent merchant in Hanover square for forty years, and died in 1836.

When old Peter died, in 1771, his large estate was settled by his sons, Samuel and Henry Remsen, the patriot.

Old Hendrick Remsen was also a partner of his son Henry until he died, in 1771. The following quaint notice appeared: "The copartnership having expired by the death of Hendrick Remsen, all persons indebted by bond, note, or book, will pay, &c."

When the famous Whig, Henry Remsen, merchant, was doing business, his son was connected with the Continental Congress. He was afterwards, in 1786, Secretary to John Jay, when he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the old Congress.

In 1789 the firm was Remsen & Sleight, in Little Water street. In 1790, the old merchant, Henry, took in his son Henry, under the firm of Henry Remsen & Son, in Little Water street. He had nine children

who reached maturity, but only one married, the son Henry. Old Henry died March 13, 1792, and his wife July 24, 1816, aged 72. His son Henry was born Nov. 7, 1762. After the death of old Henry, the firm of Remsen & Sleight was kept up. The partner was Henry Sleight.

After the death of the old gent, another son, John H., opened a store at Albany pier. At that time, 1793, Henry took a situation in the U. S. Branch Bank as teller. The widow, I think, lived at No. 8 Hanover square, until his death, and then at 4 Great Dock street (61 Pearl).

Henry Remsen became first teller of the U. S. Branch Bank in 1795. I alluded to Mr. Remsen in a former chapter.

In 1798, John B. Church, to whom I alluded in a previous chapter, with Daniel Ludlow, applied to the Legislature to get a charter for an institution that would supply the City of New York with pure water. The charter was forever. The capital was two millions of dollars, and it was to be called the Manhattan Company. The first president was Daniel Ludlow, and the cashier was Henry Remsen. The office was at 23 Wall street, and Remsen lived over the office. Not a word was said in the act of incorporation passed by the State Legislature about banking privileges.

I see in the proceedings of the Common Council, that on Friday, the 25th February, 1799, Aaron Burr and Gen. Alexander Hamilton called together upon the Mayor in reference to the matter of water. He commemorated the fact. The Common Council thought that Hamilton & Burr, who both favored the Manhat-

tan Company, should put their views in writing, and both sign their names to the recommendation. It was added in this form :

Resolved, That this view be communicated to Mr. Burr and Maj. Gen. Hamilton, without delay, as the objects of the Manhattan Company are of great importance to the welfare of the city.

These two men of note came together and left together. They were upon very intimate terms. Yet only three years later they fought a duel, and Hamilton was killed.

In 1799 they were both engaged in the *dodge* to get up a new bank. There was but one State Bank — the Bank of New York and a branch of the U. S. Bank. A bank charter would be of immense value. It could only be obtained by fraud. Those engaged in it, while they talked water, had in view banking privileges. The Corporation was gulled. It took 2,000 shares in this water stock. The Chamber of Commerce indorsed it. The Mayor and Common Council begged the Legislature to pass the act and to give the city pure water.

The moment the charter was granted, the Corporation at once elected Daniel Ludlow, John Watts, John B. Church, Brockhelet Livingston, William Edgar, William Laight, Paschal N. Smith, Samuel Osgood, John Stevens, John Brown (afterwards Lieutenant Governor), John B. Coles, and Aaron Burr, as directors.

The charter gave them power to erect dams across any streams of water or rivers, to build reservoirs, canals and aqueducts, for the introduction of pure and wholesome water in the city, and the company were within ten years (1809) to finish and continue a supply

of pure and wholesome water to all such citizens as would agree to take it.

Instead of complying with such reasonable expectations, the company as soon as it had completed its real objects, — a bank charter unlimited in duration, — commenced operations not by bringing into the city the pure and wholesome water of the Bronx or Croton, as was expected at that time by those who knew all about these rivers, but digging a well about thirty-five feet deep on the borders of what was then the Collect, a pond of fresh water. The well was between Reade and Chambers streets, a few feet from Centre street, west side, and from that dirty hole it was carried to several parts of the city in wooden pipes. It was an awful swindle.

In 1808, the Legislature granted the company power to sell out their water works to the Corporation.

The company had so injured the streets as early as 1801, that the Corporation sued the company.

I see by a note from Henry Remsen, dated the 11th of July, 1803, that then the Manhattan Company proposed to settle as follows:

At a meeting of the President and Directors of the Manhattan Company in Wall street, it was resolved that the Board will appoint a committee to meet a similar committee from the Corporation to arrange for damages done by the Manhattan Company in the streets by laying pipes. HENRY REMSEN, *Cashier, M. C.*

The amount paid to Aaron Burr to get this charter must have been enormous. A similar sum was probably paid General Hamilton. It was by this means, our leading men were bought up. There is talk about the hon-

esty of Fernando Wood. Why, Wood is a model of purity compared with some of the old names we revere. Look at De Witt Clinton, that Wood pretends to imitate. Clinton was Mayor of this city. He kept an old soldier running in the Franklin Bank for years. De Witt Clinton married the daughter of Mr. Franklin, who lived on the corner of Cherry street and Franklin square, and after whom the square was named, and not after old Ben. Franklin, as is generally supposed. A bank charter was a great object even in 1817. Some capitalists got together, and hired Clinton to get a charter. It was to be called the Franklin Bank, and located in Franklin square. Clinton was all powerful with the Legislature. That body could not suspicion his purity. The Bank was chartered in 1818, with a capital of \$500,000. Samuel Leggett was its president. Its first operation was to discount Clinton's note for \$80,000 (or rather they probably had paid him that sum already to get the charter). This note had interest added every ninety days, until it run it up in 1827 to about \$200,000. On such trash as this, dividends of ten per cent. were declared, and sworn to. Of course the note was never paid, and was never intended to be paid. Now, if Fernando Wood had gone in at one grab for \$80,000 for his influence to get a bank charter or anything else, how the admirers of Clinton would have howled at the modern grabber.

Aug. 20th, 1808, Cashier Henry Remsen married Miss Eliza Depeyster. He was at the time a gay old bachelor of forty-five. As soon as Mr. Remsen was married, Daniel Ludlow, the president, resigned, and Mr. Remsen was elected president in his place, and he

was succeeded as cashier by Whitehead Fish. He was succeeded by Samuel Flewelling, who was followed by Andrew Seaman. The celebrated Robert White became cashier in 1820. Henry Remsen continued the president until 1826, when he was succeeded by John G. Coster, who had been a director from 1810.

That Manhattan Company originated in a fraud, and it was a machine in the hands of a few men. Robert White, when cashier, carried it on for the benefit of the White family.

1840 its affairs became so complicated that commissioners were appointed to examine into its matters.

I have said that John G. Coster was president of the Manhattan for many years. The 14th February, 1840, Mr. Coster borrowed of the bank \$256,426, payable as follows: \$56,425 61, May 10, 1840; 67,000 00, May 10, 1841; 66,000 00, May 10, 1842; 67,000 00, May 10, 1843.

He gave as security for that loan the following property:

Brick stores, 159 Pearl street; 79 Front and 41 South street; 45 South street; 91 Water street; 91 Front street; 67 South street; 69 South street. also on Washington Hall, Broadway. I never knew before why such a valuable property as that hall (it stood upon the ground where Stewart's large dry goods stores now stand, between Reade and Chambers streets) should have been sold by Mr. Coster to A. T. Stewart. The reason is now apparent. It was mortgaged to the Manhattan Company.

Campbell P. White had also a loan of \$110,000. He was a director and a brother to Robert White, the cashier.

The company had about \$93,000 of over drafts. In that lot was Aaron Burr, the founder, who overdrew his account \$423,05. Probably it was permitted. J. L. & S. Josephs & Co. overdrew \$13,000. In fact this house owed the bank a very large amount.

The dividends paid by this bank to its stockholders during forty years amounted to over \$7,000,000.

While Henry Remsen was president, the dividends averaged \$10,000 more every year than under any other person. This shows that he was a good and safe financier.

Mr. Remsen lived at 310 Cherry, corner of Clinton street, until February 18, 1843, when he died. He left three sons — Henry Jr., William, and Robert G. Remsen — and two daughters. Catharine Ann married Frederic Schuchardt, of the firm of Gebhard and Schuchardt. Elizabeth married Joseph Grafton, Jr.

CHAPTER VIII.

It seems melancholy to look upon the decay of a once flourishing mercantile house ; to see it when it overshadowed all others, and then finally decay, become weak, and fall down with the first commercial hurricane that sweeps along, resembling an old tree. It is painful to see all this, and yet I have it under my eyes every day, when I write these chapters.

Who now knows, or has an idea, of the great commercial house of Corp, Ellis & Shaw ? Some of the oldest inhabitants remember such a firm as existing more than half a century ago ; yet it is nearly a hundred years since that house started.

John Ellis did business at No. 25 Broadway, after the war in 1814. John Shaw also did business on his own account as early as that, at 213 Water street.

In 1786, Samuel Corp lived in a house belonging to Robert G. Livingston. It was a very large house, and stood in Queen street. It was three stories high, had thirteen fireplaces, and in the rear a coach-house, and stables for horses. All the buildings were of brick. He joined the St. George's Society as one of its founders in 1786. He was its fifth president, again its seventh in 1824. He did a large mercantile business after the war, and in 1791 he had his stores as above, 191 Pearl, cor-

ner of Liberty street. When the Tontine Place was started in 1792, Mr. Corp took one share, and named as his nominee Charles A. Rivington, a son of his old friend, James Rivington, bookseller. Charles was born 28th August, 1784. (Charles was not alive in 1827.) At that time Mr. Corp had no children of his own. Early one Monday morning, Feb. 26, 1798, Mr. Corp went to Trinity Church, and was married by Doctor Morris to Miss Ann Crammond. The next year, 1799, he formed the house of Corp, Ellis & Shaw. Its counting-room was at 171 Pearl street, northwest corner of Pine. The Ellises were all large merchants before 1800. Henry Ellis was at 218 Pearl street; John at 219 Pearl; John F. Ellis at 205 Front. John F. Ellis was the partner of Mr. Corp. Mr. Ellis joined the St. George's Society in 1799.

The other partner of Mr. Corp was John C. Shaw. He joined the St. George's Society in 1786. All the partners of this firm were English.

The firm did an enormous business until the war of 1812. I think their losses were very heavy at that time. Of course they did no English business after the war commenced. They were large importers and general merchants. After the firm dissolved, in 1812 or 1813, Mr. John C. Shaw went back to London, where he became a partner of the celebrated banking-house of Thomas Wilson & Co.

Mr. Corp was a great merchant. He left children. One was named William; one was named Crammond, after his mother's family name; another son was John C. Corp. The old gentleman was said to have been a blue-coat boy in England.

Mr. Ellis was a large man. He was married, and had a son, Doctor Ellis, who married Miss Van Horne.

I think the Shaw who went back to England was a bachelor.

There was another Ellis; Jack Ellis, I think they called him. He was a sporting man, and lived at Belleville, New Jersey. He afterwards turned Methodist exhorter.

Capt Isaac Bell married his sister. A daughter of this Mr. Ellis married Mathew Patterson, a lawyer of note in this city thirty years ago. He lived in elegant bachelor quarters at 84 Broadway, which house was filled with such dashing young men as Henry W. Sargent, Ogden Hoffman, Charles Davis, and that class. Mathew C. Patterson was a great Whig, and in 1837 his party in the First Ward ran him as Alderman. The ward, in those days, gave 1100 majority. Alderman Patterson's wife died in childbirth. A trial was had, but several persons swore to the fact that the child breathed several times after the mother died. The child thus became heir to its mother and a vast property, and the father inherited from the child. There was a long litigation, but the Alderman triumphed. He was the son of James B. Patterson, who was a harness maker at 96 Water street for many years.

Samuel Corp lived until 1838. He then did business at No. 10 Platt street, and lived at 86 Walker street, where he died. His widow survived him. She lived at 85 Walker street as late as 1858.

The esteem in which he was held as early as 1800 is seen in the fact that he was elected a director in the Bank of New York, and re-elected.

January 13, 1817, Charles E. Pearson, of Morristown, married Ann Marston Shaw, a daughter of John C. Shaw, who was then in business at 64 Broad street.

I have said before, it is difficult now to imagine the amount of business done by this great firm.

Some of our most remarkable merchants have also been presidents of our leading banks.

One of them was Gorham A. Worth. He was, in 1823, cashier of the Tradesmen's Bank. Later in life he was cashier of the City Bank, and finally became its president. He was one of the best bankers, as he had previously been one of the best merchants. He was very much respected, and was for many years the main pillar of the City Bank. When he was called to direct its financial affairs in 1823, its stock was much depressed in consequence of losses by the then indicted conspiring gentlemen, headed by Jacob Barker, Henry Eckford, and about fifty others. Eventually Mr. Worth raised the bank to the first standing in New York. I well recollect entering the bank at various times, and seeing him sitting at his desk, with his back towards the door, writing, and yet he would call me by name as if knowing me by instinct or by sound of step. He was as quick as a cat, apparently, in every thing. He was a near relative to the late Gen. Worth, and more than once told me that Gen. Worth would have been, if living, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency instead of Gen. F. Pierce. Gorham Worth told me, that before coming to New York, he left a bank in Albany, intending to permanently retire from the turmoil of business. He settled in the western country, but found in doing so a vacuum of mind that obliged him to return to the

busy mart of commerce for relief from the monotony and sameness of routine country life. Unlike the days of youth, before the mind becomes assimilated to the cares and anxieties of the business of commerce. Such talents as G. A. Worth was imbued with were not long uncalled for after his arrival in New York. He was an extraordinary man. I must say something of Mr Worth's immediate predecessor in the presidency of the City Bank, Thomas Bloodgood. He was a pure but not brilliant-minded man: he was nevertheless one of the salts of the world of mankind. He was a native of the town of Flushing, L. I., of Knickerbocker extraction, and until he died a respectable wine merchant, opposite the Fulton Market, Front street. He was also agent for the extensive Bloodgood nurseries of Flushing. He was unfortunate in his first marriage, and did not long survive his second marriage to Miss Parsons, a Quakeress lady of Flushing. Mr. Bloodgood died without issue by either wife, and not leaving a very large estate for New York city celebrity.

Another bank president was Lynde Catlin. He had been a merchant. He was for many years the popular manager of the Merchant's Bank in this city. I have been told by celebrated bankers that had Lynde Catlin lived until 1837, and held at that time his old standing in the Merchant's Bank, the banks of Wall street would not have suspended that year. His financial influence was very great. He was in his own bank as its president, director, and everything. There was a story current at the time of the failure of the "Josephs," that exhibits his power. On the evening previous to the announcement of the failure, which was a short time

after the death of Mr. Catlin, the Josephs obtained a side loan (that is, a loan without the knowledge of the directors), as Josephs had been in the habit of getting frequently during the lifetime of Mr. Catlin, for the directors had unlimited confidence in the ability of Mr. C. After the death of Mr. Catlin, Walter Mead, his successor as cashier, exercised the same power of lending, and on the morning of the failure of the Josephs. The newly elected president, Mr. Palmer, who had left the bank before the loan was made, came down early to the bank the next morning, it being discount day. He looked at the books, and found nothing on them against the Josephs. The cashier, Mr. Mead, had not got down. So President Palmer congratulated the directors on the escape of the bank from the Josephs' misfortune ; but the president, going to welcome the good news of the escape to the cashier, was surprised to hear from him that he had made a side loan to them of \$100,000 so late in the day, that it was not entered on the books till that morning.

I suppose there were not many banks in Wall street but what lost, more or less, directly or indirectly, by the Josephs.

But to the moral of the truly great financier, Mr. Catlin. On his arrival in New York, with but little means from the then almost wilderness State of Vermont, he succeeded in sustaining and establishing himself as one of New York's ablest business men. He put his son Mortimer in the counting-house of J. J. Astor, to learn the art and mystery of making money ; but the sequel told a different tale for the son, who, although wedded to a princely fortune — no less than one

of the rich Stuyvesants — notwithstanding did not succeed in elevating himself as did his father, without that great foundation to build upon.

William Codman was a very heavy merchant in this city as early as 1794. He had his store at 185 Front street, and his residence at 216 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church. He in 1800 moved to 30 William street, and his store was at 28 South street. He was a great advertiser in his day, and when he wanted anything would advertise for it. On Sunday night, the 8th of October, 1803, his store in South street was robbed to a heavy amount. Mr. Codman had for some days been advertising for *dollars*. Some of the thieving gentry thought it not unlikely that he had been successful in getting together a large quantity of the valuable metal, and that it would be a fine time to line their pockets. So in the daytime, previous to the store being shut, they secreted themselves inside. They had prepared themselves with an apparatus to strike a light, to enable them to go on successfully with their purposed rascality. Having forced the counting-room and desks, they must have again hidden themselves behind the bales of goods till the front door was opened in the morning, when they probably made their escape. This 20,000 Spanish Mill dollars so robbed was never recovered. It served as a caution for some time to merchants, and clerks examined the stores before they locked up for the night.

In 1805, Mr. Codman owned the ship "Martin;" she traded to the Bay of Honduras, and brought in cargoes of mahogany and logwood.



The Lawrence Coat-of-Arms.

CHAPTER IX.

I do not know but that in the chapter which will follow I may trespass upon the space allotted to one merchant or family. I started to write the history of one firm of Lawrence that existed in this city. While I was engaged in it, I received the following letter from a person of note at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y. *October 13th, 1863.*

DEAR SIR—I am extremely anxious to learn if the late John Lawrence, Judge Advocate in the Continental Army, and Senator in Congress from this State from 1796 to 1800, has any descendants now living; if so, will you be pleased to give me their names and address?

I shall await your answer, my dear sir, which I hope you will favor me with at your earliest convenience. With great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

FRANCIS SOUTHWICK.

WALTER BARRETT, Esq.,

This led me to make some researches back into the past history of this fine old race, for 672 years back. There are thousands of Lawrences in this city and land, who will cordially thank me for this information.

I will here reply to the note. The celebrated John Lawrence, who was a merchant in this city, and also a Senator in Congress, married a Miss Livingston. They

left no children. Their property was very large, and I have access to a copy of their respective wills. She bequeathed large legacies to all the great charities of her day, and to her relatives. Here is an extract from her will :

“Catherine Lawrence, of the City of New York, widow of John Lawrence, deceased, devises to children of her late grandniece Mary Houston ; of her grandniece Catherine Johnson ; to Mary Louisa Stoutenburg and Phillip Tredwell Stoutenburg, grandchildren of her niece Mary Linn ; to Alexander Duer and Catherine Duer, children of her niece Lady Catherine Neilson ; to the children of her niece Judith Watkins ; to the children of her nephew William Livingston ; to Harriet Ogden, one of the children of her niece Sarah Ogden ; to John Duer, one other of the children of her said niece Lady Catherine Neilson ; to Catherine Coolidge and Alida Hoffman, two of the children of her nephew Phillip Hoffman, &c. — *Probate August 17th, 1807.*”

The family of Lawrence was originally settled in the County of Lancaster, England. Sir Robert Lawrence of Ashton Hall, accompanied Richard I. (“The Lion-Hearted”) to Palestine, and so distinguished himself at the siege of St. Jean d’Acre, in Syria, in the year 1191, that Richard knighted him on the battle-field, and awarded to him this coat of arms: *Arms* — Ar ; cross raguly gules ; *Crest* — Demi dolphin (the tail and lower part of a fish erect and coupéd ppr) : *Motto* — In cruce salus.

Of all the millions of Lawrences in the world, only those of the St. Ives and Iver families bear a chief.

The St. Ives on a chief-gules a Lion of England, Or. ; the Iver on a chief-azure three Leopards, Ar.

The crest of Sir Robt. Lawrence and the above arms are still retained by the family, and any of our readers who will pay ten dollars to the gentlemanly young man in the Surrogate's Office, in the Park, can find the same on the seal appended to the will of Richard Lawrence, 1711, 600 years after old King Richard First's Sir Robt. Lawrence. He was father to Sir Robt. Lawrence, who married the daughter of James Trafford of Lancashire, and had a son, Sir John Lawrence, who married Elizabeth Holt of Stably, 1226, and had a son Sir John, who married Margaret Chesford, 1283, and had a son (Sir Robert Lawrence) who married Margaret Holden of Lancashire, and had four sons (Robert his heir ; Thomas whose son was Arthur, ancestor of Sir John Lawrence of Chelsea, who was created a baronet in 1658 ; William, born 1395, served in France and subsequently joined Lionel Lord Welles, was slain in battle, 1455, and buried in the abbey church ; Edmund, of whom I shall say something, as from him were descended the Lawrences who emigrated to America).

One of the rarest things on record is a history on the other side, and though it may appear tiresome, yet it will not be so in the end.

Sir Robert Lawrence married, 1414, Amphilbis, daughter of Edward Langford, Esq., of Langford, County of Lancaster, and had three sons. The eldest, Sir James Lawrence (styled "of Standish," to distinguish him from another Sir James Lawrence then living); he married Cicely, daughter and heiress of J. Botteler,

Esq., of Lancaster, and had two sons (and one daughter, Cicely, who married W. Gerard, Esq., ancestor of Lord Gerard, of Bromley.) The eldest son, Sir Thomas Lawrence, knight, who married Eleanor, came into play again, and contributed daughter of Lionel Lord Welles, K. G., by Joan his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Wallerton, knight. By this alliance Sir Thomas acquired several manors in the counties Lincoln, Nottingham and York, as appears by a deed of partition dated 6th April, 2: Henry VII. Had a son Sir John Lawrence, the ninth knight in a direct line, who enjoyed thirty-four manors, amounting, in 1492, to £6,000 sterling per annum; but being outlawed for having killed a gentleman usher of King Henry VII, he died an exile in France, issueless, when Ashton Hall and his other estates passed by Royal permission to his relatives, Lords Monteagle and Gerard.

Many of the Lawrences were at that time seated at Withington, Canbury and Pryor's Court, in the county of Gloucester; at Fisbury in Wilts; at Crick Grange, in the Isle of Purbeck, and at James' Park in Suffolk. Sir Oliver Lawrence living temp: Henry VIII, founder of the Crick Grange Branch, was seventh son of Nicholas Lawrence, who was third son of Sir Giles Lawrence, was the first of the family who spelled his name Laurence, substituting u for w.

We now return to Edmund Lawrence (fourth son of Sir Robert Lawrence, the fifth knight), whose son, Nicholas Lawrence, inherited under the will of his uncle, William Lawrence, the mansion and estates of Shurdington, which are still in possession of his descendants.

Robert Lawrence, Esq., son of Nicholas, married Margaret, daughter of John Lawrence, Esq., of Rixton, in Lancashire, by Mary his wife, daughter of Eudo, eldest son of Richard Lord Welles, and had issue three sons, namely :

1st — Sir Robert Lawrence, who married the daughter of Thomas Stanley, Esq., and died 1511, without issue.

2d — John Lawrence, who, with Sir Edmund Howard, commanded a wing of the English army at Flodden, and died without issue, aged 38.

3d — William, the third son, living, in 1509 purchased landed property to the amount of £2,000 sterling per annum, including Sevenhampton, &c., in the County of Gloucester; the manor of Seahouse, in Somerset; Blackley Park and Norton, in Worcestershire; Upcot Farm, and many other estates. He married Isabel, daughter of J. Molyneux, Esq., of Shorely, in Lancashire, and had issue five sons; 1st — John Lawrence, LL. D., Archdeacon of Worcester and Abbot of Ramsay, in Huntingdonshire; died 1542, S. P. 2d, Robert; 3d, William; 4th, Edmund; 5th, Thomas of Compton.

William Lawrence, last mentioned, had a son John born 1538, who was buried in the Abbey of Ramsay, leaving a son William, who was High Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdonshire at the death of Queen Mary; he married for his first wife Frances Houston, and settled at St. Ives; and for his second wife Margaret, daughter of Edward Kaye, Esq., of Woodson, in Yorkshire; by the first marriage he had issue — 1st, Henry, who succeeded his father at St. Ives, and married Eliz-

abeth, daughter of John Hagar, Esq., of Bourne Castle; and William, who settled at Selsecomb, in Sussex, and was ancestor of the Lawrences of Chichester and Aldingbourne.

Issue of the second marriage, Robert, who died at Emneth, in Norfolk, ancestor of the Lawrences, in Brookedish, in Norfolk.

Henry Lawrence, above mentioned, who married Elizabeth Hagar, was buried at St. Ives, 1580. Issue, John, his heir, and William, who settled at Great St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and whose sons, John, William, and Thomas, came over to America with Governor Winthrop in 1635.

John Lawrence, son and heir of Henry above mentioned, was knighted in 1603 by James I. He married Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Ralph Waller, Esq., of Clerkenwell, Middlesex. He was father of Henry Lawrence, of whom we furnish a very full sketch, from the circumstance of his having with Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brooke, Sir Arthur Hasselrig, Sir Richard Saltonstall, George Fenwick, and Henry Darley, obtained a grant of land on Connecticut River, and in 1635 commissioned John Winthrop, Jun., to be Governor over the same, intending to follow him to this country, but the prohibition to Cromwell and others from emigrating to America defeated their intentions. One of his instructions was "To provide able men for making fortifications and building houses at the River Connecticut and the harbors adjoining, first for their own present accommodation, and then such houses as may receive men of quality, which latter houses we would have to be builded within the fort."

Henry Lawrence, born in 1600, entered a Fellow Commoner at Emanuel College, Cambridge, 1622; B. A., 1623; A. M., 1627; retired to Holland to avoid the severity of bishops and their courts. Returned in 1641 Member of Parliament for Westmoreland; left it when Independents evinced intention against the life of the king. In 1646, he published his book on "Communion," and same year his "Treatise on Baptism." He married Amy, daughter of Sir Edward Peyton, Bart., of Iselham, in Cambridgeshire. During the years 1631 to 1636, he left his estate at St. Ives (now called Slepe Hall) to Oliver Cromwell (to whom he was second cousin); was twice returned as member for Hertfordshire, in 1653 and 1654, and for Colchester Borough in Essex, 1656 (his son Henry representing Carnarvonshire the same year); President of the Council in 1654, and gazetted as a lord of the other house in December, 1657. After the death of Cromwell, he proclaimed Richard Cromwell, as successor; and in Thurloe's State Papers," second volume, is a letter to him from the Queen of Bohemia (sister to Charles), recommending Lord Craven to his good offices. From this letter it appears they were in the habit of corresponding. In a Harleean manuscript, No. 1460, there is a drawing of all the ensigns and trophies won in battle by Oliver; it is dedicated to his counsellors, and ornamented with their arms. The arms of the Lord President, Henry Lawrence, are here a cross raguly gules the crest, a fish's tail or demi-dolphin. A letter directed by him to Sir Simonds D'Ewes, is sealed with a small red seal cross raguly gules, with a lion in the chief. We find the following in a curious pamphlet

printed in the year 1640, entitled "The Mystery of the good old Cause briefly unfolded in a catalogue of the members of the late Long Parliament that held office, both Civil and Military, contrary to the Self-denying Ordinance." Henry Lawrence, a member of the Long Parliament, fell off at the murder of his majesty, for which the Protector with great zeal declared that a neutral spirit was more to be abhorred than a Cavalier spirit, and that "such men as he were not fit to be used in such a day as that, when God was cutting down kingship root and branch." Yet he did much to the setting up of the Protector; for which worthy service he was made and continued Lord President of the Protector's Council, being also one of the lords of the other house, and afterwards one of the "Honorable Committee of Safety."

Falkner, in his history of Chelsea, etc., says "the Lawrences were allied to all that was great and illustrious. Cousins to the ambitious Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; to the Earl of Warwick; to Lord Guilford Dudley, who expiated on the scaffold the short lived royalty of Lady Jane Gray; to the brilliant Leicester who set two queens at variance, and to Sir Philip Sidney, who refused a throne."

Now we come to the direct ancestors of all the Lawrence merchants in New York City for 250 years back.

John, William, and Thomas Lawrence — these brothers were among the earliest settlers of the English towns within the Dutch jurisdiction upon Long Island; they were the sons of William Lawrence, who was the second son of Henry Lawrence and Elizabeth Hagar before mentioned, and who removed from St. Ives

where he was born, and settled at Great St. Albans in Hertfordshire, England, about the year 1580. The brothers came over from England in company with Governor Winthrop in 1635, landing at Plymouth, Mass., and after residing some time in Ipswich, removed to New Netherlands, now New York.

John, the eldest brother, was in 1644, one of the patentees of Hempstead, L. I., under grant from Dutch Governor Kieft; 1645, one of the patentees of Flushing, under grant from same Governor; 1658, removed from Long Island and settled permanently in New Amsterdam, now New York City; 1663, was one of the Commissioners appointed by Governor Stuyvesant to treat with the General Court at Hartford, on subjects in dispute between the Dutch provinces and English Colonies.

It may not be considered out of place if I here introduce a short chapter from the "Chronicles of New Amsterdam," as it is calculated to illustrate the comparative facilities for travel in this our go-ahead age, and "those glorious old times when men enjoyed life — rose leisurely, breakfasted quietly, sipped their Scheidam lazily, smoked bountifully, talked sparingly, and if they travelled, went slowly and surely. No steam boilers blew them up, no cars ran them off the track," but let the travellers speak for themselves, as the following is a literal translation of their Journal.

"Journal kept by the Commissioners Cornelius Van Ruyvan, Burgomaster Van Cortlandt, and Mr. Joann Lawrence, citizens and inhabitants of the City of New Amsterdam, on their voyage to Hartford :

"Anno 1663, on the 15th of October, being Monday. At sunrising we departed with the yatch of Dhr Smith, the wind

being contrary, we came, however, with that tide as far as the Varkin's or Hog's Island, and as we could not, by reason of the strong ebb, advance any further with rowing, we cast anchor and went on shore. The ebb being spent we weighed anchor; at low water got through Hellgate, and, by luffing and rowing, came as far as Minnelley's Island, where the tide stopped again.

"16th October.—Early in the morning we weighed anchor again, the wind being still contrary. The tide stopped near Oyster Bay. The wind being pretty good in the afternoon, we got sight of Stratford Point. The wind shifted, and the tide being spent we cast anchor.

"17th October.—Early in the morning we were again under sail, with a good tide and a contrary wind; nevertheless, by luffing and rowing, we made Milford between 8 and 9 o'clock, where we immediately addressed ourselves to Mr. Bryan, merchant, begging the favor of him to provide three horses for us to ride to Herford; which he undertook to do, and said that he purposed to go there himself. In the mean time we went to pay our compliments to the magistrates, Mr. Treat and Mr. Penn, but found neither of them at home; afterwards Mr. Treat came to us at the inn; and, after mutual compliments, we acquainted him with the reason of our coming and journey to Herford, requesting him to take our yacht, which we left in the harbor, under his protection till our return, in case any privateers, which we understood hovered about there, should attack it, which he accepted; we also recommended the same to young Mr. Bryan. In the meantime we understood no more than two horses could be had, unless a young man who came from Herford would let us his.

"The young man being called, we agreed with him for the hire of his horse for fourteen English shillings, but when the horse should be delivered, he receded from his bargain. Being asked, since we were absolutely agreed, he would hardly explain himself; but said at last he feared his people at Herford would take it amiss of him for assisting those who were their enemies; which was taken amiss by the magistrates, who were present, who told him that, according to agreement, he must deliver his horse, which he finally did, but with much reluctance. After dinner, the horses being ready, we mounted and rode to New Haven, where we arrived an hour or two before dark. The horses being taken care of, we waited upon the Deputy Collector, Mr. Gilbert, but did not find him at home. We stayed that night at New Haven.

“October 18th, being Thursday, we departed from New Haven at sun rising, in company with Mr. Bryan, merchant, of Milford, and Mr. Poll, and came to Herford about 4 o’clk.”

The object of this mission, the first official diplomatic embassy ever undertaken in this country, was to settle that ever recurring difficulty — a boundary line between the Connecticut Colony and the Dutch possessions. Four days sailing and riding with all dilligence were consumed in going from the Stadt house at the corner, which is now Coenties slip and Water street, to the City of Hartford. The object of their mission, however, was not accomplished, and they departed on the 24th for their home, bearing from the Connecticut Government an official document thus superscribed: “*These for the Right Honorable Peter Stuyvesant, Director-General at the Manados.*” With the advantage of fair winds, they made the homeward voyage in three days.

In 1665, John Lawrence was appointed Alderman of New York, on the first incorporation of the city under Gov. Nicolls.

1672, was appointed Mayor of New York.

1674, appointed one of his Majesty’s Council, in which office he continued by successive appointments until 1698.

1691, again appointed Mayor of New York.

1692, Judge of the Supreme Court, in which office he remained until his death in 1699.

By his wife Susanna, who survived him, had issue :

1st. Mary, who married William Whittingham, a graduate of Harvard University, in 1660, for an account of whose ancestry see collections of Historical Society of Massachusetts. Their third child, Mary, married

Gurdon Saltonstall, Governor of Connecticut. See notice of her in "Knapp's Female Biography," page 453.

2d. Joseph Lawrence, who died a widower, leaving only one daughter, who is supposed to have died young.

3d. John Lawrence, who married Sarah (whose maiden name was Cornell), widow of Thomas Willett, first Mayor of the City of New York.

4th. Thomas Lawrence, born 1663, died 1739, married 10th May, 1687, Catharine Lewis.

5th. Susanna L., who married first to Gabriel Minoielle, one of the Council of the Province and Mayor of New York, and after his death to William Smith, one of the Aldermen of New York.

6th. Martha Lawrence, who married Thomas Snaw-sell, Alderman of New York, and an old merchant in 1677.

CHAPTER X.

William Lawrence, the second brother, was, in 1645, associated with his brother John as one of the patentees of Flushing, on Long Island, in which town he resided during the remainder of his life. His letters, addressed in his magisterial capacity to Governor Stuyvesant and his council, are ably written, evincing great energy and decision of character, and are evidently the production of a man of superior mind and liberal education (see State Records, Albany). He was the largest landed proprietor in Flushing; and by the inventory of his estate on file in the Surrogate's office, New York City, his plate, sword, and personals alone are valued at £4,432. In 1658 he was a magistrate at Flushing, under the Dutch Government; and under the English Government he held a military commission, and was also in the magistracy of the North Riding of Yorkshire on Long Island. In 1664, he married Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Richard Smith, Esq., the wealthy patentee of Smithtown, on L. I. By this marriage he had seven children. He died in 1680, and the following year his widow Elizabeth married the Hon. Philip Carteret, proprietary Governor of New Jersey. Previous to her marriage with Sir Philip, she reserved to herself by an instrument in writing (see Queen's County Re-

cords) the right of disposing of the lands conveyed to her by her first husband, William Lawrence, to such of her children by him as she should select. The one selected by her was her eldest son, Joseph, to whom she conveyed an extensive tract situated upon Little Neck Bay, in the township of Flushing. It was this Joseph who married Mary Towneley, the daughter of Sir Richard Towneley, whose father, Sir Charles Towneley, fell at Marston Moor. Dorothy, the younger daughter of Sir Richard, married Francis Howard, of Corby (seat of the Duke of Norfolk), who, as Lord Francis Howard, of Effingham, was appointed Governor of Virginia in 1683 (he was at Albany, in New York, at a convention with Indians of the Five Nations. See Smith's "History of New York," pages 45, 46). Richard Lawrence, the eldest son of said Joseph Lawrence, and Mary Towneley his wife, named his son Effingham, after his uncle the Earl of Effingham. This Effingham removed to London, where he held prominent positions; and his daughter, Catharine Mary Lawrence, in 1816 married Sir John Thomas Jones, Baronet, of Cramer Hall, Norfolk County, England, aid to the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo. After the death of Sir Philip Carteret, which occurred in 1682, Lady Elizabeth Lawrence *alias* Carteret, married for her third husband Colonel Richard Towneley, of New Jersey, (second cousin to Sir Richard Towneley), and had a son, Charles Towneley. Thomas Lawrence, the youngest of the three emigrating brothers, settled in Newtown, on Long Island; and in 1656 his name appears associated with his brothers John and William, as one of the patentees of that town, and he became proprietor of the

whole of Hell Gate Neck, then divided into a number of cultivated farms, and extending along the East River from Hell Gate cove to Bower Bay. On receiving news of the Revolution in England in 1668, and of the removal of Sir Edmund Andros as Governor of Massachusetts, the family of Thomas became decided actors in asserting the principles which had prompted his departure from England. William, one of his sons, was appointed one of the Committee of Safety, by whom the government of the colony was for a time assumed, and soon after one of the Council of the Province, an office which he held from 1702 to 1706, under a commission from Queen Anne. John Lawrence, another of the sons of Thomas, had the command of a troop of horse assigned to him, with his brother Daniel as cornet, and in 1698 was appointed high sheriff of the county. Thomas Lawrence, Senior, died at Newtown, Long Island, leaving issue five sons.

For the descendants of John, William, and Thomas Lawrence, the three brothers who first emigrated from England in 1635, see Holgate's "American Genealogy," Thompson's "History of Long Island," Ryker's "Annals of Newtown," &c.

John Lawrence, the elder brother of Effingham, and son of Richard Lawrence last mentioned, was a merchant in Pearl street as early as 1752, and did business near Peck slip. He married Ann, daughter of John Burling, and had eight children. The eldest, Edward Lawrence, married Zipporah, the daughter of Dr. Lawrence of Long Island. Edward was a merchant of high respectability in this city. I think his store was near Beekman slip, in Pearl street. He was associated with

Thomas Tom in business, and retired with a competency about the year 1800. The second child, Hannah married Jacob Schieffelin, well known and remembered by many as an extensive druggist in Pearl street, a few doors below Maiden lane, and whose descendants are among our most wealthy and distinguished merchants. Another daughter of John, Anna, married Thomas Buckley, one of our oldest and most respectable merchants; he resided in that part of Pearl street, now Franklin square, and his store was in Front street. He was of the Society of Friends, and for many years was President of the Bank of America, and retained that position until his death.

Effingham Lawrence, the second son of John Lawrence, and his wife Ann Burling, was born in 1760; married Elizabeth Watson, daughter of Thomas Watson of New Jersey. Her grandfather came over from New England with William Penn, and belonged to the Society of Friends. Effingham had himself a birthright in that society, but was disowned during the Revolutionary War for wearing a cocked hat and sword. He commenced business in 1781 at No. 199 Pearl street, one door below Maiden lane, and retired from business in 1794 with an ample competency, purchasing the elegant country residence built by Crommelin, fronting the water, in the town of Flushing, to which place he removed the same year, and died in 1800. He was distinguished for his gentlemanly and social habits, and it may be mentioned as rather a remarkable circumstance, that in the printed list of subscribers to the Tontine in Wall street in 1794, still extant, there were two hundred and three associates who were from the *elite* of the

City of New York. Effingham Lawrence is the only one designated "gentleman" — the others merchants, counsellors, lawyers, &c. He left three sons, all of whom still survive, namely — Watson Effingham, John W., and Effingham W. Lawrence.

John B. Lawrence, the younger son of John and Ann Lawrence, commenced the wholesale drug business at No. 195 Pearl street, about the year 1794, and was well known and distinguished for his affable manners and amiable disposition. He accumulated a large property, and died some ten years since. Five of his sons are still living, namely — George, Newbold, Alfred, Thomas, and John B., and are all of them wealthy and highly respectable.

Watson Effingham Lawrence, the eldest son of Effingham and Elizabeth Lawrence, commenced business at the old family stand, No. 195 Pearl street, next door below the corner of Maiden lane, in 1808, but the following year he caused to be sold, in a partition suit, the store he then occupied, with the corner of Maiden lane, and some adjoining stores on Maiden lane, being part of the estate of his father, Effingham Lawrence, and which had been in the family over a century, as appears in a deed still in their possession, dated 1703, in which the property is described as "lying *near* the City of New York," the wall on Wall street being then the boundary of the city. The property above mentioned, on Pearl street, commanded a higher value at that time (1809) than any other property of the same dimensions in the City of New York. The corner lot — about twenty feet on Pearl street and eighty feet on Maiden lane — was purchased by Messrs. Carnes & Lord, dry goods

merchants, for \$16,800. (Mr. Rufus L. Lord, the junior partner, still survives.) The adjoining lot, No. 199 Pearl street, of about the same dimensions, was sold to John B. Lawrence for \$15,600, a fancy price for those days, and considered extravagant, although they were resold in 1836, to Amos Palmer, for \$100,000. It is doubtful whether they would command at the present time much more than they did in 1809. Watson E. Lawrence married Augusta M., daughter of John Nicoll, Esq., of New Haven, grandson of William Nicoll, patentee of Long Island, and removed to No. 250 Pearl street, where he associated with him Epeurtus Platt in the dry goods jobbing business, under the firm of Lawrence & Platt. They dissolved partnership in 1815, and in 1816 Mr. Lawrence engaged in the dry goods importing business with Henry Walworth, under the name of W. E. Lawrence & Co. — Mr. Walworth representing the firm in England. In 1819 Mr. Lawrence removed to Flushing, where he resided for some years. In 1825 he was offered the nomination for State Senator, which he declined, as he had made arrangements for returning to this city, and had accepted a proposition made to him by Charles Lawton, then a distinguished banker and broker in Wall street, styled by some the “American Rothschild,” from the magnitude of his operations and the amount of securities held by him in Wall street — one item was about a million of dollars in the stock of the City Bank.

Mr. Lawrence was associated with him in business until 1827, when the crash occurred, which rendered so many moneyed institutions in Wall street nearly worthless, and by which Mr. Lawton became involved, and

he (Mr. Lawton), after settling his affairs in this city, removed to St. Lawrence county, where he resided several years, when selling his property advantageously, he removed to Pottsville, in Pennsylvania, where he became distinguished for his heavy coal-mining operations, and died a few years since in Philadelphia. After the dissolution of his partnership with Mr. Lawton, Mr. Lawrence had an intimation from his friend, Judge Wright, the well-known engineer who had been employed by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, to survey the route proposed for the canal, that in the course of his investigations he had discovered on the line of the canal extensive bodies of limestone, apparently hydraulic, in Ulster county, near Rosendale. Mr. Lawrence, having some knowledge of mineralogy, examined and made experiments with the stone, finding it valuable and superior in quality to any other hydraulic cement in the country ; and making heavy investments in the manufacture, he became the founder and proprietor of Lawrenceville, in Ulster county, and through his friend, Gen. Joseph G. Totten — now at the head of the Engineer Bureau at Washington, who was then superintending the erection of Fort Adams in Newport — and his friend, Col. De Russy, who had charge of the works in this harbor, he succeeded in introducing his Rosendale hydraulic cement into general use, and most of the Government works have been constructed with it. It has since become the chief staple of Ulster county, the manufacture having increased to five or six thousand barrels per day.

Mr. Lawrence has been distinguished for his genealogical and antiquarian researches, having furnished nu-

myrous articles to Thompson's History of Long Island, and other genealogical works. He had also been a prominent member of the Protestant Episcopal church, having held the position of vestryman in St. George's and St. Clement's Churches, and associate warden with Chief Justice Jones in St. Bartholomew's church. To the two latter churches he had served as treasurer. He is still living, in a green old age, where he built, seven years since, in West Thirty-first street, near Fifth avenue. He has had eleven children; seven still survive. His eldest son, Effingham N., is well known as an active and intelligent merchant, and doing a large and profitable business. His youngest son, Charles E., is a banker and broker in Wall street, in the firm of Lawrence & St. John.

Effingham W. Lawrence, the second son of Effingham and Elizabeth W. Lawrence, was, about the year 1830, in business in Water street with Gideon Freeborn, doing business as Freeborn & Lawrence. He subsequently retired to Flushing, where he still resides; has held distinguished positions, County Judge, &c. He has three sons, William Henry, Frederick, and the Rev. Francis E., present Rector of the church of the Holy Communion.

John W. Lawrence, the youngest son of Effingham and Elizabeth W. Lawrence, served his clerkship in the office of Samuel Hicks. When he became of age he was associated with William Howland, and did business under the firm of Howland & Lawrence, as shipping and commission merchants. He married in 1826 Mary K., only daughter of our late senator and mayor, Walter Bowne. He has had ten children. His eldest

daughter, Caroline B., married the Hon. Henry Bedinger, U. S. Minister to Copenhagen, where she resided several years. His eldest son, Walter B., has recently returned from Europe, where he has resided for some time; is about twenty-four years of age, and is a young man of much talent and promise. John W. Lawrence was a director in the old U. S. Branch Bank in this city, was a member of our State Legislature in 1840 and '41, Member of Congress from the First Congressional District 1846 and '47, and President of the Seventh Ward bank in this city from 1847 to 1854, when he resigned that position, and has since resided in his splendid mansion, on the site of his father's house, which was destroyed by fire in 1830, in Flushing.



CHAPTER XI.

The Kip family are of the old Dutch *regime* of New York. Lossing, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," gives their history in Brittany and Holland, back to the middle of the sixteenth century. But with this we have nothing to do. We begin with their New York history.

They landed at New Amsterdam in 1635, and at once received the tract on the island which afterwards went by the name of *Kip's Bay*. There, Jacobus Kip, Secretary of the Council, built a house of bricks imported from Holland, which was taken down in 1852, to make way for Thirty-fifth street. It had then stood for 212 years, and was the oldest on the island. Another tract was granted them in 1688, where Rhinebeck now stands, extending four miles along the river. Unfortunately, in the Revolution, they were most of them Loyalists, and their property was swept away by confiscation.

At the close of the Revolution, the head of the family was Leonard Kip, who made an attempt to recover his property — Alexander Hamilton was his lawyer — but failed. He died at an advanced age, about 80, in 1804, leaving two sons.

The eldest, Isaac Lewis Kip, was a lawyer, and for

many years the partner of Judge Brockheldst Livingston, who left him his executor. He was appointed by Chancellor Livingston, Register of the Court of Chancery, which responsible office he held for many years. He died in 1837.

His sons were, Brockheldst Livingston, still living unmarried; Leonard William, who married the daughter of William Wilson. He was a lawyer, and died in May, 1863, leaving a very large fortune, inherited from his father and father-in-law. The third son, is the Rev. Francis M. Kip, of Fishkill, who married Miss Bayard.

The other son of Leonard Kip of the Revolution, was Leonard Kip, the only one of the family who was connected with commerce. Finding his family pretty well ruined by the Revolution, at the beginning of this century he went into business as an importing merchant. He was not, however, very well fitted for it, and after some years retired. He became then President of the North River Bank, which office he held till 1836, when he resigned; built a country seat near Hartford, where he died in 1846. He left a large fortune, but not half what he would have done had he not been so amiable as to indorse for his friends. From 1817 to 1821, he was a member of the Common Council of the city, when he resigned, and although the intimate friend of Tompkins, Clinton, Colden and the other political men of the day, never would enter into politics.

Leonard Kip married a daughter of Duncan Ingraham of Greenvale Farm, near Poughkeepsie, a place now belonging to the Varick family. His children have

all married into leading families of our State. William Ingraham, the eldest son, abandoned the Dutch Church, the faith of his fathers, took orders in the Episcopal Church, and is now Bishop of California. He married Maria, daughter of Isaac Lawrence, and has resided at San Francisco since 1853. Elizabeth married Rev. Henry L. Story of Yonkers, Westchester county, son of the Hon. R. Story, for so many years Member of Congress from Utica. Sophia married the Right Rev. George Burgess, D. D., Bishop of Maine. Mary married John Innes Kane of Woodlawn, near Sing Sing. He was son of Oliver Kane of this city. Leonard married Harriet, daughter of John S. Van Rensselaer, of Albany.

Bishop Kip, of California, has two sons. The eldest, Major Lawrence Kip, at the opening of our civil war, was an officer in the Third Artillery, U. S. A., where he had distinguished himself in the Indian battles, in 1858, in Washington Territory. He was appointed senior aid-de-camp to the gallant Major General Sumner, and went with him through every battle—Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, Seven Days before Richmond, Antietam and Fredericksburgh—always with distinction, and several times recommended for promotion for his gallantry. After Sumner's death, May, 1863, he was appointed Inspector-General of the Department of the East, and in the following September he again joined the service as Inspector General of Artillery in the Potomac army.

The other son, Wm. Ingraham Kip, Jr., graduated at Yale College in 1860, and travelled extensively in Europe. He was appointed in March 1861, Secretary

of Legation to Japan. He remained at Yeddo for a year, when he resigned, came to Europe by the overland route, and has since remained there, engaged in the study of the languages.

John Allan is dead. He was eighty-seven years old. He was one of the old "accountants" of New York. The word may not now be rightly understood, but within the memory of many now living, when the city was small, merchants who did quite a large business could not afford to keep a book-keeper or accountant. So it was a regular employment. He kept books for several houses. Such was John Allan. I alluded to him at some length in Vol. I., page 443 and 447. He told me that it was the greatest honor he had ever received.



CHAPTER XII.

For eighty and odd years there has never been a year or a day that the name of Schieffelin has not been upon the list of our most honored merchants.

The first of the name in this city was Jacob Schieffelin. He was born in Philadelphia in 1757. When quite a youth he went to Detroit, being on the staff of the British Governor, Henry Hamilton. He had been offered a commission by Sir Henry Clinton in the Queen's Rangers, a royal regiment in the time of the British Colonies. Having considerable property in Detroit, he remained there to improve it. Shortly after, he married Hannah, a daughter of John Lawrence of New York. Mr. Schieffelin took his wife to Detroit, where his two eldest sons, Edward Lawrence and Henry Hamilton, were born, and visited Europe about 1785. Jacob had another son, Effingham, who married a young lady of one of our old Dutch families, which had the good fortune to own many broad acres near the city, which became town lots, and a gold mine to the descendants in after years.

Effingham was a lawyer by profession, and after retiring from practice was for many years President of the Seventh Ward Bank. After retiring from active life, he left the city, living at his country-seat in Westchester, where he died not long ago at an advanced age, leaving a son who studied law, but I be-

lieve does not practice, and also several grandchildren.

Jacob settled in Montreal, and his other children, Jacob, Jr., John L., Maria, were all born there. About 1793 he decided to return to New York and enter business with his brother-in-law, John B. Lawrence, at 195 Pearl street.

One of his earliest acts was to join the German Society. It was started Oct. 9th, 1784. Old David Grimm joined at that time, as did also John B. Dash, Sen., and John B. Dash, Jr. Henry Astor and Jacob Mark joined it in 1785. John Jacob Astor did not join it till 1787. Jacob Schieffelin joined it in 1794. It was not incorporated until 1804.

Lawrence and Schieffelin were in business five years, and then separated.

Mr. Schieffelin had great faith in the profits of ship-owning; but his partner being very prudent, had no idea of hazarding his property upon the ocean; so they dissolved. Mr. Schieffelin shortly after purchased several ships on his own account. After some very successful voyages, one of these ships was captured by the British under the "Orders in Council," and two more were taken by the French under the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Bonaparte, thus seriously checking his energetic career.

He had a country-seat on the banks of the Hudson, near those of his brothers-in-law, John B. Lawrence and Thomas Buckley, who also married a Miss Lawrence. Mr. Schieffelin occupied as his city residence for many years the spacious Walton House in Pearl street. In those days, the gardens of this house extended all the way to the East River. The house

was for a long time the finest private dwelling in the city, and was built by that prince of old-time merchants, William Walton.

I ought to mention that Manhattanville was laid out by Buckley, Lawrence, and Schieffelin, and embraced a portion of each of their lands.

When in 1800 Mr. Schieffelin dissolved with Mr. Lawrence, he took in his son Henry Hamilton under the firm of Jacob Schieffelin & Son. In 1803 he bought No. 193 Pearl street, although he continued to use 195. About this time Edward L. Schieffelin entered the drug business at 218 Water street. Edward L. was married in 1801 by old Dr. Rodgers of the Wall street church, to Susan Ann Stewart, a daughter of Alexander Stewart, one of our old-time merchants. His firm was A. Stewart & Co., ship chandlers, 68 Wall street, and he lived in Garden street. Mr. Stewart was a most worthy man and much respected. He died January, 1808, aged sixty-three.

About this time Maria, daughter of Jacob Schieffelin, married Benjamin Ferris, a lawyer in large practice. Mr. Ferris left a family of daughters and one son.

Jacob Schieffelin in 1804, and for many years was a director in the old Washington Assurance Company.

The business that Jacob Schieffelin & Son did was very heavy in those days. They had several buildings filled with drugs and other goods besides the one they occupied at 193 Pearl street.

I find by my files of old newspapers that they advertised largely, and that they did not confine their

attention solely to drugs. An advertisement before me offers for sale "Muscovado sugars," "Coffee in hogsheads," [in those days they had a primitive way of packing coffee, it seems.] Also, a shipment of "Cotton, just received from Guadaloupe." "Also, just received from London per 'Oncida Chief,' one hundred barrels double refined saltpetre." They also advertise "for export three hundred barrels gunpowder and four hundred casks brimstone." Such quantities were unusually large for a merchant in those days.

In 1808, Thomas Schieffelin was taken in business by his brother Jonathan at 197 Pearl street under the firm of J. & T. Schieffelin. They were brothers of Jacob, and did a large business up to 1810. In fact, no house did a larger business than they.

This Thomas must have been an active man, as he was one of the commissioners for the introduction of water into Montreal. Thomas had an office at 177 Pearl street, where his son Charles had also an office, being a physician and surgeon. Charles went South, and was adjutant-general of the State of North Carolina.

Jonathan, the brother of the elder Jacob, died a bachelor. He was one of the politest men in New-York. He was a polished old-school gentleman. He died in 1836.

In 1813, Jacob, senior, retired from business, and was succeeded by his sons, Henry H. and Jacob, Jr., under the firm of H. H. Schieffelin & Co.

Old Jacob Schieffelin died in 1835, and was buried at Manhattanville, near his former country residence.

There is a vault in front of old St. Mary's Episcopal Church where many of his descendants are buried; it adjoined his lands, and I have the impression he gave the site of the church, or that he or some of his family were in some way benefactors of the parish.

I have seen a vault in old Trinity churchyard marked "Schieffelin, 1812;" but I believe that the old merchant rests with others of his family at Manhattanville.

Richard L., a younger son of his, is an Episcopalian, and is probably the senior member of the Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this diocese; for I find his name on the convention records as far back as 1824. Richard L. was a lawyer, and had a very lucrative business. He must have retired early, as I do not find him in the practice of his profession after 1842 or 1843. I find he also joined the German Society in 1827. General Richard L. Schieffelin married the only child of Captain George Knox McKay of the U. S. Artillery, who commanded at Ellis's Island in 1812. This Captain McKay was also a son of one of our old-time merchants, George McKay, of whom I may have more to say hereafter, when I get better posted on one or two points concerning him.

My researches into a family history oftentimes bring me unexpected and valuable information about other families. An extensive acquaintance and unusual resources for the work I have undertaken give me great advantages; but it requires an immense amount of patience and perseverance, and it not infrequently happens, that in my desire to

make my history as complete and as accurate as possible, I avoid beginning the history of some prominent merchant, parts of which I have jotted down from time to time, till a missing link is found to make the chain complete.

George McKay lived a long time at Bloomingdale, and died there in 1836.

General Richard L. was President of the Common Council in 1844. He has several children. His only son, George R., is a lawyer, and married a daughter of the Hon. Isaac C. Delaplaine. One of his daughters married William Irving Graham. Mr. Graham holds official position in several of our leading societies, the St. Nicholas, the Cincinnati, etc. Another daughter married Rev. Cuthbert C. Barclay, a grandson of Colonel Barclay, so long the British Consul-General. Looking over the catalogue of graduates of Columbia College, I notice that Richard L. graduated in 1819, and his son George in 1855; while one of the family graduated as far back as 1801; this was Henry H.

The old drug house established by Jacob Schieffelin was continued for many years under the firm of H. H. Schieffelin & Co., and it still exists, it is said, as one of the largest drug houses in the world under the firm of Schieffelin Brothers & Co. I think the members are nearly all sons or grandsons of Henry H. This firm sold largely to the South, and the war caused them immense losses, but did not in the least impair the credit of the firm.

Henry H. studied law in the office of that eminent lawyer Cadwallader Colden. Afterward Mr. Colden

and young Schieffelin made the tour of Europe together. They were in Paris when Napoleon was proclaimed emperor.

In those days traveling was a serious affair. Railroads and steamships were unknown, and crossing the Atlantic often consumed from forty to sixty days.

Henry H. was a remarkable man. He seemed to have a knowledge of every science and art, and was a living encyclopedia. He must be very old now if alive. It must be from fifteen to twenty years since I have seen him.

The same old newspaper of July 3d, 1805, that announces the admission of Henry H. into business with his father, also contains this advertisement: "Warren Brackett and Henry H. Schieffelin, attorneys-at-law, have entered into copartnership in the law business under the firm of Brackett & Schieffelin, and have opened their office at 193 Pearl street." Previously Henry H. had his law office at 123 Pearl street. About this time, shortly after his return from Europe, he married Miss Bradhurst, a daughter of Dr. Bradhurst.

Samuel B. Schieffelin, who is the author of "Foundations of History," is a son of Henry H. Samuel B. has several children. A daughter married Mr. Dodge, of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co.; and a son of his, William Henry Schieffelin, was married a few months ago, at the "Jay homestead," to Miss Mary Jay, daughter of John Jay.

H. Maunsel Schieffelin, of the firm of H. M. Schieffelin & Fowler, commission merchants in Front street, is also a son of Henry H.

There are several other sons not in business, and one or two daughters. Besides those I have named, as near as I recollect, there are Lawrence, Sidney A., Philip, Eugene, and Bradhurst. Lawrence is the only unmarried one. One daughter married Mr. Clark, a son of John Clark, of the firm of John & Thomas L. Clark, one of our old-time business houses of more than half a century ago. Another daughter married Mr. Remington, a Philadelphian, who with his family are now residing in this city in Fifth Avenue.

Philip, one of the sons of Henry H., owned a lovely spot on Staten Island, but I think he sold it for \$50,000.

Sidney A., with his family, resides in Geneva, as does also his sister, Mrs. Clark.

Of the sons of Jacob, Sen., J. L., is still living, or was not long ago, in New Haven, Connecticut. So also is Jacob, Jr., who resides in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania.

Jacob, Jr., retired from business early in life, but while in business he was a very active man. He traveled extensively through South-America, and I believe, Mexico and the West-Indies, to make personal acquaintance with the correspondents of the house of Schieffelin & Co., which was largely engaged in the Spanish trade.

At this time there are only one or two of the descendants of old Jacob Schieffelin in mercantile business.

Charles M. Schieffelin, a grandson of Effingham, who is now practicing law in New York, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Infantry,

was recently married by Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., to Mary, daughter of William E. Chisolm, and niece of the officiating clergyman. They sailed for Europe shortly after their marriage.

In a previous chapter I made some allusion to the Whitney family. No person respects that family more than I do, and I have no earthly reason why I should write any thing harsh or unpleasant about any of the name. I thought all the sons of the late Stephen Whitney were dead, consequently I did not examine particularly into what I thought a very good story about one of our old merchants, told me by another old merchant, so I let it go as one of the Whitney boys. It seems that my informant was not correct, and that it was not Mr. Whitney at all, or his son, but one of the Jones family, and a son who was wild. I make the correction with great pleasure.

I shall now say something that may be regarded as egotism. It is not so intended. I have had applications made to me for my likeness, Walter Barrett, Clerk. I have never had one taken, nor should have had a sitting, except under the following circumstances. An order was sent from London to C. D. Fredericks & Co., No. 587 Broadway, for 2000 likenesses of "Manhattan," the New York Correspondent of the *Daily Herald* and *Daily Standard* in London. There were three kinds taken. I went up with the Correspondent and Mr. Avery; had three likenesses taken of Walter Barrett, Clerk, as well as of his daughter Mary.

Messrs. Fredericks regarded Walter Barrett, Clerk, as much of a celebrity as "Manhattan."

CHAPTER XIII.

The name of Bradhurst is well known to the Old Merchants of New York city, and well may it be, for it has existed here nearly a hundred years.

Old Doctor Samuel Bradhurst, as he was called, was admitted to practice medicine with a good deal of form. The *New York Journal* of November 10th 1774, announces thus: "We hear from New Jersey that Mr. Samuel Bradhurst of this city, was admitted to the practice of Physic and Surgery by the Judge of the Supreme Court, held at Newark last week.

They made doctors in a very careful fashion in the olden time. Of course, I do not mention Samuel Bradhurst, because he was a doctor, but because he was afterwards a merchant. Soon after the war in 1786, I find him established at 64 Queen street, corner of Peck slip, in commercial business as a druggist. In 1793, he took in a partner, Doctor Samuel Watkins, and the firm was Bradhurst & Watkins. In 1795, they did a large business as druggists, at 314 Pearl street, Doctor Bradhurst living next door at 315.

The same year he founded the drug house of Bradhurst & Field, at 89 Water street. In 1796 Bradhurst & Watkins dissolved. The partnership of Bradhurst & Field lasted many years. His partner, Josiah H. Field, was also a physician. About 1801, they got back to

the old stand, 314 Pearl, corner of Peck slip. In 1809, John M. Bradhurst, a son, was taken into the house. He lived with his father at 100 Gold street.

Old Doctor Samuel Bradhurst had a country seat at Harlem. There died on the morning of October 13, 1802, his daughter Eliza, aged 19. Her remains were interred in the family vault at Harlem Heights.

Thus youth and beauty in its prime was tropped,
Thus fell Eliza, loveliest of the maids,
When from the brittle stem untimely lopped,
So the sweet rose in one short moment fades.

He had other children. Another daughter, Maria Theresa, was married April 19, 1806, by the Reverend Bishop Moore, to Henry H. Schieffelin. This marriage happened a few days after a sad calamity on the night of the 7th of February previous. A fire broke out in the drug store of Bradhurst & Field, at the corner of Pearl street and Peck slip, and before it could be got under, destroyed the store and its contents. The fire was occasioned by the bursting of a bottle of ether. By this fire Bradhurst & Field lost \$30,000, of which \$2,700 was in bank notes.

This does not seem to have stopped weddings, for one daughter married in April; and May 3, 1806, Maria married Schieffelin, and just one week later the son, John Mauncell Bradhurst, was married at Harlem Heights, by Bishop Moore, to Eliza Wilmerding, a daughter of William Wilmerding.

Her name was vouched for by her father as Elizabeth Wilmerding, born 10th August, 1785, and daughter of William and Catharine Wilmerding. He took a share in the Tontine stock, and nominated her life. I believe she is still alive. She was in 1855.

The fire in Pearl street was not the only one that visited Doctor Sam Bradhurst. On Tuesday evening, Aug. 6, 1799, a house that he owned on the corner of Washington and Chambers streets, was discovered to be on fire. The fire was extinguished before much damage had been done. It was unoccupied, and it was supposed that some enemy of the Doctor had set it on fire.

Old Dr. Samuel Bradhurst was a very remarkable man. He died, I think, about 1814 or 1815. I think his old partner, Josiah H. Field, had been dead many years; he died March 1, 1806. He had two sons, Hickson W. Field and Moses Field. Moses was the partner of John M. Bradhurst. In 1813, Bradhurst & Field loaned the Government \$5,000; a large sum in those days. The firm of Bradhurst & Field dissolved in 1816. John M. Bradhurst continued in the business at No. 314 Pearl. He lived at 366 Broadway. Samuel Bradhurst, his son, became a partner of H. M. Schieffelin, who, I think, married a daughter of Mr. Bradhurst. The firm was Schieffelin & Bradhurst, at No. 143 Maiden lane. The H. H. Schieffelin, who married the sister of John M. was the father of H. M.

This son, Samuel, married a grand-daughter of the celebrated Thomas Buchanan. She was a Miss Pearsall, a daughter of Thomas Pearsall, who married a Miss Fanny Buchanan. She, too, is one of the celebrated nominees of the Tontine, and is still alive.

Samuel was a great favorite in the city. At one time, in 1840, he was Assistant Alderman of the Twelfth Ward, and in 1841, he was elected Alderman. He left a daughter.

It is very curious that after writing the above — Oct. 15th — I should take up the *Evening Post*, and read the following :

FIELD — BRADHURST — On Wednesday, Oct. 14, at Calvary Church, by the Rev. T. M. Peters, William Hazard Field to Augusta Carrie, daughter of the late Samuel Bradhurst, all of this city.

The partnership of Bradhurst and Field was thus renewed again after fifty years' separation.

William Bradhurst was lame. He was a great favorite of the old gentleman. I once spent a few nights out at the old mansion house. It was many years ago, and it was then in its glory. I remember quite a lad, Henry M., the youngest son of John M.

He was married some time ago. He seems to have been unfortunate in losing children. November 23d, 1863, he lost his only son, Theodore Faulkenham, about four years old.

On December 17, he lost Willie Wilmerding, aged five years, his youngest daughter, evidently named after "grand-mother."

The Bradhurst family have intermarried with some of our other wealthy families.

John M. Bradhurst was a most excellent man, and was very much respected by all who knew him, not only after he retired from active business but before that.

The Field family is still in existence. Hickson W. Field is a man most respected. He has a son — Hickson W. Field, Jr. — who married a Miss Bradhurst.

Moses Field, the partner of John M. Bradhurst, died, I think, about 1855.

Maunsel B. Field went to Boston at one period. He is now a resident in New York, and with Mr. Cisco, the Sub Treasurer.

I will add some further information in regard to Gershon A. Worth. He was not a near relation of the late Gen. William J. Worth. Gen. Worth's father was a native of Martha's Vineyard, as was also G. A. Worth and ex-Judge Edmonds' mother. I think G. A. Worth was also born at the Vineyard. He became a resident of Hudson very early in life, and was a clerk in either the Bank of Hudson or the Columbia County Bank — the former, I feel quite certain. He married Miss Dakin, of Hudson, a lady of surpassing beauty, which she maintained till quite advanced in years. He left Hudson shortly after the war, and became cashier of the Mechanics and Farmers Bank, of Albany. Among the clerks he took from Hudson was Thomas W. Olcott, now a millionaire, and President of the Bank. Mr. O's father kept a ropewalk in Hudson.

From Albany, Mr. Worth, owing to his financial ability, was transferred to Cincinnati, as cashier of the Branch Bank of the United States. Cincinnati was then little more than a village, and was very unhealthy. Miss Dakin, who accompanied her sister died there, and I believe Mrs. Worth's eldest child, a young daughter. He resigned and became cashier of the Tradesman's Bank, in Chatham square, Preserved Fish being the President. Mr. Worth and his family resided over the Bank. He was then made cashier of the City Bank, and resided in a house in Pine street, in the rear of the bank, which was in Wall street. He subsequently removed to Hammond street, where he resided many years. Hammond street was the first street in New York lighted with gas, and it was not uncommon for people to visit the street to see the new lights.

About the same time tall, green, turned wooden posts were placed around the Park, with gas burners, and a six or eight inch globe shade.

Mr. Worth was not only one of the best informed and most able financiers in the country, but he was a ripe English scholar, a wit and a poet. Some of his contributions in poetry were highly praised and were at first attributed to Halleck. I have always understood that he was one of the contributors to the celebrated Croaker Papers.

His sons are now in business in Wall street, and one, the eldest (Lawrence), was in the City Bank with his father.

The mother of Gen. Worth was the eldest daughter of Marshal Jenkins, of Hudson, one of the largest ship-owners in the United States. Capt. Worth, the father of the General, was a captain in that employ. The youngest daughter of old merchant Jenkins married a Mr. Bacon, a father of Marshal J. Bacon, of this city.

Jeremiah Thompson was a bachelor, of large, well-proportioned dimensions, and with all a true specimen of an English Quaker. I first saw him in 1825, when he was carrying on a heavy shipping business in cotton. It was said, from a small beginning years before, he had increased his business to its present (1825) immense amount, by buying cotton on time here and in the Southern markets, and by selling bills for cash, drawn on houses he consigned the cotton to, for nearly the current price of cotton. He was thereby enabled to increase his business to the extent of fifteen large ships, which he freighted with his own cotton when he failed, in 1826, in the cotton commercial exportation, when

the price of cotton so declined that ruin followed in many American houses, hitherto of good standing. John L. Mumford was in the cotton speculation, and, on the decline of cotton, took himself and wife to France; and, as he afterwards told me, his indebtedness followed him, and as the officer came in at one door of the house where he was stopping for the time, he escaped at another door, and managed to elude the officer, and crossed the channel, leaving his wife to follow him as best she could. He sought English law protection rather than French. At that time I suppose his choice of country and laws was best. However, in after times Mumford edited the *Standard* newspaper, and many of his political friends aided him, and they said Mumford had talents adequate to sustain himself; however, as near as I recollect, his newspaper existed but a brief period of time, and John I. Mumford died a few months since, at Sharon, Connecticut.

Benjamin and Joseph Marshall (brothers), Englishmen, came to this country, with considerable real capital, a few years before. However, as early as 1825 or '26 — at least, soon after opening the Erie Canal — I became acquainted with Benjamin, who was then a director in the City Bank, when I heard him discourse on the subject of the best place for him to erect necessary buildings to carry on the manufacturing of cotton goods. At that time the Passaic Falls, New Jersey, was just being noticed, and Mr. Marshall appeared to survey and understand the different principles involved in different sections of this extensive company; he admired the natural advantages of the New Jersey Falls, but objected to the laws and morals of New Jer-

sey, and ultimately chose to forego the natural advantages of proximity and superior Falls of the Passaic River, and sought and erected his superior establishments — at that time remote as to time and distance — in Oneida county, where, after trenching a considerable distance to obtain a waterfall, was, at great expense, obliged to cover, to be usable in winter. All this, with the additional time in transit of cotton to, and *vice versa*, return of goods, making at least ten to twenty days difference in favor of New Jersey transportation cost. However, Benjamin Marshall was reputed a good merchant, and the firm prospered until his decease. I think he was married; but his brother Joseph was a bachelor, and ultimately failed. It was said their business was greatly extended in Columbia county; there were extensive works that cost a large amount of capital; yet there is no doubt that the Messrs. Marshalls greatly aided the advancement of New York.

CHAPTER XIV.

When and where originated New Year's celebrations is partly a mystery. What day Adam and his wife kept as the anniversary of their New Year's day we have no record to show. Each of us has two birthdays ; one ours, the other Adam's, or New Year's Day. When the months were named, at a later period, January got its name from Janus, whose festival was celebrated on the first day of by the Romans. Janus was, also, two-faced — he could look before and behind. Some profound man, like Abraham Lincoln, asserts that it is derived from *janua*, a door, because it opens the year, and is therefore called its portal.

In the *Monthly Miscellany*, printed in December, 1692 (the very year that William Bradford, whose bones lie in Trinity yard, printed the first book in New York city as the King's printer), there is an essay on New Year's gifts. It states that "the Romans were great observers of the custom of New Year's presents, even when their year consisted only of ten months of thirty-six days each, and began in March. Also, when January and February were added by the Emperor Numa to the ten others, the calends (or the first of January) was the time on which they made presents. And Romulus, the founder of Rome, made an order

that every year vervine should be offered to him, with other gifts, as tokens of good fortune for the New Year. Tiberius forbade the giving or demanding of New Year's gifts, except on the calends of January, at which time the Roman Senators brought gifts to the Emperor.

"The ancient Druids, with great ceremonies, used to scrape off from the outside of oaks the misleden, which they consecrated to their great Tutates, and then distributed to the people through the Gauls, on account of the great virtues which they attributed to it, from whence New Year's gifts are still called, in some parts of France, *guy l' an neuf*. The English nobility, up to 1690, used to send the king a purse with gold in it every New Year's tide. Reason may be joined to custom to justify the practice, for as presages are drawn from the first things which are met on the beginning of a day, a week a year, none can be more pleasing than of those that are given us. We rejoice with our friends after having escaped the dangers that attend every year; we congratulate each other for the future by presents and wishes for the happy continuance of that course, which the ancients called *Strenarium Commercium*."

The custom of calling on New Year's day in this city commenced as early as 1623, among the Dutch in this city, consequently it is a very old Dutch custom. It was brought from Holland by those Dutch immigrants who started this city in that memorable year. It was simply a custom to call and say, "*Hoe vaer' gij?*" or "*Hoe gaat het?*" or "*Hoe bevindt gij u?*" All good Dutch health questions on New Year's day, or of Nieuwjaarsdag.

Then, as now, people journeyed from house to house. The evergreen, holly and spruce were found in church and parlor ; the solid wood groaned with plum puddings, minced pies, and a hundred other exquisite dishes, flanked by the flagons of Madeira, cherry bounce, and a great bowl of hot punch or mulled cider.

Fashionable refinement has done away with many of the holiday observances which traditionary lore had made sacred. Still there are some shadows of the past left, even in these days, when ten hundreds of thousands of strange faces are among us, coming from — Heaven knows where — but from all parts of the earth : Europe, Asia, and Africa. It is said there are 3,200 different languages. I will wager that 3,000 out of them are spoken in New York city.

In those days so many miles of brick walls did not intercept the bracing air from Jersey coming across Hudson's pet river, and Lispenard's farm. Canal street did not exist.

The front door of the old Dutch house was never opened except on New Year's Day, or for a funeral or marriage. It was ornamented with a great brass knocker.

There was an attempt made some years ago to put down the good old Dutch custom of New Year's calls, but it failed. Here is an article that I find among my papers, written by a clever Huguenot, whose papers I am editing. I insert it, as better than I could possibly write of how the old time merchants celebrated the New Year day :

“ In the early days of the original settlers of *New Amsterdam*, when the extent of the city was compress-

ed in very narrow bounds, proceeding from the Battery along the shore of the East River on the south, William street on the east, Wall street on the north, and the banks of the Hudson on the west, New Year's day was celebrated with boisterous mirth, and 'the welkin literally rung' with happy New Year, and every inhabitant within the above precincts was visited and kindly greeted. The customary dram, sugar and honey *cookies* were lavishly distributed. After the conquest of New Netherlands by the English, Dutch manners, mellowed and refined by time, and foreign entering here, still predominated and retained their influence until and immediately after the War of Independence. On New Year's day the churches of every denomination were opened as at present, for Divine worship, and the congregations attended to thank God for the mercies of the past, and to supplicate his blessings on the coming year; after which visits were paid to their Domines, relations, friends and acquaintances, and kindly greetings interchanged. The New Year's dram and cookies loaded the tables, for sideboards were not then introduced, and none were allowed to go empty away. It is related of Domine de Ronde, that he was obliged to return home at least half a dozen times to disburden his well crammed pockets of their contents, and which were of no mean capacity, although not equal in amplitude to that of the *alderlivest vrow* of Governor Wouter Van Twiller, as described by the renowned Knickerbocker in his delectable 'History of the Nieuw Neiderlands.' The contents of which enormous pocket were counterpoised by a huge hook of ponderous keys, such as our ancestors did use, which gave a circumfer-

ence to the natural dimensions of this respectable personage, that might vie in rotundity with the inflated *Balloon Belles* of the present day.

“New Year’s day was always a period of cheerful hilarity and warm-hearted greetings among all classes of citizens. It was customary to send, under the care of their nurses, the younger branches to visit the older, and thereby keep up and unite the links of family connections; the silverlings, the cookies, and the blessings were liberally bestowed to gladden the hearts of the youngers. Many an animosity was buried, and many a friendship was renewed on this auspicious day.

“Shall sacrilegious hands then attempt to prostrate the ancient landmark of our simple forefathers, without a single effort to preserve it? Descendants of the Dutch, emulate the example of the bold British Barons, when resisting the encroachments of their pusillanimous King John, unsheathing their formidable swords, and striking their ponderous iron hilts on the massive oaken council table, exclaimed, ‘*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*’ We will not suffer the laws of England to be changed. In like manner do you indignantly avow, ‘*Nolumus mores Batavorum mutari.*’ We will not allow the customs of Holland to be obliterated.

“Indulge the natural propensity of one ‘fallen into the sere and yellow leaf’” to conclude these remarks with an anecdote, for the authenticity of which he pledges his veracity.

“George Washington, in first year of his Presidency, under the new Constitution in 1789, resided in the Franklin House, at the head of Cherry street. On New Year’s Day, 1790, he was waited upon by the

principal gentlemen of the city ; the day was uncommonly mild and pleasant. After introduction, and paying the usual compliments of the season, the citizens mutually interchanged their kind greetings, and retired highly gratified by a friendly notice of the President, to most of whom he was personally a stranger. In the evening Mrs. Washington held her levee. It was about full moon, and the air so bland that the ladies attended in their light summer shades. Introduced by the aids and gentlemen in waiting, after taking their seats, tea, coffee, plain and plum cake were served round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries, on the part of Mrs. Washington, after the families of the exiles, with whom she had been acquainted during the Revolutionary War, and who always received marked attention from General Washington. Standing at the side of the President, near to Mrs. Washington, she remarked of all the incidents of the day none so pleased the General — by which distinction she always named him — as the warm, friendly greetings of the gentlemen who had visited him at noon. On inquiring whether it was casual or customary, he answered that it was an annual custom, transmitted by our early Dutch forefathers, and always commemorated. After a pause, he observed, ‘ That the highly favored position of New York will, in process of years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient manners and customs ; but whatever changes may take place, never give up the cordial, cheerful observance of New Year’s Day.’ A remark that made an indelible impression on the mind of the narrator, and which at this distance of time, is recorded in the *Mirror*,

to preserve it if possible from total oblivion. Amid the social chit-chat of the company, the hall clock struck *nine*. Mrs. Washington, an undersized and rather portly personage, plain in her attire, rose with great dignity, looking complacently around the circle, and observed, ‘The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him. At this signal the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, and, after paying their respects, retired.’”

What a contrast to the usages of the present day, when, at the hour that their grandmothers returned home, their grand-daughters in ecstacy hie away to exhibit their brilliants and splendid dresses, and to revel in all the luxuries that the four quarters of the world can supply. How far health and longevity are consulted, time, prematurely faded roses, pallid cheeks and hectic constitutions must decide. The more masculine energies of mind and body of the females of that period were suited to the times in which they lived, which adapted them to sustain the severe privations, dangers and horrors that ever followed in the train of sanguinary, revolutionary wars.

Alas! how very few remain of them who in the bloom of youth and beauty attended Mrs. Washington’s levees.

“Scenes of our youth — when everything could please.”

How true the pensive Persian adage: “*The remembrance of youth is a sigh!*”

The City of New York has always been distinguished for its cordial and hospitable reception of those who come to reside in it. Our citizens have never dreaded the introduction of foreign capital, foreign talents and

foreign industry, the successful employment of which has so eminently tended to promote its prosperity and to raise this commercial emporium to its present envied elevation. A merchant adventurer seeks his fortunes alike in the frigid and torrid zones, in the fens of Holland, the baleful, burning deserts of Arabia or Africa, as on the smiling, verdant banks of the Hudson. It is not for love of us, but for their own benefit, that they are attracted to our shores. All that is asked in return for a hearty, kindly welcome, is to *tolerate* the few remaining ancient customs derived from our Dutch forefathers, for whose simple, domestic virtues, probity and piety, their descendants, to the remotest generations, will never have cause to blush.

If there were nothing delightful in the custom itself, it ought to be kept up in honor of our Dutch predecessors from whom we received it. Besides it is a great privilege to the male sex — it enables gentlemen to delight their eyes with the contemplation of a succession of beauties — they rove like the bee from flower to flower, not perhaps sipping the sweets of each with a kiss, but enjoying the pleasure of looking upon graceful forms, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and smiles of animation. Who will relinquish the joys of New Year's day? One can eat doughnuts, or drink wine, spiced beer, and boiling punch at a variety of places, but what are the cakes and wine without the pleasant voices that invite us to partake of them, or the sweet looks that beam upon us from house to house, as we proceed in our round of calls. Every merchant of New York ought to regard this day as sacred

CHAPTER. XV.

Facts are stranger than fiction. I cannot write a story. It is not my nature to do it. People who know me and my style, say I have no imagination ; and then the idea of my writing a story or novel, to be unmercifully but justly criticised by the sensible and pretty Ada Clare, is too much for me to undertake ; and though Mr. John Clancy has tried to press me into his sensational corps, he has failed. I confess I have no fancy, but when he comes to facts I am always on hand.

The following narrative is as true as gospel. I have before me the old newspaper, and I have been to the Record Office to see the conveyance of the vast property. The way I came to investigate the subject was this.

I was looking over a file of the *Morning Chronicle* for 1806, when I came across the following in a January number :

\$1,000 reward will be paid for any information that can be given of a nurse named Milly Seymour, who in the year 1805 lived for several months in the upper part of a two-story brick house in Maiden lane, two doors below Nassua street, on the south side ; or of a male child, named Rupert, then a babe ; or of her husband, William Seymour. Apply to Mrs. I., at No. 22 Courtlandt street.

It struck me as funny. I read it a dozen times. I

took a *Discovery* of 1805, and went through the I.'s until I found Inderwick, widow Janet. That was a clue. I forgot the subject. Short after I came across the name again. It was in a weekly paper, the *Museum* of July 25, 1812 :

"**DEED.**—On Wednesday morning last, after a long and weary illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Janet Inderwick, widow of the late Jansen Inderwick. She was aged thirty-four years."

I hunted after the old advertisement. Curiously enough I found it in all of the journals of 1809. Again I found it in the *New York Gazette* of 1810.

After her death I again found the same advertisement ; but, instead of applying to Mrs. Inderwick, it was to "Robert Jones, counsellor-at-law, Nassua street."

Still, I did not take up the subject in earnest until I found the same advertisement in the *New York Herald* of July 10, 1856, but with a different lawyer. Such perseverance determined me to ascertain the motive. Here is the result of my researches.

In the year 1801, there was sold by the Corporation of the city of New York twenty acres of ground, situated on the middle road between Bloomingdale and Kingsbridge, and distant from the then city about three miles and a half.

The view from the most elevated part of the ground was variegated and extensive. At a considerable expense, the purchaser of this large tract erected a costly mansion upon the elevated part, and enclosed about five acres, including the mansion and outhouses. In the inclosure he built a conservatory and a green-house, and in the course of a year had in it every plant that could be found in any quarter of the globe.

I will call the name of the proprietor of this splendid domain, that would now be worth many millions, Jansen Inderwick. He was a descendant of one of the same name, who came to this city in the good old ship "Unity," belonging to the Dutch West India Company in 1623. The descendants of the original man at one time owned one-tenth of the island of Manhattan.

Mr. J. Inderwick, one of the direct heirs, owned acres of land on this island, besides the lovely tract he had purchased of the Corporation in the year 1801.

After the year 1795, Mr. Inderwick had married a Miss Janet Roosevelt. She was an extremely lovely person, as her portrait, still in existence, shows that she must have been. I will not attempt to describe her charms. She must have abounded in these to have secured the affection, as well as the hand, of the gifted, the handsome, and the wealthy descendant of an ancient Dutch family. They were married. It was a very unfortunate circumstance, but eight years passed that they lived together, and she gave birth to no child. Mr. Inderwick became morose, dejected, and, it was said, almost cruel to his wife. At any rate, she was admired by every one, and was the belle among the leading families of the city. In this way the year 1803 was reached. In the month of September in that year, Mrs. Inderwick, to the surprise of every one, went, with a large lot of trunks, to a leading boarding-house, in the lower part of Broadway. I here ought to say that the magnificent residence upon the twenty acres was their country seat. They had a house in town in Courtlandt street. It was but two doors from the residence of Governor George Clinton, the father of De Witt.

When his wife left him to go to the residence of Mr. Riggs, Sept. 10th, 1803, Mr. L. never spoke to her again previous to his death, Sept. 11th, 1805.

I am now going to allude to one of those mysterious, or at least curious circumstances, in family matters, that there is no accounting for.

Mrs. Inderwick had hired a parlor fronting on Broadway. In the rear was her sleeping room. One of the carriages from her husband came every day from the Dry street stable, in the rear of her husband's house. She had also with her a young negro servant woman, that was owned by her husband. Of course, such a partial separation was much talked of at the time. But, as both husband and wife were of irreproachable character in every respect, they were constantly invited out, and frequently met, though they never spoke to each other. What is still more curious: it was a custom among the old New York families to give dinner parties, as well as evening parties, and to take turns. Mr. Inderwick gave these parties, as often as any one. His wife attended them as a guest; but when she was in her husband's house during the continuance of these parties, acted in all respects as the mistress — the servants obeyed her as such; still she did not speak to her husband, or he to her.

Mrs. Inderwick had resided until the fall of 1804 at the boarding-house in Broadway, before any change occurred in her personal conduct. She sent her girl to Mr. Inderwick whenever she wanted money, and named the sum. Whether it was \$100 or \$500, he sent the amount required back to her in Bank of New York notes. He was a director in that oldest of our banking institutions.

It was about October —th, in 1804, when a handsome Nova Scotian by birth, though a New York merchant of wealth, and standing, took board also at the residence of Mrs. Riggs. I ought to have mentioned that the house was a double one, with a centre hall, and parlors and rooms of equal size on each side. Mr. Richard Rupert, the merchant, took a suit of rooms on the opposite side of the hall. Frequently Mrs. Inderwick used to be seen conversing with him in the parlor. They appeared to grow more and more intimate. Ere three months had passed, she used to send notes to him at his store in Pearl street. It was observed that he answered these notes in person, and boldly entered her private apartments. Still her husband took no notice of these proceedings. After six months from the time of Mr. Rupert's arrival she did not come into the parlor at all. She frequently went out riding in her carriage. She was always accompanied by Mr. Rupert. Later in the fall of the year, she went away with her girl to a retired part of Sussex county, in New Jersey. She was gone two months, and it was reported that she had the typhus fever, and came very near dying. When she returned to her boarding-house she was very much emaciated. Her husband sent every day to inquire after her health.

After her return, she seemed to have a new subject of interest. The negro girl was sent almost every day to a two-story brick house in Maiden lane, two doors below Nassau. Two families lived in it. The second floor had been recently hired for a young couple that had come from the country. The young mother had a pair of twin children. One was a boy; the other was

a girl. The boy had splendid dresses, and clothes, and ornaments. Mrs. Inderwick took a great interest in him, although she never called. She sent money to the mother. The name of her husband was William Seymour. His wife was called Milly. After a few months his little girl died; but the boy, who was named Rupert Roosevelt Seymour, seemed to flourish.

When he was one year old — almost to a day — Sept. 11, 1895, Jansen Inderwick died, aged 38. He was buried in the old Middle Dutch Churchyard vault of his ancestors.

The day after he died Mrs. Inderwick went home to his house, and resumed possession as if she had never left it. She came into the rights of the widow. He had left no will, and the Public Administrator administered upon his affairs. Ere he had been dead a week, the widow went in her own carriage to the little brick house in Maiden lane. She openly petted the little baby, and caressed it. She discovered, as she thought, that it had been ill-treated. She abused poor Milly, the nurse; finally struck her, and told her that the next day she would come and take baby away. She did come the next day, not to take away baby Rupert, but to apologise to Milly. She had brought her a silk gown. She found Milly and baby had gone. The people down stairs could not tell where they had gone. Their apartments were opened, the fire was out, and there was not a particle of furniture in the room. Mrs. Inderwick fainted away. She never saw Milly, the nurse, or baby again.

The lady died in 1812. Evidently, she had made a will in favor of the child. Probably more is involved

than that. She probably left a dying declaration that the child was hers. Of course that child — he must be a big boy now, and over sixty years of age — will inherit the vast property of his father, Jansen Inderwick, from whom his mother never was separated. It is a rich placer. Whoever will clear up this mystery will get a large fortune. Over 200 acres of real estate, in the heart of the city, will change hands. Did the boy keep up the name of Seymour? Certainly it is worth the while of the Seymour family to hunt up their William. A thousand conjectures arise in our mind in reference to this. So they will in the minds of our readers. It would make a novel worth reading.

I may as well mention that the twenty acres of property that was deeded from the Corporation in 1801, eventually became the property of the late Doctor Hosack, who started on them "The Elgin Botanic Garden."

Here is a note of how Hosack finally sold some of the property. I obtained it from the Recorder.

5th March, 1812.

David Hosack conveys all his interest in the Botanic Garden (Elgin), and his claims on the State for proceeds to be paid him from Lotteries agreeably to the bill passed by the Legislature.

To Nathaniel Pendleton, Thomas Eddy, and Alexander Hosack, in trust for the repayment of such advances as they may make said David Hosack, together with all claims upon the certificate of the Secretary of State, whereby the said D. Hosack is entitled to receive from the Commissioners appointed by the State, viz: Nathaniel Pendleton and Henry A. Coster, the sum of \$74,268 75, payable from proceeds of Lotteries.

Of course, if young Inderwick is ever found, as he is the real heir of his father, any good lawyer will say that the present titles are not worth so much as the paper they are written on.

CHAPTER XVI.

One of the oldest firms in a particular species of merchandise business was that of Tweed & Bonnell, chair merchants and chair manufacturers. It was founded by Richard Tweed in 1814. He first commenced the business at 64 Rutgers street, now called Oak street. He was born in that street, and I think made the first chair in the house where he was born. He learned the art from W. G. Skellon, who was a chair maker at 356 Pearl. He had as a fellow apprentice, Alexander Welsh, who was sometimes called "Sandy Welsh" the father of the really clever and distinguished Judge James H. Welsh. Mr. Welsh, Senior, and Mr. Tweed, in after life, often talked over old times. Mr. Welsh did not go into business until 1820. He then opened a large place at 65 Broad street. He afterwards moved to 86, where he had his factory for many years, living at 17 Stone street. He did the largest business of the kind in the lower part of the city.

When Mr. Tweed opened in Cherry street, in 1817, at 1 Hague, a few doors from his old boss, at 356 — he had been there twenty years — the latter complained bitterly that he undersold him. Mr. Tweed replied that he would bet an overcoat, that he sold his chairs at the same price S. did. Mr. Skellon took it. The

money was put in a third party's hand. "Now, then, Mr. Skellon," observed Mr. Tweed, "you sell your chairs at such prices as you please. So do I." The referee declared that Mr. Tweed had won. Mr. Skellon paid for the overcoat, but never spoke to his protégé for fifty years after. Mr. Skellon was keeper of the City Hall for many years.

In the year 1818, Mr. Tweed moved to 1 Cherry street, corner of Dover. It was a yellow building, and successively known as Nos. 1, 3, and 5, as the numbering of the street was changed. It is no longer standing, and the ground is used for a coal yard. Mr. Tweed was alone until 1823, when he was joined by Hezekiah W. Bonnell, and the firm became Tweed & Bonnell.

Cherry street in former years was a much more aristocratic street than now. General Washington at one time lived in a house that stood on the corner of Cherry and Franklin square, opposite Mr. Tweed's. In 1786, when the Continental Congress was in session, its President, the venerable John Hancock, lived at No. 5 Cherry street, the very house afterwards occupied by Mr. Tweed. For a long time Mr. Tweed had his residence at No. 13 Cherry street, next door to Samuel Legget's. His was the first house that had gas.

Franklin square has been the scene of many extraordinary events. Many are now living who will recollect the crowd that thronged when the Franklin Bank suspended payment. There are many who stood upon the stoop of Tweed & Bonnell, and Mr. Tweed's house, upon that occasion. Not many doors below the store of Tweed & Bonnell was the Walton house, where

at one time a French woman kept a boarding-house, and among the boarders was the lover of poor Charlotte Temple, who lies buried in Trinity churchyard. She was driven off those steps by the landlady.

It is a singular fact that from 1814 to 1864 — a period of fifty years — the chair business has been conducted steadily, commencing with Richard Tweed, Sr., and ending with his son Richard Tweed, who recently sold out his store, No. 441 Pearl street, to T. R. Cooper & Co.; and I believe not one of the name of Tweed is now in that business. Probably the amount of business, in chairs alone, done by the Tweeds in the last half century, would amount to millions of dollars.

This house has not only made and sold chairs in the city, but they exported largely to the West Indies and South America.

Tweed & Bonnell used to ship on their own account to South America the Windsor chair, plain and knock down. That is, they were packed in boxes of twelve each. Few people comprehend the importance of this single branch of commerce. Who can calculate the wealth now invested in seats — in what was formerly chairs? The census tables omit "Fences," the value of which amounts to millions. So, too, with chairs. The value is enormous, and no one can estimate it at this day.

We cannot go back with any degree of certainty to the invention of chairs. Adam and Eve probably sat down upon something,—perhaps upon the broken limb of a tree, although the world was then so young, and Adam had no saw or knife, it is difficult to even conjecture where he found a limb of a tree or a stump. Probably

he and his were used stones for chairs. The old Romans and Greeks had chairs. The piano stool now in use is the lower part of the old Roman chair.

Chairs were unknown in England in the reign of Alfred the Great, nine hundred years ago. He had nothing approaching a chair nearer than an oaken three-legged stool.

I own two chairs brought out from Holland in 1623. They have leathern backs. Many of them were in use in this city. Then there was the chair with the seat scooped out, and the back strengthened by round uprights.

Then there was an old fashioned four post chair, with ends for slats and flags for the bottom. These were in use until about 1801.

Then came the Windsor chairs. They were not made in this city until sixty-five years ago, and then it was a regular business. Many names stand in the old Directories of New York — “John —, Windsor chair maker.”

Then came mahogany chairs, sofas ; and this species of chair making became a part of the business of a cabinet maker.

Old Mr. Tweed was a fine-looking man, and always in good spirits. His habits were very regular. He was a thorough mechanic, and understood the manufacture of chairs in all its details. He came to his store before 8 o'clock. His first inquiry was for tobacco. He had a very respectable colored man, named William Dove, who was his porter for many years. He used to send Dove out for tobacco. “What did you pay for this?”

"Three cents," would be the reply.

"Why don't you pay two cents and sell it to me for three, and put the penny aside. You will never get rich." He would make every one around him laugh and be happy with his gay humor and his wit. It is a glorious quality for this world; it gives great happiness, while your morose man or merchant is a damper to all gayety. I believe Mr. Tweed attended regularly the Baptist Church of Doctor Cohen, in Broome street, near Mulberry.

This porter, Dove, was with the sons, and was with Richard Tweed, Jr., until he gave up business, and is now with T. R. Cooper & Co., of which Peter Bantey is the company.

The elder Richard Tweed was a very liberal man, and, although fond of his jokes, and at others' expense, he never cared if it was his own. He and Mr. Hall, of the great musical firm of Firth & Hall, and his opposite neighbors, were great friends. One New Year's day Mr. Tweed called upon Mr. Hall, and said, "Hall, I want you to give me ten dollars."

"Certainly, Mr. Tweed, with pleasure," replied Mr. Hall, as he handed him ten.

A few days after they were together, when Mr. Hall remarked, "Tweed, I think you owe me ten dollars."

"No such thing; I don't owe you a cent."

"I'll convince you of it. You remember on New Year's day you called over at my place?"

"I called and asked you to give me ten dollars, and you did give it to me. I can swear to it, and I'll never pay you back," said Mr. Tweed. Both had a hearty laugh. He never payed back that ten.

The partner of old Mr. Tweed, Hezekiah W. Bonnell, was a fine man. He was Alderman of the Thirteenth Ward in 1842, where he died. He left a son named Benjamin, and two daughters. I think they live in Williamsburgh. The firm of Tweed & Bonnell were deemed very safe. Their notes were as good as gold. I know I once held one of those notes for a large amount, and I got it cashed as easily as I would one of Prime, Ward & King.

Tweed & Bonnell kept at the old place as late as 1843. I do not know when the old Richard left it, but he went for a few years into the brush-making business with Berrien. Young Richard, I think, was the partner of Bonnell to 1843, when the latter died.

Old Mr. Tweed's place was at 240 and 357 Pearl.

His son, William M. Tweed, was, I think, in business with J. C. Skaden & Co. for some time. He married a daughter of Mr. Skaden. He was in the brush business very extensively, for some years, at 206 and 357 Pearl. I think old Mr. Tweed was with his son Richard at the old stand, No. 5 Cherry street, until 1855. He was always backing up his sons and their partners. After Tweed & Bonnell dissolved, the firm became Tweed & Brother. They had a manufactory at 12 Ridge street. In 1856, father and the two sons were in business at the old stand ; but that year, I think, Richard Jr. went to 442 Pearl, where his sign can still be seen. He was at one time a partner of S. Chichester & Co., who is yet in business at 368 Pearl.

Richard Tweed, Sr., resided at 237 East Broadway until he died, in 1862.

William M. Tweed, as well as his brother Richard, were both active and thorough business men.

William M. has been more of a public character than his brother Richard. He was for many years one of the most active members of the Fire Department. He was at one time foreman of Americus Engine Co. No. 6. He has been for a long time, and is now a Fire Commissioner. He was for a long time a member of the Democratic General Committee at Tammany Hall, and is now the chairman of that Committee. He is a Sachem of the Tammany Order.

He has been elected by the people to several prominent positions. In 1852 and 1853, he was Alderman of the Seventh Ward. In 1853, he was elected to represent this city in the Thirty-third Congress, commencing Dec. 5th, 1853, and ending March 3rd, 1855. He represented the Fifth District. His associates from this city at that time were Mike Walsh, who represented the Fourth; Hiram Walbridge, from the Third; John Wheeler, from the Sixth; W. A. Walker, from the Seventh, and F. B. Cutting, from the Eighth — all men of note, and remarkable in their way. In this delegation, Mr. Tweed was the only one who really understood commerce, and represented the true interests of a great commercial city.

In 1858, he was elected Supervisor, and has been re-elected up to the present time. He is also Deputy Street Commissioner at this time.

Wm. M. Tweed has splendid executive abilities, and natural force of character. He is greatly respected by all who know him. As I have said, he married Miss Skaden a daughter of Joseph C. Skaden, a most ami-

able lady. They have several children — Wm. Tweed, Jun., a young man of promise, and Richard, still at school. They have also four daughters, the eldest a young lady.

Richard Tweed is also an excellent business man. He married Miss Sands. Her father was Benjamin Sands, a grocer. He has two sons, Alfred and Frank, and two daughters — Emma, a young lady, and a little girl.

I love to write up the record of an old born New Yorker and his children. Out of the millions that inhabit this city and its precincts — Brooklyn, Staten Island, Astoria, &c.— very few were born in the good old city.



CHAPTER XVII.

The Gerards were old merchants in this city.

William commenced business at No. 24 Broad street as early as 1792. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1746. He came out to New York in 1782, immediately after the war. He did a very large business for several years, and up to 1802. On the 27th of January of that year, Wednesday morning, he was down upon the dock on the North River side, attending to some business on board a vessel. He accidentally fell off the dock and was drowned. An inquest was held, and the verdict of the coroner was "Accidental death." He was one of the most respectable merchants in the city, and esteemed by everybody. He had a very extensive circle of acquaintances and friends. He was buried from No. 85 Nassau street, where he resided at the time of his death. He left a wife and seven children. Finding it difficult to support her children, the widow, in 1806, opened a china store at No. 103 Beekman street. Next year she moved it to Maiden lane, No. 42, and remained there until 1817, when she moved up to No. 42 White street.

Her son, James W. Gerard, became an attorney at No. 59 William street, in 1815. He had graduated from Columbia College in 1811, with Benjamin Haight,

Charles G. Ferris, Gregory T. Bedell and others. Mr. Gerard is still alive, and as wide awake as he was fifty-two years ago.

Mr. Gerard joined the St. Andrew's Society in 1810. There was also Robert J. Gerard, another son, a merchant. These brothers, in 1820, all resided at 77 Beekman street, as well as Alexander S. Glass, who was then in business at the corner of Wall and Water streets. In 1823, the house of Glass & Gerards was formed at 67 Wall street. Brothers Robert J. and William were in this house. It was to do an auction business.

In 1830 they did a very heavy business, and William Gerard, who was the auctioneer of the house of the Glass & Gerards, paid a state duty of \$4,465.

In 1845, Mr. Gerard paid \$1,308. He was then at 82 Wall.

The house is still in existence, as Gerard, Betts & Co., at 106 Wall street.

James W. Gerard has a son, James W. Gerard, Jr.

In 1791, James Glass was a cooper in Moore street, corner of Great Dock street (Pearl). He went into the grocery business a few years later (1795) at 34 Pearl. In 1796, Alexander S. Glass started in business as a merchant, on the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets. He kept in that place until 1810, when he moved to No. 77 Beekman street.

James Glass had sons. James Jr., when he was seventeen years old, went off to Morristown, N. J., and was married, July 17, 1802, to Miss Sarah Ralston, aged fourteen.

Time makes rapid changes. Fifty years ago, on the

heights beyond Manhattanville, were situated the country seats of many families now unknown in that region. The Lawrences and the Newbolds, the Bradhursts, the Schieffelins, the Watkinses, and others of whom I have written, had places there. Near where the Tenth avenue now crosses the Bloomingdale road, Hamilton lived when he was shot by Burr. Not much further on, is the residence of the widow of that successful New York merchant, Stephen Jumel, better known for her connection in his declining years with Aaron Burr. Nearly all these old places have been vacated by their former owners. One, the old Maunsel house, still stands, and has not yet been given over to different associations, although some five or six generations have passed to their long home through its portals. It was formerly the residence of the British General Maunsel, and has entertained under its roof many of the celebrities of colonial and revolutionary times. If I remember rightly, a full length portrait of the old general, in his scarlet uniform, still hangs on its walls, a relict of a past era. It must be well nigh a century ago when within it, with good old-fashioned hospitality, Samuel Bradhurst married the pride and hope of the house.

In this way the property extending from river to river, now immensely valuable, became the gold mine of the Bradhursts.

By family ties Mrs. Bradhurst was peculiarly situated, being brought into social intercourse with many of the prominent officers of both the British and American armies. She lived to a venerable age, and to the last delighted to recur to the exciting times of our revolutionary struggle, and to relate many interesting incidents of which she had personal knowl-

edge, and in particular reminiscences of the *Pater Patriæ*, into whose company she had been frequently thrown.

North of Maunsel place was the old homestead of the Watkinses. There lived in rural felicity John Watkins, who, more than a hundred years ago, traded on the seas.

In giving a history of the Merchants of New York, I am induced now and then to digress into family history which is not of a mercantile character, but which I know would interest many of my readers.

A sister of Mrs. Watkins was the mother of Mrs. General Provost, the wife of a British officer, who afterwards married Aaron Burr. Their only child — Mrs. Gov. Alston, of South Carolina — it will be remembered, was supposed to have been captured by pirates.

Another sister of Mrs. Watkins married a Captain Clark, of the British army. The latter had a number of children. One of them was the wife of Bishop Moore, of New York. The rest, I believe, all married Britishers and titles.

One of them married Lord Barrington; another married Sir Godfrey Webster; another, Lady Affleck, was the mother of the celebrated Lady Holland. Another sister of Mrs. Watkins (Lady Wraxall) married the British General Maunsel, from whom has descended the family name of Maunsel among the Bradhursts, Schieffelins, and others.

The old shipping merchant, John Watkins, left a number of children. There was John, who married a daughter of Governor Livingston and sister of Mrs. Governor Jay: Samuel, an old bachelor, whom I have described as a merchant as well as physician; another,

a daughter, married James Beckman ; and still another, who married a Mr. Duncan, of Albany.

I have had occasion to allude to Isaac Clason several times. He was one of our largest merchants, and was in every sense of the word *a* merchant.

Isaac Clason was descended from one of the early Dutch settlers. In Governor Stuyvesant's time he had built a *Schoeyinge* or siding of boards, along the East River shore. It was begun near the old Dutch City Hall — now head of Coenties slip. The water at high tide would come up to the Hall, so that passengers could not tread the street. To stop this, old Peter had a siding of boards placed along the shore. The boards were placed endwise into the earth, and elevated two or three feet, sufficient to serve as a barrier against the overflow of the water. It was begun in August, 1655. That month, Sybont Clasen made a petition, that he had been employed by the late Schepen Vandergrist to build up the *Schoeyinge*, but that the water prevented his doing the work. This Mr. Clasen married the Widow Jans in 1645. They lived in the High street. The Clasens were very numerous in the old Dutch times, but when Isaac came upon the stage in 1789, there were but two Clasens in the city — Isaac, who kept a flour and grocery store at No. 14 Albany Pier ; and Jacob, the grocer at No. 50 Smith street (William). I think Isaac was son of Jacob. This was in 1792. Frederick Clason kept a store at No. 42 Nassau street.

In 1795 Isaac had his store at 61 Broadway. He kept there until 1801, when he took in a partner, and the firm became Isaac Clasen & Co., 27 South : but he lived at 61 Broadway.

Clason lost \$300,000 the year before he died. It

brought him to a premature grave. He was a fine, hearty old man. He lost in the shipping business by fall of teas.

Mr. Clason gave a grand dinner to the Hon. Rufus King, at Leavitt's Hotel, July 16th, 1803, when the Ambassador returned to the city from Great Britain. Aaron Burr presided at that dinner. It was the year after he shot Hamilton.

Burr was one of the most intimate friends of Isaac Clason. He dined at his house every week.

The following anecdote was told me by the late John F. Delaplaine, the father of Isaac, our late Representative in Congress. He was a son-in-law of Mr. Clason and after his death was one of the executors of the estate :

"Not long before his death," said Mr. Delaplaine, speaking of Mr. Clason, "he said to Colonel Burr at dinner, I have a knotty commercial affair, and I do not know but I shall be obliged to employ you or some other lawyer as counsel. If I do, I will so advise you." Colonel Burr inquired the names of the parties, and this was all that passed between them upon the subject at that or any other time. A few days after Colonel Burr called at the counting-house of Mr. Clason, and remarked that he was a little short for a few days, and that if Mr. Clason would lend him \$500 for a few days, he would be greatly obliged. Mr. Clason drew a check for the sum needed, remarking, that Colonel Burr could return it when it suited him to do so. Not many months after this transaction Isaac Clason died. I, as his executor, noticed this entry of indebtedness upon his books for \$500. It was noted in the check-book margin as a loan. The idea flashed upon me that Col. Burr was so notorious that he was a highly dangerous

character to be known to a young merchant. Still, it was a duty I owed to the estate to collect it. I determined to look after it, and I called in person upon Mr. Burr and stated the case. He received me with great politeness, saying, 'Oh, yes — that little matter shall be attended to in a few days; I recollect all about it.' The next week Col. Burr called upon me and presented a bill against the estate of Mr. Clason for \$1,000, fees for the consultation (stating the case) stated above, and crediting Mr. Clason \$500. My idea that Col. Burr was a dangerous acquaintance proved true. It cost the estate \$500, for I paid Col. Burr."

Isaac Clason owned the ship "Francis Henriette." She traded between this port and Rotterdam, and occasionally went to China. I think he built her about 1803.

He was a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce, as was his son Augustus W. Clason. Isaac was made a director of the Manhattan Bank in 1802, and was re-elected and connected with that institution for years.

He dissolved with his partner in 1803. His signature is preserved by Valentine in his Manual of 1863.

He had several children.

His eldest daughter was married July 4, 1808, to Mr. Cooper, a son of Judge Cooper of Cooperstown, N. Y.

March 9, 1816, another daughter, Cornelia Malvina, married Thomas Carter, a merchant of this city. He left two children, Washington Carter, and a daughter (Josephine), a very fascinating young lady, who jumped out of her window and married a Portuguese count.

A son of Mr. Clason is a lawyer in Wall street.

I think Augustus Clason was with John F. Delaplaine, his brother-in-law, until 1836. When he died he left a son, who is, I think, a lawyer in Wall street. He married a daughter of Reuben Withers.

John F. Delaplaine received from his father-in-law, Isaac Clason, \$100,000. He lost largely in a coffee speculation with John A. Moore.

Mr. Delaplaine and Henry Remsen, of the Manhattan Bank, were very intimate. They had been so from boyhood. They were friends, too, in a pecuniary point of view. They met daily, and talked over old affairs and old times with great satisfaction.

When Mr. Delaplaine found his name on the acceptances for coffee to such a fearful amount, he ordered a statement made of his liabilities. He found that he had \$10,000 a day to pay for the next sixty days. He applied to Henry Remsen for funds to meet these liabilities. After he had exhibited the above amount of dues, Mr. Remsen replied, "John, it will be utterly impossible for me to aid you in the present state of money matters, and do justice to other customers of the bank." Up to 1827, the house of Delaplaine & Co. had got all it asked for; to be refused now, and to have his credit tarnished, upset Mr. Delaplaine, and jostled his mind. His family had to place him in a private asylum. He assigned to Mr. Graham, his brother-in-law. The coffee brought high prices, and there was no loss on the speculation. He might have made a large sum had coffee realized Moore's expectations.

He had a brother that he called "Bub." He was unmarried. Bub always went to auction when they had a large lot of sugar sold. John F. would turn to him and say, "Bub, shall we sell any more?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

I have alluded in one of these chapters to the firm of Boorman, Johnson & Co., and to the individual partners. I did not say much about Daniel Ayres, who was of the firm, or rather of the firm of Boorman, Johnson, Ayres & Co. His career is worth noticing. At the age of twelve years, after graduating in one of the public schools of this city, he was, in 1802, apprenticed to the firm of Blackwell and McFarlan, then at the corner of Water street and Coenties slip. The firm consisted of Joseph Blackwell, senior and junior, and Henry McFarlan. This store was then, and long continued, the head-quarters of the iron trade. The senior Blackwell died in 1397. The firm continued, omitting the plural, in the name of Blackwell. In 1828, Mr. Blackwell, the junior, also died. The firm was now changed — Mr. Ayres being admitted a partner — to McFarlan & Ayres, the two McFarlans being father and son. Few now remember the old firm, nor the magnitude of the iron business they then carried on, as the leading house in that trade. This firm was discontinued about 1833.

In this year, James Boorman invited Mr. Ayres to become a partner in the iron department of the firm of which he was senior — after thirty-one years service in the former establishment, as apprentice and partner —

which he accepted, with a determination he now refers to with pride, that no one should look him in the face who should not receive *all, principal and interest, of every claim against him*; which, he adds, was by God's blessing done. Would that this honest and noble resolve were more heeded and better imitated now.

The firm of the last establishment now became Boorman, Johnson, Ayres & Co., in which Mr. Ayres remained eleven years, until 1844, when his health becoming impaired by too close attention to business, he withdrew from the concern, and removed with his family from New York to Brooklyn — a retired merchant, where he now resides, in the enjoyment of a vigorous old age, the weight of seventy-three years, his present age, pressing so lightly upon him, that he remains upright in stature as he is in character — a useful, honored, and active Christian, one of the pillars of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city.

Mr. Ayres is the father of three sons, all physicians and surgeons, and distinguished for their professional skill and success, residing also in Brooklyn, and of three daughters, yet remaining with him.

Robert White, of whom I have made mention, and at one time of the firm of White Brothers (he was a brother of Campbell P. White), when he was cashier of the Manhattan Bank was nicknamed the Marquis of Carmarthen, by many of his friends, as well as by all of his enemies. The reason was this: The Irish marquis owned a large quantity of Manhattan stock, and when directors were to be chosen, as Mr. White held the proxies, he could easily make the necessary combinations and elect whom he pleased as directors. In fact,

he controlled the bank as if he owned it all. At one time two agents of the Safety Fund banks came down from Albany and took a turn through Wall street for aid to secure that tottering system. They determined to have a pull at Rob White's — *alias* the Right Honorable the Marquis of Carmarthen's — strong box. They gave him a call and stated their business. "I will not lend you a penny," said the Marquis. "Why should I? we don't come under the Safety Fund law." "Very true, but you enjoy the use of the deposits, and that is one of our political measures." "Enjoy them, do we? — botheration, we have more trouble than profit with them. You see, gentlemen, to be confidential with you, there is rebellion at our green board; one half are arrayed against my authority." "Can you give us any advice?" "Faith, I can't. Why don't you go to Preserved Fish, of the Tradesman's Bank? — he is with us." "We have done so, and he cannot aid us." "Then go to Walter Bowne, of the Seventh Ward Bank." "We have been to him, but his bank is just getting under way, and has but recently settled with the lobby, besides having paid a draft of \$10,000 from the Post Office at Washington." "Well, then, go to Nevins; tell him to discount Western notes at two per cent. for a while." "We have done so, but he cannot redeem more than \$50,000, and then wants a guarantee." "Call in the Canal fund to your aid." "We intend to try that as a last resort; but can you give us nothing?" "Nothing at all — at all. Yes, stop; by the powers, I can give you a glass of good Manhattan water." "Thank you, Marquis, most kindly; we have already the 'premonitory' symptoms, and if we drink

your water we shall infallibly collapse! Good morning."

Robert White detested the Bank of New York, though it was the oldest in the city, and the oldest (except the Bank of North America in Philadelphia) in the United States. It was organized and went into operation in the month of March, 1784. Being unincorporated, the stockholders were individually liable in their several persons and estates for any obligations the bank should assume.

Repeated applications were made to the Legislature at Albany for an act of incorporation, which were as often rejected, until the Legislature of 1791 passed a law in the form of a charter, commencing on the 21st of March of that year, to endure until the second Tuesday of May, 1811. Since that period the charter has been twice renewed.

I have alluded on several occasions to the Earl of Sterling, so called, who was a general in the Revolutionary War. His mother was a very enterprising merchant of this period, and kept a shop. Her stock of goods was sold off when she died, in April, 1730. When she married James Alexander she was the widow of David Provoost, known in his days as Ready Money Provoost, a man of strict integrity in his dealings, and was, from this circumstance, the executor or administrator of a great number of cases. He left two sons, John and David Provoost. The latter did not survive his mother, the Widow Sterling, who kept store until she died, in 1760.

By her second marriage she had several children. One was Mary, the wife of Peter Van Brugh Livings-

ton, an eminent merchant in this city. She was his second wife. His first was the Widow Ricketts. Mrs. Mary Alexander Livingston was, of course, sister to Lord Sterling. Mrs. Alexander had another daughter, named Elizabeth, who became the wife of John Stevens; likewise Susanna and Catharine; possibly those may have been by her first husband, David Provoost. At any rate, her son, William Alexander, the grandfather of William A. Duer, was by her second marriage, and he is represented to be the legitimate Lord Sterling. There is, however, a very different version as to the decision of the House of Lords, which is to be found in a work, "History of Civil Wars in America, Published in London 1780," page 342, which says: "When the cause was tried by the House of Lords, and the claim rejected, the Lords forbidding him (William Alexander) to assume the title, on pain of being led round Westminster Hall, labelled as an imposter."

The Provoost family is an old one in this city. In common with their Huguenot brethren and the Dutch inhabitants, they had no sympathies for the Catholic church; hence they took a very active part in the Revolution in this city in 1689, and several of the name held important military and civil stations under the administration of Lieut. Governor Leister, who was executed in a garden where the hotel of Richard French stands, and directly opposite the *Leader* office.

The arrival of Governor Stoughton, who executed Leister in 1691, drove the most prominent Leister men out of the city, until the arrival of Governor Belmont, in 1698. He appointed David Provoost to the Mayor-

alty of the city of New York in 1699. He had a son, Samuel Provoost, who in turn had many children. Among them was John, who was born in 1713, and afterwards became one of the most celebrated merchants of New York city, about 1742. He was so wealthy that he was able to give a splendid education to his son, Samuel (afterwards Bishop) — a collegiate education, both in this city and in England.

Merchant John Provoost married Eve Rutgers, one of the loveliest lassies of the city in her day. Her eldest son was Samuel (the afterwards Bishop), who was born the 26th of February, 1742, in New York.

It is a curious fact of old New York, that merchant John was not only careful to record the exact hour and minute of this child's birth (and of all his other children, and he and his wife Eve had several), but he also set down the aspect of the heavens at the moment the birth took place. He had this child Samuel christened in the Reformed Dutch church, by Domine Dubois, in the Dutch language, for old merchant Provoost belonged to the church. When the son Samuel joined the Episcopalian church does not appear. Probably he became converted while in an English university. He left his playground in New York when he was nineteen years old, in 1761. He had entered Columbia College, King's College then, as it is King's (Charles) College now, 1864. He understood French and Italian. At Cambridge, England, Benjamin Bonsfield was a fellow-student of young Provoost. They were great friends. Mr. Bonsfield was the only son of Thomas Bonsfield, a man of large estate, and then the only banker in the city of Cork, Ireland. This son was afterwards cele-

brated in the Irish House of Commons, and as Sheriff of the County of Cork during the great political contentions of Ireland. He was a literary man, and entered the field with Edmund Burke, and wrote a pamphlet in reply to one by the great orator.

About this period, the widowed mother paid a visit to Cambridge with her daughter. Young Provoost fell in love with the sister of his friend Bonsfield, and on the 8th of June, 1766, they were married. In December of that year, he and his lovely Irish bride arrived in this city. St. Paul's church had just been built, and he became an assistant minister of Trinity, and had charge of the chapel. In 1766, he paid a visit to Ireland with his wife. Not so easy a task as now. When the war broke out he took a decided stand against Great Britain, as any man with a pretty Irish wife, whose father and brother had been members of an Irish Parliament, would have done. Of course Trinity church sent him adrift, as it was governed by Tories. He bought a place up in East Chester. In 1777, he was called to go to St. Michael's Church in Charleston, but he did not go. When the British evacuated New York in 1784, the new Whig Vestry elected him its rector.

He inherited the country place near the "four mile stone," on the East River road, since the property of the Pearsall family. In 1787 he was elected the first Bishop of the New York Episcopate, and was consecrated in England by the Archbishop of Canterbury: he was the first American Protestant bishop consecrated. In August, 1799, he lost his wife, who died after being ill a long time. In July following he lost his youngest and favorite son, by a distressing death. His

only surviving son so conducted himself that the father was very unhappy, and he resigned as Bishop in 1800.

About 1812 he ceased to be rector of Trinity church, and moved out of the "Parsonage," or rector's house, which then stood on the southwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, where the *Sun* building now is. He was found dead in his bed at his house in Greenwich street on a September morning in 1815.

He left a son and two daughters.

I have before me a rare book. It has the coat of arms of the Bishop, and his full signature, written in a bold hand. It is entitled "The Form and Manner of Making and Ordaining and Consecrating Bishops, Priests and Deacons, according to the order of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America. New York; printed by Hugh Gaine, at his book-store and printing-office in Hanover square, MDCCXCIII." Pasted on the fly-leaf are the two following notes:

In addition to the congratulation of the owner of this book, he would beg Bishop Elect Wainwright to accept a copy of the first edition of the "Ordinal of the Church," it being the copy used by the bishop elect's earliest predecessors when conferring orders.

NEW YORK, Oct 2nd, 1852.

In the bishop elect's handwriting, is the following:

MY DEAR SIR—Accept my sincere thanks for your kind attention. You and I have known each other many years, and I hope and trust the event to which you allude, will only tend to increase our mutual regard. I shall value very highly the interesting book which you sent me: should it please the general church to confirm the act of our convention, I shall, please God, use it in appropriate offices. I shall be thankful for your prayers, that God would enable his unworthy servant to discharge the duties of his high office, so as in some measure to promote the well-being of his church. I am, dear sir, most sincerely,

Your friend and servant,

JONA. M. WAINWRIGHT.

NEW YORK, Oct, 5th.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nathaniel & Harvey Weed were large dry goods merchants. They commenced in ———, and flourished for many years at No. — Pearl street, near Maiden lane.

Nathaniel was the oldest. He was very distinguished as a merchant as early as 1815. In so much, that the keen eye of Lawrence Salles made him (N. Weed) executor of his estate above all of his numerous acquaintance. I knew him in 1820.

The firm existed until ———, when it was succeeded by the sons of the different partners. Nathaniel retired to his native place, Danvers, Connecticut; and his brother Harvey to Newburgh, New York. Nathaniel was at one time President of the North River Bank, with Peter A. Jay (son of John Jay) and other distinguished individuals. In fact, N. Weed at that time was one of the noblest commercial representatives of Connecticut in this city. I believe he is still alive, enjoying a green old age. Not so with Harvey, who, it was said, had several lovely daughters, who from some cause are not given in marriage. He was a fast liver.

Naming Peter A. Jay, brings to mind the Jay family. Peter was the honest lawyer. The family are descended from a Huguenot family.

Harvey was a good dry goods man, though not as staid or substantial as his brother: but they made a strong team. Nathaniel's sons succeeded, and are in business now.

Weed at one time had \$600,000 of paper as executor of Salles's estate; every dollar of it was paid.

Peter A. Jay lived at No. — Broadway, below Canal. It formed a part of Chief Justice Jay's estate. I remember the house well. It was alone, and stood some distance from the stone bridge that crossed Canal street. I attended his funeral from that house about 1836. The body was taken to St. John's Church. The dwelling-house was crowded with mourners. The property is of immense value.

I wrote about David and William Underhill. David married Elizabeth Mott. She was sister of Dr. Henry Mott, who lived a long time at No. 259 Pearl street, and then moved to No. 345 Broadway, where he died about 1838.

William Underhill was their son. He married Sarah Stoddart, a daughter of Robert Stoddart. Her mother was Sarah Coles, and she was a sister of John B. Coles, of whom I have written a lengthy sketch.

Doctor Henry Mott, above alluded to, was father of the celebrated Dr. Valentine Mott, so long our first surgeon. Dr. Henry had five brothers, who were all merchants in this city, viz: William, John, Samuel, Benjamin, and Joseph; and all but John had families.

Dr. Valentine Mott is too well known, by even this generation, to require anything to be said about him by me. He had a brother, named John W. Mott, who died many years since. He was a hardware merchant

at No. 253 Pearl street, and was very eminent in his day. Samuel Mott left two or more sons. Two of them formed the celebrated firm of William F. & Samuel Mott, the founders of the dry goods commission business in this city. Both Dr. Valentine and William F. Mott are still living.

William Underhill left a son, who has been a large drug merchant since 1822, a period of forty-two years. He is now at No. 183 Water street, and is the oldest druggist in the jobbing trade in this city.

I mentioned in a previous chapter that George Griswold loaned George S. Robbins capital. I was mistaken. No one loaned him capital. He accumulated rapidly on his brokerage or discounts. There are many characters I have not yet reached. One is old John H. Talman ; Francis Mann, who was brought up in Fletcher street by Andrew Bachus & Son ; William & Gerardus Post ; Ichabod Pratt & Son ; T. B. Wakeman ; and Philo L. Mills, the polished man.

John H. Talman is now eighty-six years old. He is still one of the most active financial and capable business men in the city. He is daily in Wall street, from which he walks to his residence in Nineteenth street, near Fifth avenue. For nearly half a century he was an extensive merchant in dry goods, and his operations in cotton were larger than any other merchant of his day.

He was cotemporary in business with many of the "Old Merchants," with whose history I am so familiar.

Mr. Tallman's memory is wonderfully retentive. He can give names and dates, with facts and figures, of surprising minuteness ; and in detail of events which oc-

curred fifty years ago, or even before that period of time. Mr. Talman married a Miss Somerindyke, a daughter of one of the old Dutch settlers on the upper part of the island. He owned a large farm, much of it now being occupied by the Central Park. When the father died, the farm was divided among the children ; all of whom, except Mrs. Talman, are dead. Of course she inherited large real estate, which has become of immense value. The Central Park Commissioners gave him \$80,000 for one piece ; and now Mrs. Talman holds, in her own name, an entire block on Fifty-ninth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, in front of the Central Park. It is a mass of stone, and covered with Irish shanties. Some years since Mr. Talman was offered \$450,000 for it, but having no use for the money, he declined to sell it. Since then he has paid assessments to the extent of \$20,000 cash for sewers, opening and grading streets, about his property. Between Sixtieth and Sixty-second streets, on the North River, are four blocks, all enclosed in one lot belonging to Mr. Talman ; in the centre of which, in fine repair, stands the old country seat of Mr. Talman, which he built over half a century since. Very near it is Jacob Barker's old residence. He and Mr. Talman were great friends, and continue to be so during their advanced ages, for Jacob is over ninety. As an evidence of the wealth of Mr. Talman, I will mention that he has a mortgage of \$60,000 on the new brick block on Fourth street and Broadway, occupied by Cox & Co., jewellers, and recently by Chickering's piano-forte warehouse. He was also a mortgagee of \$150,000 on the old State Prison block, up town, on the west side. These are

specimens of some of the large loans made within the year. He has stock in nearly twenty banks, owns an almost endless amount of bonds, small mortgages, railroad, insurance, and other stocks.

Now all these large and complicated estates he manages personally, and with rare fidelity and spirit. He is a man of wonderful probity and care, and in all the characteristics of diligence, faithfulness and honesty, he has no superior. Mr. T. has three daughters, two married and one single, at home with him and his wife, who is old and very feeble. You will see Mr. Talman almost every day in Wall street. He is a small, stout man, with a white cravat; affable, kind-hearted, and ready to tell any amount of reminiscences.

Somerindyke Talman had a daughter (Barenlo) resident here, who married Judge Barenlo, of the Supreme Court. He died some eight years since, and last October she was married again to Mr. Winthrope Atwill. He resides in Poughkeepsie in the summer, and in the city during the winter.

Aside from the wealth of Mr. Talman, he is an exceedingly interesting and curious old gentleman.

In the olden time, sixty and over years ago, the firm was Peter & John H. Talman. When that house was dissolved, John H. continued on his own account. He received immense quantities of cotton from the South, on consignment.

I have alluded to the fact that he married Miss Somerindyke. She had two brothers, George and Hyde, and one sister. They were joint heirs to the Somerindyke property. I think there were 340 acres, and I believe it lay about Thirty-fifth to Forty-fifth streets. I

think, in 1816, the property of 304 acres, was valued at \$1,000 an acre, or \$320,000. Of course, the quarter share of Mr. Talman was \$80,000.

It was proposed to sell the estate, but George and Hyde were not willing. They wanted to go into business in the city. They did so with John Buckley. He was from New Haven. The firm was Buckley, Somerindyke & Co. In order to raise money to go into business, the brothers mortgaged their share of the property for \$27,000 each. They put in \$54,000. In the spring of 1818, the concern failed, as did many others. In fact, out of twenty-two neighbors, twenty failed. The mortgage was foreclosed on their half of the 320 acres, and did not sell for enough to pay the \$54,000! At this sale, John H. Talman bought a large share, which he added to that already owned by his wife. The property was afterwards valued at \$1,000 an acre. Mr. Talman owns still 1,000 lots of this property. He has never touched a dollar of that belonging to his wife.

Mr. Talman had a son, Henry, who married in Mobile. He died there, leaving two daughters.

Mr. Talman never failed in business. Most merchants do fail. He is close in some matters, and he is liberal in others. I have alluded to his wonderful memory. He will recite to you any chapter or verse in the Old or New Testament.

I believe both of the Somerindykes are dead. George left children. The other sister of Mrs. Talman, married over in the Bowery, is rich.

I wrote of William Neilson, a great merchant in his day, as was his father before him, under the firm of William Neilson & Sons. In after years he was great-

ly distinguished as an insurance manager, by reason of his practising the rules of having in alphabetical order, the description of all ships and vessels of any size or note, by whom, when and where built, and so forth. He possessed extraordinary assiduity. He always had a premium commensurate to the risk, and thereby sustained his company, the American Insurance Company. Previous to his successful time, marine insurance capital had been very uncertain. Mr. Neilson so arranged his rules and the rates of insurance, that the American Company, at the head of which he was for several years before he retired, paid its stockholders twenty per cent. every six months, and so popular was his theory that one of his proteges, Walter R. Jones, a Long Island boy, eclipsed all his competitors on the marine race-course, as for several years before his death he not only had his choice, but actually monopolized, or rather engrossed, most of the marine insurance, and much of it he retailed out to his new and less known neighbors. Mr. Jones left an imperishable name for probity and frankness of demeanor. He never married. He educated his nephew, a son of the late John H. Jones, of Cold Spring, L. I. The nephew succeeded his uncle, and is now, I believe, successfully prosecuting the business his uncle bequeathed to him, in the same insurance buildings his uncle erected, which is an ornament of individual enterprise.

The late Peter Schermerhorn was one of the founders of New York's rapid rise to eminence. I think, as early as 1800, he conducted an extensive ship chandlery business in Water street, between Peck slip and now Beekman street. He erected that block of stores still ex-

isting opposite that side of the Fulton market extending from Front street to South street, and was in many other ways a valuable citizen. He died, I think, about 1820, leaving a large property (for that age). A son of his was many years conducting the business his father bequeathed him, in company with Schemerhorn & Banker. In the same store Peter Schemerhorn laid the foundation of his (at that time) immense estate by that plodding, unwavering course peculiar to the Knickerbocker or Saxon race, of which Mr. Schemerhorn was a descendant. His son was many years one of Cornelius Hyer's greatest auxiliaries as a director in the Bank of New York, that old time-honored institution, and which but a short time since lost its last old manager. Mr. Halsey was one of its olden time advisers. In the commercial crash of 1837, the honorable merchants of New York made urgent appeals to the bank for aid, which induced the bank managers to meet for deliberation relative to the much complained of mercantile distress. In the course of different ideas expressed by managers of the different banks, most of them expressed a kind of sympathy by each declaring that their bank would do all it could to relieve the honorable merchants. Mr. Hyer perceived that the non-committal of most of his colleagues, would end in nothing of any use being done. Up to this time Mr. Hyer had been merely a looker on in Venice, but now promptly responded. "The Bank of New York," said he, "will discount a certain amount named, and withal said figures will not lie." That was so emphatic, that it became a by-word in mercantile circles, in after time, arithmetical "figures will not lie."

CHAPTER XX.

The name of Lee has been found among the commercial ones of our city almost since its formation. There are several distinct families, but, if I am not greatly mistaken, most of them are descended from a family that came out to Massachusetts with the Pilgrim Fathers. The Lees in England were an old race for centuries. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Woodstock," has rendered it immortal in the old loyal knight, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchely, and his sweet and gentle daughter, Alice.

In our own Southern land, Virginia, Lee has been a famous name. It was borne by great men in the Revolution, as the house of Lee was altered to that of Washington. Even now, one of them perhaps holds in his hand the destinies of a continent, for God alone can tell who shall be victor when the great battle that is to be fought within a few months within sight of the Capital, shall come off. Until Lee and his hosts are captured or dispersed, there is no use of talking or dreaming that this cruel civil war is over. I now return to the merchants named Lee, of this city.

Gideon Lee I have written about. He was a leather merchant; was Alderman and Mayor. There are others who have been in our city councils — worthy

men, too. Thomas R. Lee, who was once Assistant Alderman of the Eighth, while Frederick R., a merchant, too, was Alderman of the Seventeenth Ward for many years.

This sketch will be devoted to another branch of the Lee family, that has made its mark here among the dry goods and importing merchants. What a house Lord & Lee's was many years ago! The house for years did an enormous business. The ticket on its imported goods of the name of the firm went into every village in the States. They did a business that was enormous in those days, say \$800,000 worth of goods sold, as then they used to make a profit of 20 to 25 per cent.

The founding of that house was in this way. Old Dr. Lee of Berlin, Conn., was a physician of extended practice. He had three sons: William E. Lee, Benjamin F. Lee, and Allen C. Lee.

Benjamin F. came to New York first, I think, and clerked it with David Adee for some time. I believe Allen C. came here a little earlier. In 1817 I think one of them was with the firm of Lord & Olmstead, wholesale dry goods men, at 172 Pearl. The partners at that time were Ralph Olmstead and Rufus L. Lord. The firm was started in 1817. They kept together as late as 1822, at 128 Pearl street, and then dissolved. Ralph went into business upon his own account, and Mr. Lord took in B. F. Lee, under the firm of Lord & Lee. Shortly after Rufus left it, and Thomas Lord came in, as well as Allen C. Lee, and the firm became famed as Lord & Lees.

Allen C. Lee attended to the business in New York, and his brother, Benjamin F. Lee, went abroad to pur-

chase goods for the firm. He resided abroad nine years. Before he left the United States he formed another kind of partnership. He married Jane, one of the beautiful daughters of the Widow Patience Lawrence, widow of John Lawrence, a merchant who died in 1817, leaving a fine family. Miss Jane was a very lovely girl and a great belle. Her portrait was the famous "White Plume," painted by the celebrated Ingham. He dated his fame from the painting of that superb portrait. It was his best picture. It is still in the possession of the family of Mr. Lee. It was engraved and published in the "Magnolia." Mrs. Lee had other sisters equally charming with herself. Louisa married John Campbell, Julia married John P. Smith, and Patience married Timothy G. Churchill, the President of the Columbia Fire Insurance Company. The latter bore the same good old-fashioned name as that of her accomplished mother, Widow Lawrence. Her house was a favorite resort of the best people in the city. She was a sister of the celebrated Recorder Richard Riker. She had sons, Madison and Samuel. She lived to the good old age of 73, and died Feb. 22, 1851, respected by everybody.

I now return to Benjamin F. Lee. He and his lovely wife went abroad shortly after their marriage. Mr. Lee was very clever in business. He had great taste in selecting goods and drafting designs, and this fact did as much for the house in New York as anything else to increase their sales of these tasty goods.

Allen C. Lee, the brother that remained in New York to manage the business, was one of a million. He married Miss Pray. She is still alive, and is the mother

of Wm. P. Lee, the lawyer, and two daughters. One married John T. Smith, who ran for Judge a short time ago. The other married Mr. Ward, a merchant in St. Louis. There was never a better business man than Allen C. Lee. He was beloved by everybody. He was one of the founders of the Mercantile Library Association, and George S. Robbins was the other. They were very intimate. As a salesman A. C. Lee had no equal. He was genial, and had a suavity of manner that placed him at the head of the Pearl street large merchants. He had not his peer. He was a very handsome man also.

In 1830 the firm of Lord & Lees changed, and the partners scattered. Rufus L. Lord and David Addoms formed the firm of Lord & Addoms at No. 48 Exchange place, Edward Lord & Co. No. 46 Exchange place. B. F. and A. C. Lee at No. 52 Exchange place, and Lee & Savage at No. 50 Exchange place. These firms were all christened together. Allen C. lived at No. 61 Murray street, with his brother. He died in 1830. After the death of his brother, B. F. Lee moved up to No. 33 Bond street, then becoming a fashionable street, in 1821. He took in this year Mr. Babcock, and the firm became Lee & Babcock. Wm. E. Lee continued in the firm of Lee & Savage, next door to No. 52 Exchange place.

Before the great fire of 1835 swept through Exchange place, sweeping all before it, Lee & Babcock had removed to No. 54 William street, thus escaping. David N. Lord was burned out at No. 50, and Edwin Lord & Co. at No. 52.

William Elliot Lee was another brother. He was, as

I have said, of the firm of Lee, Savage & Co. He was educated for a physician, and was a very accomplished man. He removed to Syracuse after he left business. There he died. He left several children. One of his sons, I believe, is in the army; another is a physician, and two others are in business somewhere. He left two daughters. One married Mr. Warner, an editor at Hartford; the other is unmarried. Doctor Lee was one of the handsomest men in New York in his day. He stood six feet high, and was well proportioned. He was in business in New York city full twenty-five years before he moved to Syracuse.

Rufus L. Lord, one of the first partners, is still alive. He is a bachelor, and owns a fair share of Exchange place. He had a brother named Eleazer Lord. He was President of the Erie Railroad at one time, and was very prominent in getting it up. He resides at Piermont.

Thomas Lord was a partner of Lord & Lees from 1822. He married a daughter of Elbert Anderson. The old Elbert was famous in 1798. He was then the leading cabinet-maker of New York, and had two places of business — one at No. 3 Courtlandt street, and the other at No. 7 Barclay street. In 1800 he took his son Elbert into business, and the firm became Elbert Anderson & Son. In the war of 1812 the old Elbert lived up in the Bowery, at No. 189, and the young Elbert became a great army contractor. The son of the last was the celebrated Professor Anderson, of Columbia College. His sister was Mrs. Thomas Lord. Elbert, the father, had an elegant country seat upon the Sound. He had several sons, Elbert Jr. (grandson of the former

Elbert), Henry D. and Charles E. who married a daughter of Thaddeus Phelps, a famous shipping merchant, to whom I have frequently alluded. Thomas Lord was President of the Columbia Marine Insurance Company. He is now its Vice President. He has several children. One is Thomas Lord, Jr., who was aid-de-camp to General Dix. Thomas Sr. was prominent in Lord & Lees.

After the death of Allen C. Lee, B. F. Lee dissolved that house, and took into partnership Paul Babcock, and the firm became Lee & Babcock. He was from Stonington, and he managed the business in New York for some years while B. F. Lee was in Europe. He was a very smart business man. I think previous to his being with Mr. Lee, he had been an importer of cloth, and at one time, an auctioneer of woolen goods. After B. F. Lee dissolved with Babcock, he was in Wall street for some time, and a heavy operator in that street. In 1840, he formed a partnership with Ulyss B. Brewster, under the firm of Lee & Brewster. The latter had been of the firm of Brewster, Solomon & Co., clothing merchants. He married a niece of Mr. Lee.

When Mr. Lee dissolved with Brewster, Johnson P. Lee took his place, so that the firm was not changed. J. P. Lee was one of another family. I think from Massachusetts. He was of the celebrated firm of Lee, Powell & Co. at one time, and was regarded as one of the most promising dry goods merchants in New York. He married a daughter of old Dr. Spring, the clergyman. He had two brothers, George Washington Lee, who was of the firm of Seaman, Lee & Ward, and Lorenzo P. Lee. I have often wondered what became of

the last. I was at his wedding, when he married Alice somebody at Dr. Milner's Church.

Johnson P. Lee was an intimate friend of Seneca Stewart, a famous silk merchant, who boarded many years at the City Hotel, afterwards at the Astor House, and died in distress. He was a great wit, and an immense favorite upon the town for many years.

J. P. Lee was killed on the Hudson railroad.

Benjamin F. Lee, after he retired from Lee & Brewster, went into the manufacturing of India-rubber. He bought a patent of Goodyear, and was of the firm of Lee & Judson. They erected a large manufactory at Fishkill, and finally started the New York Rubber Company. It has been very successful. Mr. Lee is a man of marked intellect. He has an original mind, and is a good thinker as well as extensive reader. He is a very active man. I suppose he is sixty-three or sixty-five years old. He has three sons and one daughter, Allein, named as near as possible after a son named Allen, that he lost. She bids fair to be as faultless as her lovely mother, the White Plume. One son is B. F. Lee, Jun., a promising young lawyer. John L. is a physician, and William Elliot, the younger, is at Andover.

There was a famous set of merchants in Pearl street about thirty years ago. I have not had as much to say about them as I might have done. Many came here from Connecticut, and were remarkable men; and they have contributed greatly to the growth and prosperity of the city. They sold for notes to their customers, or some of them that had capital opened book accounts, and so kept on for years.

CHAPTER XXI.

In looking over some files of the London *Morning Herald* twenty-five years ago (1839), I find that a person claiming to be the Earl of Stirling was arrested on a charge of forgery. I allude to it, as it is of interest to those who have read the Old Merchants, and those who claim to be the descendants of *our* Earl of Sterling. The person arrested in London was Alexander Humphreys, but what the nature of his claim upon the title could have been, I cannot state. He averred in the most solemn manner that he was descended in a direct line from a younger son of the first Earl of Sterling, who was raised to the peerage by that title in 1633. The title became extinct, according to the Peerage Book, in 1739. In 1760 it was claimed by William Alexander, to whom I have alluded, the father of our Lord Sterling, who fought in the Revolutionary war as a Revolutionary general. I have never seen any evidence that Mr. Alexander took any steps to establish his title. He claimed as descendant of an uncle of the first earl.

Here is what relates to the arrest of Humphreys, the claimant of the title in 1839:

“The defender in this case was served heir to his great-great-great grandfather, William Earl of Sterling,

in 1831, according to the usual form in Scotland, by which he proposed to take up two successions, the Scottish earldom, and large territories in America, comprising Canada and part of Nova Scotia. Since that period the defender has claimed the title and honors of the Earl of Sterling, and has taken his place at the election of Scottish peers, and tendered his votes, which have always been received under protest. In 1833 the officers of state brought an action before the Court of Sessions, to reduce the services of the defender. A proof was allowed to both parties. In 1836 the Lord Ordinary (Cockburn) pronounced an interlocutor, reducing the said services; and, in a note subjoined, pointed out two steps or descents in the defender's pedigree which were not proved, and adding that the whole of his case depended on the genuineness of these two descents. The defender reclaimed against the Lord Ordinary's interlocutor, and previous to the case being put on the roll for advising, craved delay to make inquiries in regard to certain documents which, he averred, tended materially to strengthen his claim. The delay sought for was granted, and in 1837 the documents referred to were lodged, and tendered as evidence in the cause. The pursuers objected to their being received as evidence, and maintained that they were of a very suspicious character. They were said by the defender to be derived from two sources, one set from England, another from Paris. The former consisted of certain papers which had been sent in a packet to the defender's booksellers in London, accompanied with an anonymous note, stating that they had been found in a money-box which had been stolen from the house of the defender's

father, and returned after their discovery by the relatives of the thief. The Paris documents consisted of certain papers concerning the family of the defender, partly written and partly pasted on the back of an old map of Canada, by De l'Isle, 1703, which had come in a singular and mysterious way into the possession of Mdle. Le Normand, a lady who, as a sybil or diviner, had been mixed up in many of the intrigues of the Court of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine.

“The documents preserved on the back of the map are authenticated by the alleged signatures of Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, Fenelon, and by a note said to be in the handwriting of Louis XV., attested by Villeneuve, and other signatures, which the defender averred, and was prepared to instruct by proof, to be in the handwriting of the individuals mentioned. The defender, on the motion of the pursuers that he should be judicially examined with regard to the circumstances of the discovery of these documents, which precisely fill up the steps in the pedigree which the Lord Ordinary pointed out to be wanting, was brought before their lordships of the second division on the 18th December last, and examined at considerable length; the result of which, it appears, induced the pursuers to extend their investigations, more especially into the genuineness of the documents on the back of the map of Canada, which are now alleged to be forgeries. On suspicion of being accessory to the forgery of these documents, the defender was apprehended on Wednesday last, and has been undergoing examination previous to his commitment for trial, if the suspicions, so far as he is personally concerned, be not removed. If these doc-

uments be proved to be forgeries, not only are they various and extensive, but of an extraordinary character, and must have been designed and executed by impostors of rare talent, skill and dexterity."

The claim was rejected, but Humphreys was discharged, after a short imprisonment.

In writing about the Van Cortlandts and Whites some time ago, I made an error in regard to Richard Bayley. He was killed, but it was from the breaking of the harness when descending the Yonker Hill. It was Captain Bayard who was killed by the indignant blacksmith. I believe Mr. Bayley left a son, named Carleton Bayley, who is, or was until recently, traveling in Europe.

When I find anything of more value than I can write, I adopt it without comment. A letter, in the trembling but clear handwriting of one who was an actor in passing events sixty years ago, is really a treasure. Such I present below :

GRAND RAPIDS, Jan. 7, 1864.

WALTER BARRETT, Esq.—*Sir*: I am reading, with deep interest, the "Old Merchants of New York." Have read the second volume, in which you mention my beloved grandfather, Hugh Gaine, also his friend, Mr. McCormick. This has carried me back to the days of my childhood, and I cannot refrain from addressing you on the subject. I have a general knowledge of almost all you have referred to, and a personal acquaintance with a large number of the families you mention. You have made a few mistakes, but have been generally accurate, I think. The name of Bishop Moore was Benjamin, not Samuel. He was my grandfather's intimate

friend. You rightly state the fact of a vestryman of Trinity Church desired a man's position. My grandfather was also a governor of the hospital in New York as long as he lived, which was until April 25, 1807. Another mistake is Mrs. Pursell's age. She was married when I was a little girl — a companion of her niece, Almy Hicks. I was born 1791 — you state she was born 1799. You have a wrong figure.

My father, Anthony A. Rutgers, as well as my grandfather, were both original subscribers to the Tontine. My father's nominee is yet living — Miss Sarah Roberts — and as she, with my old friend, Mr. George Rogers, have the right letter, they may be in the No. 7 — an old maid and bachelor, both older than I am. My grandfather's nominee, Gov. Ogden, died some years since. As I was born in Pearl street, and brought up in my grandfather's family (my father's business being in the West Indies), I have a distinct recollection of our neighbors in both Pearl and Wall streets. Our nearest, Hull & Brown, druggists, and James Farquhar, wine merchants; Berry & Rogers, father of George (the store was in Pearl street, although the dwelling was in Beaver street), Biddy & Rutgers, auctioneers, opposite; Mr. McCormick, Mr. Danbury, John Jones, wine merchant, Mr. Buchanan, Mrs. White (whose daughter, Charlotte, was a belle at that time), in Wall street. The Winthrops and Delafields also had handsome dwellings there. Such a crowd of memories rush to my mind that I am almost bewildered, and must adopt some method to give you information.

First, my reverend grandfather claims my attention. He was born in Belfast, Ireland; came to America,

was employed by Mr. Parker, then King's printer ; succeeded him in business ; married a Miss Robbins, sister of Mrs. Miner, whose husband and son were booksellers (their parents had a farm corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, where the Howard House was built) ; lost his wife, leaving a son and two daughters ; then married a Widow Wallace, who was a descendant of Rif. Van Doon, who was the mother of my mother and aunt, both of whom married brothers, Anthony and Herman Rutgers. Nicholas G., so long President of the Mutual Insurance Company, was another brother. There were sons of Anthony Rutgers, who married Gertrude, daughter of Nicholas Gouverneur, of Newark, N. J. Both my grandfathers were considered among the wealthiest inhabitants of New York. Grandpapa Rutgers owned the property where Franklin street now is, then Sugar-loaf, from a large sugar-house then located there. Old Mr. Lisenard, father of Leonard and Anthony, used to weep over me when a child, and tell me how my father had been defrauded. So it was with Grandpapa Gaine. \$80,000 were paid to clear the estate of debt, when the old gentleman knew of only \$14,000, for which he had become security for his partner, Philip Ten Eyck, as manager of a lottery, but the notes of the firm had been given without his knowledge. His partner was a well-meaning man, but easily influenced — was more sinned against than sinning. When dear grandpapa retired from business, Alderman Ten Eyck married into the Beekman family, kept open house, and ruined himself as well as his confiding partner.

We had left Pearl street and taken a house in Greenwich, owned by Captain Cosberry, under the same roof

with Mr. Rossier, opposite a long, low building, used as a circus, where Captain Harriet afterwards built; also, Isaac, Moses and Abraham Fernerhosne. On our side were Robinson & Hartshorn, Jonathan Townsend, and Mr. Holthausin. This year (1799) our illustrious Washington died. My father, from the bursting of a gun in his hand, on his voyage from Curacoa to New York, bringing on lockjaw, died at Bermuda, when I, the oldest, was eight years old; my youngest sister was born after his death. Then came to my beloved grandfather's knowledge the state of his affairs; we moved to a small house he had built, corner of Greenwich and Desbrosses streets, which he had rented from his old friend, the father of Mrs. Overing and Mrs. Hunter. This was made ground; he had filled up to Gaines' dock; there this old man died, esteemed by all who knew him. When neighbor to Rossier & Roulet, I became attached to the lovely daughters of Mr. Roulet, who are still my valued friends; they are living at Basle, Switzerland — the youngest is widow of Isaac Iselin, of the firm of DeRham & Iselin, whose sons, John and Adrien, are now in New York. When in affluence they resided near the Bowling Green, in a house built by Henry White, where Melin Moreau was their guest when the general returned to France.

I am surprised to see how I have scribbled to a stranger, and have not written half I intended. I fear this is hardly legible. I seldom write as much, but have been borne away by the remembrance of Auld Lang Syne. The days of childhood are present with me — my schoolmates — Le Roys, Edgars, Livingstons, Schermerhorns, Van Horns, Clarksons, Lennox, Doug-

las, Bleeckers, etc.—too many to enumerate — at the best school in New York, Mr. Priest's.

I cannot conclude without telling you something of my husband, Thomas Wickham, of Newport, R. I., to whom I was united in Saint John's Church, Varick street, in 1809. My husband was a shipping merchant in Front street, doing a very prosperous business to Havana, owning a number of vessels, until the embargo stopped it, ruined us and drove us from the city. His bookkeeper was a venerable man, father of Rev. Dr. Wyatt, of Baltimore. His clerk, Thomas Breese, afterwards Purser in the navy; a son of his, Randolph Breese, is now a Lieutenant in the Navy. I will not tax your time or my strength longer; but could tell you much more if I could see you. The present generation are rapidly passing away — in a few years there will be none left. I am the last of my family; am nearly seventy-three, write without spectacles, have the use of my limbs, my faculties not impaired; have had an eventful life, but have very much to be thankful for. If you think this worthy of notice, I will answer any inquiries you may wish to make. I shall continue to read what you may publish with undiminished interest, and identify myself with much that has passed away forever. Wishing you success in your researches,

Yours truly, C. M. WICKHAM.

P. S.—David Burnett, who was with Miranda, was a half brother of my father; his mother having married Doctor Russell, of Newark, N. J., by whom she had three sons. David was the youngest. He was the first President of Texas.

C. M. W.

The last, relating to one of the unfortunate men of Mirandas' expedition, reminds me of Mr. Elliott, the oldest printer in New York, who was a prisoner in the Expedition. He died a short time ago in Jersey City, at a very advanced age.

Hugh Gaine was a printer, and, as his granddaughter may well say, was one of the most remarkable, as he was one of the most valued citizens of New York.

Had Mr. Morgan lived, he would have done justice to the memory of Hugh Gaine. He was preparing a beautiful work, to have been called "Monuments in Trinity Churchyard." Each tombstone would have had a place, and a long sketch of the life of each person. Among the number was Hugh Gaine, and I know he had prepared a biography of him. Whether his son will publish this costly book, I do not know.

Mrs. Wickham is right about Mrs. Fanny Pearsall. She was born in 1779, and not 1799. But that is an error I will correct.

She is also right that her father, Anthony A. Rutgers, who had been a merchant of the Island of Curacoa, nominated Miss Sarah Roberts. She was born on the 23d September, 1783, and was the daughter of Robert Roberts, who was a famous netmaker, at 14 Hanover square, in those days — 1792.

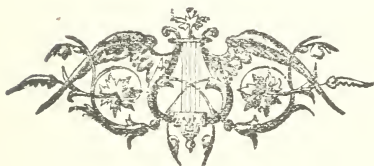
Old Anthony A. Rutgers was in business in Curacoa. His agent in the city was his brother, Nicholas G. Rutgers, of the firm of Rutgers, Seaman & Ogden, heavy merchants, at 79 Pearl street. The partners were Benjamin E. Seaman and Isaac G. Ogden.

I cannot write any more comments upon this letter, for fear of disturbing its effect. I have never received

a more interesting letter, and I know it will prove so to hundreds of aged people in this city.

In former years, I had much to do with Philadelphia shipping merchants, and sometimes went to Philadelphia twice a week. I built a fast sailing barque at Kensington, within a rod of the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. I at that time — thirty years ago — had very heavy transactions with the great house of Bevan & Humphreys. They did a large business in their day, and were men of high standing not only in that city, but throughout the commercial world. Mr. Matthew L. Bevan occupied a seat in the direction of the United States Bank, until its downfall; and this position gave him the command of large means and extended influence. His firm for many years, was Bevan & Porter; but Mr. Porter did not sustain a corresponding character to keep up the high respectability of the house, and Mr. May Humphreys was put in his place. But, in 1837, when the Bank of the United States shipped so largely of cotton to Liverpool, Mr. May Humphreys was sent there with a son of Nicholas Biddle, to act as agents in selling the cotton, which they did under the firm of Humphreys & Biddle; and, though the bank lost heavily on all its shipments, these agents made money hand over fist, and were able to return home with snug fortunes in a very short time — living since in fact upon their means; for May Humphreys is still living here as a private gentleman, his place in the house of Bevan & Humphreys being filled by his brother Sterne Humphreys; and it is the latter gentleman, as well as Mr. Bevan, who has departed this life. The Bank of the United States was the

great luminary which gave brilliancy and *eclat* to the transactions of Bevan Humphreys, and when that luminary ceased to irradiate the commercial horizon, the effulgence of this eminent firm speedily faded away.



CHAPTER XXII.

In the old times there was no name more eminent among the merchants of New York city than that of Mumford. It was originally a New England family, and came here about eighty years after the war. When the New England Society was formed for friendship, charity, and mutual assistance, in 1805, four Mumfords joined it — John P., Benjamin M., William C., and Gurdon S. Mumford. John P. and Gurdon S. were Assistant Counsellors to it, and I think G. S. was President at one time.

Previous to that time an older race was in business. In 1784, there was a firm of note — Murray, Mumford & Bowen. They kept upon Crane wharf. John B. Murray was an Englishman. He formed a partnership with J. P., who was from Newport. They were both clerks with Clark & Nightingale, eminent merchants. John B. was father of the present J. B. Murray.

David Mumford was in business about 1789, at Lupton's Wharf. He joined the Marine Society in 1780, as did Robinson Mumford.

In 1789 Murray, Mumford & Bowen were at 20 Peck slip, and did an enormous business. They were in the East India trade, and imported largely of hyson, souchong, and bohea tea. In 1790 the house dissolved,

and the firm was changed to John P. Mumford & Co., at the same place. Benjamin B. was the junior partner.

1791, David and Gurdon formed a partnership, under that firm, at 27 Front street. Gurdon lived at 37 William street, and so did his son, Gurdon S. Mumford; another son was W. C. Mumford, who, in 1795, was at business at 3 Pryor's wharf. At this time Murray & Mumford were in business again at 73 Stone street, John P. and Benjamin B. were the partners. The widow of Benjamin B. was alive in 1840, and lived in Barrow street. They left a son, John R. Mumford, who is now a heavy merchant in Pearl street.

B. M. Mumford commenced business in 1796, at 62 William street.

John P. was this year elected as a director in the New York Insurance Company.

D. & G. Mumford had been in business together at 168 Front street for many years, and up to 1798, when they dissolved. Gurdon kept the commission business at 37 William, and his brother David went to 239 Pearl. This year, 1800, I think old Gurdon died, and was succeeded by his son, Gurdon S., who for many years thereafter made his mark in New York life.

In 1801, David and his son, B. M. Mumford, did business at 30 Wall street.

I think David Mumford had a country place at New London, Conn. There, at least, his daughter Nancy was married to John T. Duryee, in December, 1797. Mr. Duryee was a merchant in this city at that time, and did a large business at 74 Pearl street, residing at 75 Broad. Duryee commenced business as early as 1794, and he continued under his own name for more

than thirty years. I believe he was the father of Col. Duryee, of the Seventh Regiment.

B. M. Mumford was in business at 19 Wall street, in June, 1802, when he married Miss Harriet Bowers, the youngest daughter of Henry Bowers.

Benjamin M. Mumford, in 1805, owned the three-masted schooner "*Orestes*." She was built for him in Baltimore. At that time he was an insurance broker, and had an office in the Tontine Coffee House. His house was at 340 Broadway.

David Mumford married the daughter of Thomas Pearsall. She died January 23, 1813, aged 48, and was buried from 231, the house I wrote about in a previous volume.

In 1807, B. M. became an insurance broker.

Tuesday morning, March 26, 1808, Peter Mumford, the eldest son of John P. Mumford, died after an illness of only twelve hours. He was twenty-three years old.

In 1806, John P. Mumford was elected President of the Columbia Insurance Company. His assistant was David Mumford. The latter resided at 51 Broadway, and Gurdon S. at 23 Broadway, though his store was still at 37 William street in 1809. I should have mentioned that Gurdon S. Mumford was elected to the 9th Congress for the city of New York in 1805. He took the place of Daniel D. Tompkins, who had been appointed Judge in the Supreme Court. Mr. Mumford took his seat in December 2, 1805. His colleagues were the celebrated Samuel L. Mitchell and George Clinton, junior. He was re-elected to the 10th and 11th Congress, and held his seat to March 3, 1811, a

period of six years. No man in the city was more esteemed than Mr. Mumford.

In 1810, David was elected President of the Columbia Insurance Company, and John P. of the Ocean Insurance Company. David in 1812 moved to his new residence No. 231 Broadway. This year, Gurdon S. was elected a director in the Bank of New York, then a great honor. In 1814, John P. Mumford went into business again, and the next year, his son John I. Mumford, went into business at 51 South street, under the firm of Mumford & Muir.

John I. was as well known to most of the readers as he was to the writer. He was born about 1792, in this city, at 131 Queen street (Pearl). At that time his father, John P., was of the celebrated firm of Murray & Mumford, and a princely merchant. John I. went to school in this city, and when old enough was sent to Princeton College, N. J. He there received a classical education. It was determined that he should be a doctor. He went to Europe, and was there when war was declared between England and this country. He arrived safe here, and volunteered in the militia of the city to defend it. He married a daughter of a celebrated merchant, Anthony Lispenard Underhill. One of John I.'s sisters married R. M. Blatchford. John I. had a daughter, who married William H. Seward.

After the peace in 1816, John I. gave up medical ideas, and went into business with Mr. Muir. They continued in business for two years.

In 1815 old David died.

While the war lasted, Gurdon S. Mumford loaned the Government \$20,000. In 1816 he became a broker

in Wall street, and was one of the founders of the Stock Board.

John I. Mumford kept on business after he dissolved with Muir, in Water street, as a produce broker. In 1821, his father, John P. Mumford, died. He was president of the Merchants' Insurance Company at the time.

In 1823, John I. formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Henry Underhill, at No. 1 Tontine Coffee House. The firm was Mumford & Underhill. John kept in business until 1828, when he became the editor of the *Mercantile Telegraph*.

John I., too, while in business was very active in starting new ideas. He originated the *Prices Current* (still continued), and the obtaining of news by express, news-boats, public reading room, &c.

Before the War of 1812, Murray & Mumford were largely engaged in foreign commerce, and suffered seriously from French depredations at the time that Bonaparte, then First Consul, promulgated the Berlin and Milan decrees, which the British Government undertook to retaliate by issuing the celebrated "Orders in Council." Claims were made afterward for these spoliation, and were allowed by the French Government, but never paid. John I. Mumford subsequently united with other leading merchants of this city in furnishing ships to the Navy Department at their own cost, when the Treasury could not meet the expense.

John I. Mumford also took a lively interest in political questions. Believing that the unchangeable principles of truth and right underlie all human affairs, although personal interests and temporary expediency

seem to undermine events, he was disinterested in his purposes and statesmanlike in his views of public policy. After some editorial experience in other journals, he became editor of the *Daily Standard*. He sustained General Jackson in his veto of the charter of the United States Bank, and the proclamation against the nullifiers of South Carolina.

His habits at this period of his life were of the most laborious character. He was often called to act as Deputy Collector of the port of New York, by reason of his accurate commercial knowledge. He also filled the office of secretary to the commission which was charged with the adjustment of our difficulties with Spain. He was, at the same time, engaged in arduous editorial duty, superintending the daily issues of the *Standard*.

What Democrat does not remember the gallant *Standard*?— with its motto, as the *Leader's* now :

“ Forever float that standard sheet,” &c.

Well, John was a trump. Old Jackson loved him. It was his only organ here in this great city after Webb betrayed him, and went over to the U. S. Bank.

Gen. Jackson wanted to do something for John, and one year sent for him to come to Washington. It was just before the annual message was to be delivered to Congress. “Colonel John, would it be of any use to you if you had a copy of my message to take on to New York with you,” said the President, kindly. “It would be, indeed, if I could print it in advance of any other paper, general.” “No, not exactly that; but I will tell you what I will do. You shall have a copy. Promise me the utmost secrecy, so as not to compro-

mise me, and I will give the copy to you. Start at once for New York. When you reach there, have it set up, and strike off as many copies as you think you can sell. The moment the regular copy reaches New York, you can throw yours upon the market — not a minute before." This was agreed to. It was an act of pure kindness, and John I. did not intend to deviate from it. Alas! there is no use of disguising the fact, John I. Mumford loved liquor, and it had the same effect upon him as it does upon many other clever persons. If he drank one glass, fifty followed. A tremendous reckless spree was sure to follow. It was a disease. John got safe to Philadelphia, stopped over night at the old United States Hotel, kept by Billy Dorance. He was drinking, and the next morning started early to drink again. He was pretty tight, and went into the barber's shop to get shaved. The talk among the intelligent customers gathered there, was about the President's expected Message. One said it would contain such recommendations about the bank; another said it would not. John I. took a hand. He said it would contain such sentences. He was laughed at. He got angry, took out the real article, and read from it. This was not convincing, for his audience believed he was lying. However, he got sober — got to New York — was ahead of all the papers. They got wrathful. This set the barber audience in Philadelphia to thinking. The result was several affidavits as to Mumford's reading a genuine Message. An explanation followed, and Gen. Jackson was outraged. He never tolerated Mumford from that day to his death.

John was in and out of the Custom House for several

years. He would keep right for months, and then break out again. In one of his outs, in 1849, this writer had started a dignified weekly under the title of *Examiner*, in company with our respected fellow-citizen. Henry Arcularius. The writer had to go to South Carolina to Fort Hill, suddenly called there by the great Statesman of the South. A story was being published by W. B. It had reached its ninth chapter. John I. was called in to finish it, which he did in one chapter, by giving the private life of the original author, myself. John was a prince of a man. He had his faults, but they concerned himself alone. A man who is so constituted that he must drink, when he gets-a-going is to be pitied. It is not a crime. Weak-minded persons never drink. It is only when the contrast between the great light and deep shade is greatest, that you find the out and out intemperate person.

Samuel Fowler took John I. Mumford to Port Jervis to edit a paper he owned there, called the *Tri-States Union*. John I. Mumford did it well, as he did everything else well. He was as sober as any judge in our city and county courts ever is. He exercised a considerable amount of political influence up to 1853, when he was a member of the Democratic State Convention in 1852. He was John I. Mumford to the last. He was never out of financial difficulty. He died from a wound in the hand.

As a merchant, Mr. Mumford rendered the city solid advantages. He served the Democratic party with pen and purse, faithfully and well, in times when it needed able friends. In his later years he was acknowledged to be a powerful writer whenever he took pen in hand.

He was honest. I have heard that after he got up to Connecticut he became pious and joined the church. If he had never drunk, I doubt whether he would ever have risen to a position higher than that of a successful wealthy merchant.

I now return to the Hon. G. S. Mumford. He was much respected. He was married and lived in Bleecker street. His widow, Letitia, is still alive, a venerable lady. He left several sons and daughters. One of the latter married Mr. A. F. Ransom, of the house of Ransom Brothers.

G. S. Mumford lived at 23 Broadway for many years, until 1824, and then he moved to Nassau, corner of Ann.

He had a son, T. V. Mumford. About 1823, T. V. kept a large lottery office at No. 200 Broadway.

Gurdon S. Mumford died at 15 Beekman street in 1830, and his funeral was one of the largest ever held in New York.

Samuel Jones Mumford, who married an adopted daughter of Butcher Henry Astor, was a son of David Mumford, I think. He was a lawyer, and quite a fashionable man. He was killed in a railroad car, between Albany and Schenectady; one of the flat rails got loose, flew up and pierced his body. He was one of the firm of Mumford & Carroll, attorneys. He was the finest specimen of the militia officer in the world. He did love good living, and for many years he boarded with Ned Windust, at his famous Athenæum Hotel, No. 347 Broadway, corner Leonard street.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There is a vast property in this city controlled by the heirs of Samuel Norsworthy. How few know anything about him — how few of the millions in this city at the present day, have even heard the name.

He came out to this city from England in 1794. He was of a good family in Plymouth. His sisters were very wealthy, and kept each an iron safe for their silver and jewels. They were old maids. There was a brother. After Mr. Norsworthy succeeded, he was once visited by a brother and sister. Mr. Norsworthy undoubtedly brought out a large sum with him to invest in New York property, for it is utterly impossible that he could have accumulated by merchandize the large sum that he invested in real estate. He went into business at 418 Pearl, under the firm of Norsworthy & Hall. His partner was James Hall, a worthy merchant, who after the death of Mr. Norsworthy in 1828, was one of his executors.

The concern of Norsworthy & Hall did a very heavy business until 1800. It was then moved to 436, and later, in 1804, to 432 Pearl. At that time, Mr. Norsworthy had a separate store at 95 Chatham street, where he lived. He dissolved with Mr. Hall in 1814, and kept on in the same place, 462 Pearl, until 1819. It is

a very remarkable circumstance that wherever he lived, he bought the place. In 1810, he moved to 39 Hudson ; he bought the property. The next year, in 1811, he moved to 57 Maiden lane, where he had purchased. He kept store there, and bachelor's quarters over it until 1813. In 1814, he purchased 174 Broadway, and moved his store to it. In 1815, he purchased 216 Broadway, and there he lived until 1818. He did not marry until late in life. He was born in 1769 ; came to this country when twenty-four years old ; married about 1814, when forty-five years old. He married into one of the old New York families — the Skidmores. Locality has much to do with marriages. Next door to the store of Norsworthy, at 462, in 1810, was that of Leonard & William Skidmore, No. 464 Pearl. They did a large dry good business. Leonard was also a partner of the house of Leonard & Lemuel Skidmore, large iron and steel merchants, at 167 Washington street. Lemuel had the loveliest daughter in New York. Her name was Frances. She captured the heart of the rich Englishman, and married him. She was seventeen ; he forty-five. It was a very happy marriage. It is a singular fact that the happiest marriages are those where the man is about twenty or twenty-five years older than his wife.

It is a wonder that our State Legislature has not taken up this subject philosophically, and legislated upon it. It would be a blessing to the State if an act was passed regulating marriage. No man should be permitted to marry under thirty-five years of age, and no girl under fifteen, and no marriage whatever unless the male was twenty years older than the female, and the latest

period allowed for marriage should be when the female reached forty-five and the male sixty-five. The penalty for a violation should be \$10,000 fine for each party, or ten years' imprisonment in State Prison. If such a law was enacted there would be no divorces, everybody would be happy, and in fifty years we should be the greatest race in the world. Washington was the child of a father who was forty-six when little George was born; and Mary, the mother of Washington, was only eighteen at that interesting period. Really, a man does not know anything of consequence until he is forty years old. At twenty-five, or under twenty-five, a man is extremely green, and is no more fit to be married than he is to edit a weekly newspaper.

I now return to merchant Samuel Norsworthy. He was rich when he married, had sown his wild oats, and was settled down. His beautiful and accomplished wife had some one to lean upon and to place confidence in, and it continued until he died. Two or three of his first children died early. I believe seven lived to grow up. All the daughters were extremely beautiful. There were three sons. All are dead now. All died unmarried. The eldest daughter was Ann Eliza. She married Teunis Bergh, Jr., who was at one time a partner of his brother, Christian Bergh, over at Corlear's Hook, sixty years ago. Chris. was a shipwright, and Teunis a carpenter, so they worked together. Teunis died many years ago; Christian lived years after. He had two sons, Edwin and Henry. The last is now Charge at St. Petersburg.

Teunis Bergh, Jr., who married Miss Norsworthy, was a celebrated merchant at the time he married. He

was then a wholesale grocer at No. 74 Courtlandt street. He was afterwards of the dry goods house of Bergh & Russell, in Broadway. His father died in 1839, and he died in 1850. He left several children. As they are heirs under the extraordinary will of old Samuel Norsworthy, their grandfather, I will mention them.

Fanny or Frances married William Shimman. Samuel Norsworthy Bergh was a handsome fellow, and was purser in the Charleston line of steamers. I do not think he is married. Sarah married a son of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church. The wife, Mrs. Taylor, was daughter of Joseph Manigault, of Charleston, and died recently. Mary is unmarried. Georgiana married S. P. English.

John and William were two sons of old S. Norsworthy. They died unmarried about 1840. They were both clever. John entered Columbia College when twelve years old, and graduated at sixteen. A third son, Samuel, made the tour of Europe. He died at sea on his return home, aged seventeen. All of them would probably have lived to a good old age, if they had been obliged to work and gain a living. But unfortunately their guardians, the executors of the will, cared nothing for them, and let them have all the money they wanted. It ruined them, and not one of the name of the proud and anxious old father is to be found.

Frances, another daughter, and one of the seven children, was as magnificent a creature as ever trod this city. She was very accomplished, broke many hearts, but never lost her own, and is now a very fine woman, but never married. She is immensely rich, and lives at 352 Fifth avenue, with her sister Mary

(Mrs. Shephard). She married Burritt Shephard, a naval officer. Caroline, another daughter, married Silas M. Stillwell. He made his mark in our political affairs some years ago. The Stillwell act is still remembered. He, too, was a merchant. I think he was once run for Governor, but was defeated. He is a clever man, though he once kept in his employ — at the time George Law was the American candidate for the Presidency, in 1856 — a dirty fellow named Baldwin, the meanest white man that ever grew in Jersey. But for that fellow, Law would have been nominated.

I need return to Silas M. Stillwell. The course of true love never did run smooth, and he had a long love campaign before he married Miss Caroline Norsworthy.

Old Samuel was a great believer in the English laws of entail. He was a shrewd man in that respect. He wished to provide for his children. He entailed his property so that it cannot be divided until the youngest grandchild become of age. I should like to know which grandchild that is. The will of Norsworthy was the last property entailed in this State. In 1828 and 1829, the Legislature abolished the law on account of the Van Rensselaer, and other great landholder difficulties. His executors were his brother-in-law, W. B. Skidmore, Robert C. Buntiss, James Hall, his old partner, and Andrew L. Halstead. They are all dead.

The will contained a clause something like this : “ If either of my daughters marry without the written consent of my dear wife and two of the executors of my estate, she shall forfeit all interest in my estate, and the interest shall go to the other heirs. Miss Caroline did marry Mr. Stillwell, without any such consent. The

widow Norsworthy was opposed to the match, and would not consent to it. So in Paris, at the residence of the American Ambassador, in presence of all the foreign ambassadors in Paris, S. M. Stillwell married Caroline Norsworthy. The old lady did not speak to the new married people for some years. The executors tried to have the sisters claim the forfeit of interest in property. Mrs. Bergh and Mrs. Shepherd both refused to do it. It was finally arranged, and Mr. Stillwell was restored to her rights under the will. I believe she has three children, and none are over fifteen.

Emeline, the seventh child, married Peter G. Sharpe, a son of the famous P. G. Sharpe. They are both dead. They left one child, a little girl, now about ten years old. It may be that she is the youngest grandchild.

When Samuel Norsworthy the son, died, his mother, the widow, went to Europe and spent several years.

In 1819, Samuel Norsworthy kept at 424 Pearl. That was his store. His house was at 68 Chatham. He moved from there to 195 Broadway in 1823, and had his house at 33 Chatham row. The next year he moved to 163 Fulton street, where he had bought a large property. It is still owned by the estate. He lived there until 1826, when he moved to the grand old mansion in which he died, 87 Nassau street. It is still standing, Nos. 75 and 77, though altered to lawyer offices. It was at one time occupied as a boarding-house by Mrs. Mix and Mrs. Trippe. In that house he died.

It was the pride of Mr. Norsworthy to say that not a brick of his was ever sold on mortgage. The property now amounts to millions—certainly two or three

millions. It is in Broadway, Chatham, Pearl, Fulton, Ann, Bowery, and all over the city. He was a great walker; rarely ever used a carriage. He was very domestic, always at home; never went out to balls or parties or to the theatre. He was a member of old Doctor Lyle's Church (Christ) when it was in Ann street, and bought the first pew when it was removed to the new church, in Anthony street. Doctor Lyle married him, and chirstened all of his children, and married all of his daughters. Mr. Norsworthy stood six feet two inches high, and was well proportioned. He wore a low-crowned hat, made by Dando. They made his hats for thirty years. When he arrived here he found Mary Dando, the widow, living at 166 William street, where she kept a china store. In 1798, Stephen Dando started a hat store at 3 Maiden lane, where his mother resided. Next year Stephen took in his brother Sam at No. 11 Maiden lane. Stephen made the first hat for Mr. Norsworthy in 1798, and Samuel, who outlived his brother, made his last hat in 1828. Mr. Norsworthy never wore an overcoat or a pair of glasses during his long life. He smoked twelve cigars a day, and no more. At 9 P. M., he smoked his last, and went to bed at 10. Everything he touched he turned to gold.

The agent of the estate now is Richard Amerman.

Mr. Norsworthy and the late William Wilmerding were very intimate. They were always joking each other and telling stories. They called each other Bill and Sam. On one occasion, Mr. Wilmerding was selling at auction houses and lots. Mr. Norsworthy entered the salesroom. "Ah, Sam, just in time; give us a bid."

"I don't want any more real estate; have quite enough now, Bill."

"Just give me one bid for old acquaintance sake, Sam."

Mr. Norsworthy gave the last and only bid made by him, and the property was struck down to him. It was then valuable property, always alluded to as 87 Nassau street. His bid was \$3,000; it is now worth \$100,000, if not more. He was an extremely witty man, but very dry and sarcastic. He drank but very little and then it was pure Holland gin. Three or four glasses a day was his utmost limit. He always made fun of the Skidmores, his brothers-in-law, and particularly of Robert.

It took a column to enumerate the banks, insurance companies and other incorporations in which he was a director. He was a very proud man, and he had a right to be so. He had no agent. He managed his own business, and was a man of undoubted integrity. He was always doing good to the poor. He gave away a fortune in charity every year. He never took a thing from a tenant, sued him, or gave him any trouble. He lost in this way loads of silver. One day he went home to his wife in great glee and said, "Ma, what do you think I have bought to day?"

"I don't know, but I hope you have not bought any more houses — we have quite enough."

"Well, I have bought a church this time."

So he had. It was in Rose street. The rent was always paid in pennies, from the Sunday collection, and was kept in kegs. The children used to play with them about the house. The clergyman in the church was

the celebrated Amos Broad. Mr. Norsworthy used to think he was a great scamp. One night it stormed badly, and there was nobody at the church except Broad's own wife and family. He took for his text, "Ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape from the wrath to come?" This, when it came to the ears of Mr. Norsworthy, tickled him mightily. Mr. Norsworthy would get on the floor and play horse with his children. They would all get on his back, and he would prance around the room and try to throw them off. He always loved his children tenderly, and they were ruined by his indulgence. He was always bringing home presents. Sometimes it would be diamonds, and at others costly laces. One day he carried home to his wife five point-lace veils. He bought her the first Leghorn Hat that was ever bought or worn in New York city. He paid \$100 for it.

It was a sad day for his family when he died. He had never had a day's sickness. It was Christmas, 1828, when he was taken. He had been to church. After dinner he proposed to his wife to go up as far as Bowery Cottage. He said "Marta,"—a pet name for his wife—"will you ride up to the Bowery—I will join you up there?" She did not go. He walked up. He fell down in a fit, and was brought home. Doctor Nelson, and other leading physicians, were sent for. The next morning,—Christmas morning—his death was upon the bulletin. Crowds poured up Nassau street, to his residence, to ask if it was really true. Dr. Lisle announced it from the pulpit, and he was too affected to preach the usual sermon. Old Samuel Norsworthy was dead. He was buried in the family vault

at St. Mark's Church. It has since been removed to Greenwood, and a monument, costing \$60,000, has been erected to his memory.

His wife lived many years after, and died 30th June, 1863. She left a large property and a will. She had nine costly camel's hair shawls, worth \$1,000 each. In her will she left three to three of her daughters, excluding therefrom the fourth, Mrs. Bergen, who had married a second time against her wishes. To each of the three daughters she left valuable furniture, and silver of great value. To her sister, Mrs. Forbes, she left \$1,000. She was the wife of the first librarian of the Society Library. He was succeeded in it by his son Phillip, who was also removed, and is now connected with the Merchant's Exchange. She left the bulk of her property to each of her three daughters—I believe \$30,000 to \$40,000. They all reside in palaces. To her other daughter, Ann, who had married against her will, she left \$500. I believe she resides in a tenement house. She married a second time Mr. Humphreys, who was once of the firm of Boyle & Humphreys, and I believe a partner of A. T. Stewart previous to that. At any rate, he was the leading clerk of Stewart many years ago, and was regarded as the handsomest man in the city of New York. Old Mrs. Norsworthy never spoke to her daughter after she married Humphreys, or to the two grandchildren by that marriage, although they are heirs of old Samuel Norsworthy. I believe the executors allowed the daughter \$550 per annum; yet to all the others the allowance is \$15,000 to \$20,000 each. There was a law suit about the matter some years ago, but I do not remember the details.

Silas M. Stillwell, of whom I have spoken as having married one of the daughters, spent \$60,000 a year at one time. Old Samuel Stillwell, who used to live once in the Bowery, was his uncle. Samuel and his wife lived in the Bowery for 40 years. They had no children. They adopted Eliza Taylor. She married Edward Doughty. They had a son, Samuel Stillwell Doughty. In 1860, there were five generations of the Stillwells living.

The Skidmores were a funny race. The brothers of Mrs. Norsworthy, Burtis and Robert, who were the executors of Samuel, were in the dry goods business and failed. Luckily for them, among the assets of old Samuel was a coal mine in Pennsylvania. This was a mine of gold to the brothers Skidmore. Burtis, who died a few years ago, left half a million of dollars. He had two children. One was William B., and the other was a daughter. She married Camanch, a Venezuelean and Secretary to Gen. Paez. His father left all his wealth to his son, and to Marian \$100. I believe the will was broken, and that the two children shared alike.

I do not know that I have written a chapter of Old Merchants that has had more of inside life in it than this. There are skeletons in every house. If I had known as much about the Norsworthy estate ten years ago as I know to-day, I would have made \$20,000 by it. I had a newspaper office, the *Pick*, in Ann street. It was in an old wooden building. I applied to Burt Skidmore about it. He was surly, and gave me no encouragement to take my chances and put up a building. A Dutch liquor merchant succeeded better, and put up a building that he rents for several thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I have in my portfolio a sketch of the large house of Spofford, Tileston & Co., for more than two years. I did not publish, for I had not completed it as fully as I desired to do. I should not bring it forward now, but for the fact that during the past few days two very remarkable occurrences have happened. One was the appearance on a Thursday of a portrait and life of Thomas Tileston, in a journal called *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, and the other was the death of Mr. Tileston on Sunday evening, apparently without a cause. I have no doubt in my mind that his death was partly, if not entirely, owing to the internal annoyance caused by the silly, foolish, in wretched taste article, so insulting to his worthy old partner of nearly half a century, Mr. Paul Spofford.

Mr. Tileston went to the office of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* and tried to buy up the copies. Mr. Dana would not sell them. He asked for only ten copies, and was refused. Freeman Hunt used to victimize the merchants by persuading them to write their lives and give him a portrait. I think this *levy* was \$250 each. Probably the present proprietors got a similar amount out of Mr. Tileston, indirectly if not directly. Mr. Dana is not a man likely to go to the expense of a steel

engraving of any merchant, and then write his life, for nothing.

Mr. Tileston was egotistic and vain. A sharp man could easily say to him, "Tileston, you have read those Old Merchant articles in the *Leader* and in book form; they will go down to posterity; let me write your life, and very likely the *Leader* people will copy it."

It was acceded to. Fancy the scribe, as he says, "seated at his own comfortable fireside, telling us some reminiscences of the past, &c."

The writer then wrote the sketch, as it appeared in the February number of *Hunt's Magazine*. I can fancy the horror that must have crossed the mind of Mr. Tileston when he read it in private. He must have seen in his mind's eye the mild reproof in the looks of his humble and unassuming partner, Paul Spofford: "Tommy, am I nobody, that in all the glowing pages recording your commercial greatness and grandeur, my name is only mentioned once, and that as having become your partner in 1818? Think, Tommy, of the thousands of instances that you would have sent our concern to the devil by your bold operations if I had not mildly kept you back, and often refused flatly to go into them?"

"Paul, it is disgraceful. I am very sorry the infernal sketch appeared, but I had paid for it, and I did not like to appear to back down from a literary bargain, or any other bargain."

"Tommy, it is all wrong. I feel hurt. Don't you know, too, how much we owe to partners? We had one in 1819, when we were down at No. 125 Pearl, where we started; and then, too, poor Howard, who is

dead and gone. Why, Tommy, if you did not let the writer man speak of poor me you might have wrote a few lines about them."

"It is all wrong, Paul. I did not know what was written exactly, for I did not wish to appear anxious, or have it said that I wrote it or furnished the information."

"Then, Tommy, to say that you did this, or Tileston did that, or Tileston did the other thing, why, Tom, you know I had as much to do with our commercial greatness and strength as you did. How could you forget that in 1822 we had a partner also? How could you say that the bright names of the Aspinwalls, the Grinnells and the Tilestons must live in the hearts of the people, a cherished remembrance for years and years to come, and yet my name was first in the firm. Why not also add the Spoffords and the Howlands, and the Goodhues and Boormans — or why did you pay for it?"

"Paul, I never wrote it. I wish it was in the sea."

"Then again, Tommy, you say 'they,' meaning Tileston & Aspinwall, sent their ships and steamers all over the world, and proved American greatness every where, and American wealth has been increased through the trade they have brought us, and shame, we say, on the officers of our Government to be shorn of its pride and honor by a few audacious privateers. Why, Tommy, we fitted out and built the "Nashville."

"I never authorized such trash to be written, Paul."

"Then, why did you pay for it, Tommy? You also say, Mr. Tileston extended his enterprise in a southern direction, and in 1823, became engaged in the South America and Cuba trade. Why, Tom, we had a com-

pany then, and were at 149 Water street, doing a commission business. You say Mr. Tileston built a number of schooners and brigs, among which we recollect the "Hesper," "Orient," "Francis," "Navaria," "Hellenport," "Casper," "Hanse," etc., and then built the "Havana" and "Christopher Colon." Tom, *we* — you and I, and our partner, built them on our own and on Boston and other accounts."

"It is shameful, I own up to the disgrace for a moment countenancing such unjust falsehoods, Paul."

"Then, why did you pay for them, Tommy? And then you say in the life 'we recollect Mr. Tileston's line of steamers, the 'Marion,' 'Columbia,' 'James Adger,' 'Nashville,' 'Southerner,' and 'Northerner.' Why, Tom, you know you did not, nor did we own but a small part of any of them, and in some not a dollar. Captain Berry owned a good deal. The 'James Adger' was all owned in Charleston, and so was the 'Nashville,' 'Spofford,' 'Tileston & Co.' We, you, and Howard were the agents."

"Paul, you will drive me to commit suicide if you go on."

"Then why did you pay for it, or allow your portrait to go in the wretched statement of falsehoods? Then to lug in all that stuff about your acquaintance with Dan Webster, and your visit to Marshfield, and the fish story. You know what that interesting intimacy cost us? Would \$10,000 cover it? You know Dan Webster would not have looked at us or touched us with a ten foot pole, except that he wanted to borrow money of us. It was so with Jem King, and every merchant that he was intimate with. Did you ever

know Dan Webster thick with a poor man? You know deuced well, Tommy, that when he asked you to go to Marshfield he was dead broke in the city, and would not have been able to have got to Boston had he not invited you, and so travelled on our money."

"Don't say any more, Paul, or I shall really go mad. I'll buy up the *Merchants' Magazine*, and suppress it."

It is easy to imagine that such a conversation must have occurred between the two partners on the Saturday morning previous to his death. I met him in the morning. He was then going into Nos. 61 and 63 William street, to get the remaining copies of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

At a later hour he left his counting room, corner of Morris street and Broadway, and rode up in an omnibus with one of our heavy merchants, both belonging to, or, at least, attending the church of Doctor Osgood (Unitarian), in Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel. Mr. Tileston was not in good spirits. He had been Chairman of the Committee on Finance of his church. He had been offered \$160,000 for it before the war commenced, but he was opposed to moving it up town, and would not sell. Asked \$200,000. Those opposed to him in the church recently carried the day, sold the church for \$75,000 cash and some lots up town. Mr. Tileston resigned in consequence. In the omnibus he talked a great deal about the matter.

On Sunday, he went twice to church. He was seen walking with Arthur Leary in the Fifth avenue. At night, he went early into the house of his good-hearted old partner. They both lived in Fourteenth street, corner of Fifth avenue. Their houses adjoin, and there

is inside a passage from one to the other, without coming into the street. He staid talking with the Spofford people until half-past 10. At 11 he went to bed. At 12 he woke up, and complained of great pressure upon his heart. His wife got up, and procured him some brandy. He drank it, and it appeared to ease him until 2, when he said he could not stand the pain any longer, and would get up and walk about. He did so. She heard a fall. She went to him, and found her husband, Thomas Tileston, stone dead. These are the facts, and I have no doubt in my mind that the indirect cause of his death was the wretched, dishwater, egotistical article in Dana's *Merchants' Magazine*. When poor devils die, a coroner's jury is called, and recent events are overhauled. This is not so with a man who dies worth two and a half millions, as did Thomas Tileston. A coroner's jury would have traced cause and effect — they would have read the soft soap biography — would have discovered that it was a source of deep mortification to a sensitive mind like that of Thomas Tileston, and would then have examined whether it was the direct or indirect cause of his death — whether it excited him internally, and thus produced a sudden collapse of the heart, after exerting himself to please Paul Spofford in conversation, and smooth over the heartfelt mortification of his old forty-six years partner, at reading an article about Spofford, Tileston & Co.'s great business, with the name of Spofford excluded — the play of "Hamlet," with the part of *Hamlet* left out.

This is what a coroner's jury was invented for, as they, the readers of the *Leader*, know. It originated in England, in the case of a wife who had six husbands die

suddenly. The seventh made believe he was drowsy, and saw his wife melt lead in an iron vessel. He asserted that she intended to pour it into his ear: for in that quiet but effectual way she had got rid of her previous six husbands, as was decided by a coroner's jury, the first ever called in Great Britain. It should have been done in the case of Mr. Tileston, as if all was right, an intelligent jury would, with all the facts in their possession, have given this, or a similar verdict: "We give it as our solemn and deliberate opinion that Thomas Tileston came to his death — being an extremely sensitive and nervous 'mechanic, merchant, banker and man' — by an overdose of egotistical and lying autobiography, served up to him deceptively, with a portrait, in twelve pages of a monthly called *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* — supposed to have been prepared by a writer named William B. Dana" — leaving the case to be dealt with by our clever District Attorney, Oakley Hall, as he saw fit.

Dana returned to the autobiography — relieved the *auto* by the death of its unfortunate subject. Half of the papers of New York have called public attention to it, copied it, and referred to it as a model worthy of imitation, and made sacred by the death of the illustrious merchant.

What are the plain, unvarnished facts? Ten thousand New England boys, for two hundred years back, have come to this city with more worth, more of God's two or five talents, equal honesty, ten times his generosity, four times his ambition, a hundred times his benevolence, twice his piety, and have died, if not a pauper's death, at least obscure and unknown. They

failed — Tom Tileston succeeded, and success justifies all the laudatory, or disgraceful — because miscellaneous — resolutions of the Chamber of Commerce, Historical Society, insurance offices, &c., that have been so fearfully and overwhelmingly lavished upon Thomas Tileston. He himself in his biography (for nobody but he could have related so personal a matter,) says: “He took board in Pearl street in 1818. It was in a boarding house for clerks and others. There were then twenty-five young men of his own age, all having good prospects before them, and to many the future was far more promising than his own case. With high hopes and earnest hearts they began the battle of life together. Each had sought the city for the same purpose, *but they took different paths*. Young Tileston knew that it was only by persevering industry, constant care and close attention, guided by a clear, sound judgment, that a large mercantile establishment can be built up, and he acted accordingly, while the others sought a pleasant, easy road to fortune. To-day twenty-four out of that little band are either lying in drunkards’ graves, or are men without means or standing, broken down and ruined by dissipation.”

I wish one of the remainder of that hopeful lot would write me a letter. I will wager a thousand dollars that Mr. Tileston never wasted a dollar to rescue one of them.

Mr. Tileston did not succeed, from the qualities named. All merchants who knew personally the two partners — the negative Spofford and the positive Tileston — will agree with me that the great success of the firm of Spofford, Tileston & Co. was owing to the slow,

sure, and reliable Paul Spofford. It was his calm judgment and fixedness of purpose that saved the concern from the effect of the frequent recklessness of Mr. Tileston in such years as 1826, '27, '37, '47, and '57, when he would have smashed the concern but for the hold-back Spofford.

It has been said that Mr. Spofford was a close man. It was fortunate for the ancient house that such was the case. Not that Mr. Tileston would have been extravagant, or have given away money, for I do not believe either one ever gave away a dollar in their lives. Other merchants do it for effect. That house never did. Now for my plain sketch. The house of Spofford, Tileston & Co., originally came from New England. Mr. Paul Spofford, I think, was born in Haverhill, in 1788. He received the usual district school education. The truth is he could read, write and cipher. He learned the shoemaker trade, and became an important manufacturer there and went into partnership with a person before he met Mr. Tileston.

Thomas Tileston was born in Boston in 1793. When quite young, he was placed as apprentice to a respectable printing firm in Boston. He remained there some years, and finally went with his employers to Haverhill, when he became acquainted with Mr. Burrill, and he became a partner with him in publishing a newspaper in 1812. He was in this business until 1818, when he and Mr. Spofford made an arrangement to go to New York, and go into business together, selling shoes on commission. They started a place at 125 Pearl, in 1819. They became agents for a Boston line of packets. Their business for many years was principally a commission busi-

ness. The shoes and brogans consigned to them, when the New York market was overstocked, they sent to parts of the Southern States, and also to ports in the West Indies and South America, getting back produce in payment, cotton and rice, and coffee and sugar. They sent such quantities of brogans to the island of Cuba for the slaves, that eventually the return produce became so important that they chartered vessels and sent for these cargoes of coffee and sugar. Then they built vessels expressly for the trade. It was a business in which very little risk was run, except in trusting merchants in the city for goods so obtained. Eventually Spofford, Tileston & Co. received a large amount of cotton and rice from Charleston, and they became acquainted with Captain Berry. He had been for years in the Charleston trade. In 1846 he built the "Southerner." They were the agents, and I think placed in her about one-sixth. The vessel was owned by persons here and in Charleston.

Shortly after, the "Northerner" was built. This time Capt. Thomas G. Budd, of Charleston, an old packet captain, who was to command her, became part owner. I believe the rest was owned in Charleston, where Budd resided then and does now. This line of steamers prospered, and new ones were built, all under the direction of Captain Berry, viz.: the "Marion," "James Adger" — I believe she was entirely owned by the Ledger family, in Charleston. The "Nashville" was next built. Then followed the "Columbia," the last built for this line. All were kept here by Spofford, Tileston & Co., except the "Nashville." What share they owned I do not know. They also built steamers for the Havana trade.

In 1840, Mr. Tileston became President of the Phoenix Bank, and that brought him among the bankers. It was in a doubtful condition when he took hold of it; but he managed it well, and made it a paying concern. As a reward for so doing the directors, in 1856, presented him with a silver salver with an appropriate inscription.

He was also connected with the Atlantic Insurance Company for a long time, and in 1859 all those interested there presented him with two silver pitchers.

As a merchant he was regular, and came to the office early and went away late for forty-five years. He had one son. He died young. He also had six daughters; two died unmarried; two are married, and two are single. He was a short, thick-set man; very energetic, very active, and strictly honest. He was ambitious to do a large business, and to be talked about. It is a very creditable ambition.

Mr. Spofford, his partner, if not quite as quick, was the reliable man of the concern, and one most to be honored. Both were thorough business men, though neither were bred in a counting house. They acquired knowledge of their business as it came to them. They always had energetic and intelligent clerks to conduct it.

Mr. Spofford was twice married. He had one son, Paul N. Spofford, junior, by his first wife. His second wife was a daughter of the celebrated Doctor Spring, who preached so many years in the Beekman Street Presbyterian church. By her he has a son and a daughter unmarried. Mr. Spofford and his wife own a box at the Italian Opera, though I believe neither ever go. It is for the convenience of their children. His eldest son, Paul, must be a man thirty-five years of age.

It is a remarkable fact, that these partners were within a few years partners in everything. When they first came to New York, they boarded together. I think Mr. Tileston married first, and then Mr. Spofford boarded with him. They kept no separate accounts.

Thirty years ago, when they built two dwelling houses, side by side, 37 and 39 Barclay street, both belonged to the concern, and not to them individually.

Ten years later, when they built two houses up Broadway, 733 and 735, they belonged to the firm, and each partner occupied one house.

Again, when they built in Fourteenth street, corner Fifth avenue, it was joint property. The corner house was the most valuable, and they drew straws to decide which should occupy the best one.

All their real estate is owned jointly, so too, are ships and steamers, and every other species of property. What Mr. Spofford owns, so does Mr. Tileston.

The house of Spofford, Tileston & Co. has been one that brought wealth and honor to New York. The partners have been very successful. They have never failed in business. They have performed together the same untiring round of commercial duties, and have never wearied until death set them free. But Mr. Howard, the junior partner, and then Mr. Tileston, Mr. Spofford too, will die in business. He is over seventy-five years old, but I trust the old house and even the old and honored name of Spofford, Tileston & Co. will be continued or unchanged by their clerks, as partners, and successors for a hundred years more.

CHAPTER XXV.

There are many merchants in the olden time who belonged to 'St. Tammany's Society, or Columbian Order.' I shall have occasion to allude to many of them before I finish this chapter.

Among the list who have been not only "sons of," but Sachems of St. Tammany's Society, are Ebenezer Stevens, Martin Hoffman, Anthony Post, Melancthon Smith, John Swartwout, John Pintard, Gabriel Furman, Courtlandt Van Beuren, Jonathan Little, John Hone, Philip Hone, and hundreds besides.

Tammany has not been as powerful as she was seventy-five years ago, because she has not respected herself and her great past. In the old years, but primary years of her existence, her sons clung to her as to a proud chieftain. She ruled the States. There was no Albany clique or regency to dictate to Tammany, or to permit the old society to drag along through mire and dirt after the Albany politicians. No; St. Tammany led off, and I am glad to see that she is going to do it again. The recent address of the General Committee of Tammany Hall to the Democrats in this State, where it gave the modern history, and thus alluded to an earlier period, will command deep attention;

“Tammany Hall has a pre-eminent right to speak for the Democracy.

“It had its origin coeval with that of the Republic. It is the oldest political organization in the country. It is as old as the Union itself. It has never forgotten the principles of the eventful era in which it was founded, and which it received from its hero and patriot fathers. The priceless inheritance of the Union which they bequeathed to their sons it has guarded with jealous devotion. It has ever regarded the Federal Constitution as the palladium of our liberties and the sheet-anchor of national safety in all dangers.”

Never was an institution formed that had such claims for support, and its early members were devoted to it.

As early as 1789, the society was all powerful in this city. That year its Grand Sachem was William Mooney, and its Sachems were Phillip Hone, Whit Matlack, Oliver Glean, James Tylce, John Campbell, Gabriel Furman, John Burger, Jonathan Piersee, Thomas Greenleaf, Abel Hardenbrook, Cortlandt Van Beuren, and Joseph Gadchin. Thomas Ash was Treasurer; Anthony Ernest, Secretary, and Gardner Baker, Doorkeeper.

Even at that early date they made a solemn time for their anniversary. Here is a call from the *Daily Gazette*:

“ST. TAMMANY’S SOCIETY.—The sons of St. Tammany intend celebrating their anniversary festival, on Tuesday, the 1st of May, Old Style (corresponding with 12th May), at the place appointed.

“Those brethren who are not supplied with tickets are requested to call upon the Stewards for them immediately, or at Aorson’s Tavern” (it stood on the corner of Nassau and George streets, where the *Tribune* Building now stands), “on the evening of the 8th inst., where they will attend.

“Those strangers who are now in the city, and who are members of the Society in any other State, are invited to join on the occasion.

By order of the Grand Sachem,

“WILLIAM TAPP, Secretary *pro tem*.”

It was a great day, the 12th May. The reporter of the *Daily Advertiser* says: "Yesterday being the 12th instant (or the 1st of May old style), was the anniversary of St. Tammany, the Titular Saint of America. On the great occasion marques, tents, &c., were erected upon the banks of the Hudson, about two miles from the city, for the reception of the great society, and an elegant entertainment, which was served up precisely at 3 o'clock.

"After dinner, thirteen patriotic toasts were drank, under thirteen discharges to each toast from a Marron Battery.

"The day was spent in the utmost harmony, conviviality of fraternal affection. In the evening the theatre was open, and it was attended by the Tammany Society, and also by the President (Washington), the Vice-President, the Governor of this State, and many of the members of Congress (the body was then in session in this city). The house was crowded and uncommonly brilliant, and the comic opera of 'The Poor Soldier' was acted with great applause.

"The box for the President was elegantly fitted up and distinguished by the arms of the United States. The Vice President's box was also handsomely decorated, and the box for the Governor of this State was ornamented with the arms of the State. The doors opened at six, and the curtain rose at precisely seven."

Every year the interest increased.

The Anniversary Festival was a still more grand affair, far ahead of our Fourth of July now. It was announced long before in the following style:

ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL.—The members of the Tammany So-

ciety, or Columbian Order, are hereby notified that their anniversary will be celebrated on Monday, the 12th day of May next.

The members are requested to meet in Tammany Hall, precisely at 9 o'clock, A. M., with a buck's tail in their hats. From the hall they will walk in procession to the new Dutch church (now in William, between Ann and Fulton), where an oration will be delivered by Brother John B. Johnson, and a collection raised for the benefit of the Charity School of said church.

By order of the Grand Sachem,
May 9th, 1864.

BENJ. STRONG, Sec'y.

It is curious that no religious differences entered into the heads of members. The first Sachems were Episcopalians, Catholics, Reformed Dutch, Moravians, or Presbyterians. They were indeed, as they were styled, "St. Tammany's Society or Independent Order of Liberty," founded on the true principles of patriotism, and having for its motive charity and brotherly love. In the same paper with the above call, proving what I say about harmony of religious feelings, while St. Tammany gives to the Dutch church school, three of the Sachems sign this Presbyterian call :

PROPOSALS will be received until the first day of August next for raising the tower and erecting a steeple for the new Brick Church of this city. A plan of the steeple may be seen, and further particulars made known by applying to either of the subscribers, they being a committee appointed for that purpose.

SAMUEL OSGOOD,
EBENEZER STEVENS,
BENJAMIN EGBERT,
DANIEL COTTON.

May 4th, 1793.

Ebenezer Stevens was old Gen. Stevens, who fought in the Revolutionary war. He was afterwards a large merchant, and head of the house of E. Stevens & Sons. He was from New England.

We cannot understand at this day how the authorities and societies caved to the Dutch Church. It had

ained from 1623 to be *the Church* of this country, and when the new church in William street was built, it had two pews near the pulpit — one for the Governor, with the coat of arms of the state of New York upon it, and another for the Mayor of the city, with the coat of arms of New York city upon it. These pews were kept for these great officers, and the coat of arms could be seen when I was a boy, and perhaps exist now. There was a pew also fixed up for Gen. Washington in this church in 1789, but he never used it except on one great State occasion, and he was only in the city as President for a short time.

I now return to the anniversary of St. Tammany.

The *Daily Advertiser* for those days had the following advertisement :

TAMMANY SOCIETY, OR COLUMBIAN ORDER.

The Captains of the shipping in this harbor are requested by Tammany Society or Columbian Order, to display their colors on Monday, the 12th instant, it being the anniversary festival day of that Society—May 1, 1794.

What would be thought of such a notice now? Why, it would command universal respect, and if not strictly observed, would be respected. We want some such home power now. New York may have to take her destiny in her own hands before many years go by, if this great civil war should end in a general break up. *She ought to be prepared for any event.* She will be, if St. Tammany protects her own. The separation of the great Saint Tammany from the State politically, very likely will end in a separation in every other respect, and this city will have to take its early Indian name of *Manhattan*, in contradistinction to the English

name of the State, *New York*, and play the role of old imperial Rome over again, under the name of the City of Manhattan and the Mallahattanese. How necessary will then be the time-honored institution of St. Tammany with its powerful association?

I now return to the grand anniversary of St. Tammany in the olden time. Here is an account in the next day's (May 13) daily paper.

Monday last being the anniversary of Tammany Society or Columbian Order, the Society met at nine o'clock, according to adjournment. A procession was formed, and they proceeded in the usual order to the new Dutch Church, where a patriotic oration, showing the advantages of *union* and public spirit was delivered by brother John B. Johnson, much to the satisfaction of the Society and a very-numerous audience. In the afternoon at their festival they were favored with the company of the Mayor and the French Consul, when the following toasts were drank:

1. Union.
2. The President of the United States.
3. Both Houses of Congress. May their wisdom and fidelity be ever rewarded with the gratitude and confidence of their constituents.
4. The governor of the State of New York.
5. The Chief Justice of the United States, and success to his mission. (John Day, who has gone to England to make the Jay Treaty.)
6. The French Republic. May wisdom guide their Councils, and success crown their arms.
7. May the lights of knowledge be ever considered as essential to illuminate the path of freedom and the public happiness.
8. The equal rights of man.
9. Freedom and peace to all the world.
10. Our brothers in Algiers.
11. A reform of our penal code.
12. Commerce, agriculture, and the arts.
13. The day and all who honor it.

Volunteer toast from the chair.

The Mayor and Corporation of the City of New York.

Volunteer toast from the Mayor:

Perpetuity to the Tammany Society, and prosperity to its members.

"The Society would have been honored with the company of the Governor, had he not shown by his polite apology that he was previously engaged.

"A variety of patriotic songs were sung, and the day was spent with the usual hilarity and humor which characterized the Sons of Tammany.

"After the grand spread, the Sons of Tammany went to the theatre. A piece had been written expressly for them."

I copy the bills as posted all over the city :

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, the 12th of May, the Anniversary of St. Tammany, will be performed a serious opera (never before acted), written by a lady of this city, called

TAMMANY :

OR, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The prologue by Mr. Hodgkinson; the overture and accompaniments composed by Mr. Howett.

In Act 3, a grand procession and dance.

New scenery, dresses, &c., &c., as will be more particularly expressed in the small bills.

After which will be performed a farce, called

THE REGISTER OFFICE.

The same day, the *Daily Advertiser* has the two following advertisements :

"The Songs of Tammany, or 'The Indian Chief,' a serious opera written by Ann Julia Hatton, to be had at this office; or of Mr. Jas. Harrison, 38 Maiden lane; or of Mr. Faulkner, at the office of the theatre."

I think the fair authoress, Julia, was the wife of William Hatton, a celebrated musical instrument maker, who had a place at No. 3 Peck slip.

After being so introduced, the opera had a great run ; and not long after, the following curious notice appeared, March 1st, 1794 :

“MRS. HATTON, finding that a report is in circulation of all the boxes being taken at the theatre for her night (the third performance of ‘Tammany, or the Indian Chief’), respectfully informs her friends, and public in general, that such report is entirely without foundation, as, to her knowledge, there is not a single seat engaged.”

Mrs. Hatton seems to have been very popular with the Democracy in those days, for I find at a later period the following :

ON TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 16, 1794,

AT TAMMANIAL HALL.

Mrs HATTON WILL DELIVER A

NEW LECTURE ON HEARTS.

Together with Select Readings and Recitations from most approved authors.

Tickets, one dollar each. To be had at Hunter's Hotel, Broadway ; and at Hutton's Tavern, upper end of Broadway.

Hunter's Tavern was about one hundred feet below Rector street, overlooking North River. Hatton, besides his music store, kept an out of town hotel, where the Carlton House afterwards stood, corner of Broadway and Leonard street.

I have already alluded to the American Museum, started under the patronage of the Tammany Society. Gardiner Baker was keeper of it. The Trustees were appointed by Tammany Hall. It afterwards became Gardner's Museum. Baker had a Museum of wax work in 1793, that he kept in the upper part of the Exchange in Broad street. Among his curiosities was transparent paintings, a patent steam duck, a male and

female ourang outang, twenty wax figures as large as life, two mandarins from the East Indies. The Museum room was elegantly painted, exhibiting many of the most curious and singular articles, birds and plants in their proper colors. The arch had a fine effect, appeared like the sky, with clouds interspersed, and a thunderstorm raging. It was open three nights in the week, from candle light until nine o'clock. Tickets, two shillings. Children, one shilling. In addition he had 600 birds and 2,000 insects, a ship of fourteen guns, completely rigged, and made entirely of glass; a musical clock, which played five different instruments, the harpsichord, piano-forte, two flutes, and an organ, and cost \$800. The last was an additional Museum. Admittance into it was three shillings, and into both Museums four shillings.

This Tammany Museum was started by the Tammany Society in June, 1790. It tried to collect together everything relating to the history of this country, and especially all literary publications concerning the civil, political or religious affairs of America, whether ancient or modern, whether published in this or any other country, American publications of a literary nature, gazettes, magazines, or other periodical pieces, and likewise every other production of nature or art. John Pintard was its secretary, and doubtless originated the idea. It is a very curious fact that what Tammany failed to carry out — although Pintard was Grand Sachem — he himself carried out in the Historical Society, that originated with Pintard, and owes everything to him. The Tammany Society evidently became disgusted with the Museum business, for the Corporation had generously

granted the use of the Exchange in Broad street for the Museum ; yet, I find that on June 25th, 1795, the Society passed a resolution : “ That Gardiner Baker has great merit, in his extraordinary exertions for the promotion and extension of his Museum. He appears neither to have spared labor or expence in his endeavors to accomplish the original object of the founders of this institution, and of gratifying the curious. That the members of this Society relinquish and assign all their right in the Museum to Gardiner Baker, upon the following conditions : That the same shall forever hereafter continue to be known by the name of the Tammany Museum, in honor of the original founders and patrons ; that Gardiner Baker shall continue the Museum one and indivisible, which shall be kept together in some convenient place within the city of New York, and that each member of the Tammany Society shall, with their wives and children, forever hereafter have free access to the said Museum free from any expence, and that this privilege be considered as an equivalent for the Society’s having assigned or relinquished all their rights of the said Museum to Gardiner Baker.”

Gardiner Baker kept it up for years. He then sold out to Scudder, who kept in the old City Hall, free of expence. Then it was sold to Barnum, who calls it by the old name of American Museum, but not as he should do, “ The Tammany Museum,” as he is obliged to do by the terms of sale. He also has broken the contract in another way, for the sons of Saint Tammany and their wives and children are not permitted to go in free. It is quite evident that Mr. Barnum’s Museum, as he thinks it, or the most valuable part of it, can be

taken from him at any moment, and neither can he sell it, without the consent of the Tammany Society.

As Tammany is about to become great and glorious upon her own hook, and has cut loose from the wretched small fry at Albany that have governed the State Democracy, I hope she will resume all of her old powers at the celebration of her tutelar saint's festal anniversary, the 12th May (1st May, old style), and also make the Black Republican Barnum call his Museum the Tammany Museum, or take it away from him.

In the Tammany Museum was a monument sacred to the memory of Columbus. The 12th October, 1793, being the 301st anniversary of the discovery of America, was celebrated by the Society. The monument was illuminated, and special tickets were given out so as not to have too great a crowd gather; and so it was every year, and so it ought to be still. Where is that monument to Columbus now?

CHAPTER XXVI.

I have frequently alluded to Ebenezer Stevens, who, in a former age, was a grand old merchant of this city, and does honor to it. I have mentioned him in a former chapter as having been one of the founders of the Tammany Society, in 1789, and having held its highest honors. He had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War of 1776, and I think was a Lieutenant-Colonel of New York Artillery. Originally, I think he was from New England, as he was one of the life members of the New England Society, as was also his son Horatio Gates Stevens, and were so made when the Society was founded in 1805. He was at that time its Vice-President.

He was also prominent in the Cincinnati Society of the State of New York.

Many of the old war veterans went into commercial business after it was over, but among them none was more prominent than Ebenezer Stevens. In 1786 he went into the lumber business at No. 78 Water street, with Michael Connolly, under the firm of Stevens & Connolly. It lasted until the 20th of April, 1789, when the following notice appeared :

This day the partnership of Stevens & Connolly is by mutual consent dissolved. All persons having demands against them are

requested to present their accounts for payment, and all persons indebted to said partnership are required to make immediate payment to Michael Connolly at No. 78 Water street, who is empowered to settle all transactions with respect to said firm. The business will be carried on as usual by Ebenezer Stevens.

EBENEZER STEVENS,
MICHAEL CONNOLLY.

NEW YORK, 20th April, 1789.

Michael Connolly requests all those indebted to him to make immediate payment, and those having demands against him to present them for payment.

He evidently was as square a man as his namesake or perhaps descendant, the Judge Michael Connolly of the present day.

Previous to 1785, I think E. Stevens had been in partnership with Mr. Hubbell, under the firm of Stevens & Hubbell. He kept along alone from 1789 to 1794, at 74 Water street. In 1796 the new numbering of Water street made his number 226. There he lived. His store was on "Stevens' wharf," that ran from Front street between Peck slip and Beekman street.

In 1795, this Stevens' wharf was famous. He had a famous brigantine called the "Prudence," commanded by old Captain Dingley. She was in the Antigua trade, and regularly carried out American produce, returning with her two hundred puncheons of Antigua rum. At this time he had a sloop "Juno," that was in the Bordeaux trade, and brought him cargoes of brandy and fruit from this famous port of France. Whether it was this or another of the vessels of Mr. Stevens that was lost, and her cargo saved, aided a French lady to get a living as I shall narrate in another place, I will not now inquire.

In 1795, Ebenezer Stevens had but few rivals. His store was 226 Water. Below him at 197, was Henry

Wanning. He had two sloops. The "Hiram" traded to Lisbon, and the "Julia" to Bordeaux. He also had a sloop "Pell" that traded to New Orleans, and brought what would now appear a singular cargo, viz.: 21 casks Louisiana indigo, 1,000 hides, and a quantity of live oak. He went away from here the next year, and his business, which was very large, fell into the hands of Mr. Stevens. Another rival was the celebrated house of William & S. Robinson. Their business was large. They sold Carolina indigo, that was deemed superior to the Louisiana indigo; and curious enough sold "Bills on Charleston," for at that time the imports and exports of Charleston were greater than New York city.

At that time the old Cincinnati New York State Society used to hold its annual meeting on the 4th of July at Federal Hall. That year General Stevens was chairman of the standing committee, and as such arranged for a grand dinner at the Belvadere House. It was a hotel kept by Peter Belvadere at 44 Dey street. As soon as the Revolutionary men had finished the business of the Society, they went at 1 o'clock to the magnificent feast. They had a grand time of it. The first toast was "The President of the United States and President General of the Solutary of the Society," (General Washington held both positions). Then they drank bumpers to every battle of the Revolution — Bunker's Hill, Trenton — down "to the capture of Lord Cornwallis," when they gave three cheers and all stood up. About 21, was "The fair friends of the Society," and 22, was "This day and those who honor it." What loads those old heroes could carry! However, they did have good liquor in those days, and I

dare say from the following advertisement, Ebenezer Stevens furnished it :

RUM, WINES, &c.

50 hhds. high proof N. E. Rum; 3 pipes and 14 hhds. choice picked London Particular Madeira Wine, 10 years old, now landing at Steven's Wharf, and for sale from \$3 to \$5 per gallon; (This was stiff for 1795). Superior Port in bottles and in wood; 94 puncheons Jamaica Rum, high proof and good flavor; 20 pipes Old Port; 60 do. Sicily Madeira; 140 casks Claret; 50 cases do; 60 pipes high 4th proof Bordeaux Brandy; 8 do. Old Cognac.

For sale by EBENEZER STEVENS,

226 Water street.

Talk about the advance of civilization, Christianity, sciences, &c. It may be, but there has been no advance in good liquors and wines, except in price. Those were pure, good, and, of course, healthy. How is it now? You cannot get such liquors or wines as are alluded to in that advertisement at any price. The liquors are made out of pure spirits — Kerosene, and flavored with Kreosote — so that the moment you drink a little too deep, you feel as if you had taken poison, and find your nervous system shattered.

I now return to the dinner in 1795. When it was over, Gen. Stevens, Nicholas Fish, and B. Swartwout, were deputed as a special committee to go and call upon the Governor of the State and the Corporation of the City, to congratulate them and ask how they all felt. They then returned to report to the Cincinnati. Songs and stories and fun were the order of the day. Gen. Stevens, who was a very witty man, asked leave to read a few lines. He said: "I have read that Mr. Pitt dined on last fast day (1794) with Lord Bayham. He then read :

“ Pitt every day
Sends troops away,
And Frenchmen quickly slay’em
He then, at last,
Commands a Fast,
And goes to dine with Bayham

“ In this, oh Pitt !
You show your wit,
Most hypocritic sinner ;
The people in the Church
You leave in the lurch,
And go with the Lord to di ner.”

It was highly applauded. He continued to increase his business and his influence to 1799. That year his store, No. 226 Water, became 222 Front-street, still facing the water. He lived at that time at No. 59 Beekman street. His door was cut in two, and opened above, as was the custom then, and he often stood at it, looking out from the upper part. It had a large brass knocker, which was always well polished.

He was elected to the Assembly in this State in 1800. Among his associates that year was his old Cincinnati friend, Bernardus Swartwout. Jacob Sherred and Samuel Stillwell were also members.

In 1802 he was elected Assistant Alderman of the Third Ward.

On the 5th of June, this year, his daughter married John P. Schermerhorn, a very distinguished merchant, who owned vessels that traded to Charleston and Savannah. He also kept a large ship chandlery and ironmongery store at 182 Front street, corner Beekman slip.

General Stevens, as he was called, and his firm, dignified appearance justified the title, as I have said, was the largest merchant as early as 1793, and he continued

to be until 1821, still in the old place, 222 Front street, when the firm was changed to Ebenezer Stevens & Sons. He had taken into the firm his two sons, John A. Stevens, now president of a bank, and has been Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; and Horatio Gates Stevens (named after his old comrade in arms in the Revolution, Gen. Horatio Gates). In 1821 the firm kept the outer street, and their store was 110 South street. The firm slightly changed, to Ebenezer Stevens Sons, still continues — father and son down, for seventy-eight years, and I hope it will continue for two hundred more. It is an honor to have such old firms. We have no old buildings left, but we can have old mercantile houses.

No one now can form an idea of the extent of business done by E. Stevens from 1800 to 1820. In 1804 he had ships and brigs innumerable. There was the ship "Nankin," the ship "Radius," and the brig "Rover," and I should think forty more. He did business with all parts of the world. In 1810 he built a corvette of 24 guns, but what he did with her I am at a loss to conjecture. He owned the brig "Industry." She traded to Lisbon, for wines, &c. Another of his vessels, in the same trade, was the brig "Lovenia." He had the brig "Ohio" in the New Orleans trade. In the Bordeaux trade, as a regular trade, as a regular packet, he had the famous brig "Minerva," Capt. Green. She brought brandies, wines, prunes, &c. In connection with this trade I must tell a very pleasing anecdote. A Madame Voisin was about to go to France from St. Domingo when the insurrection broke out. Madame Voisin had twelve body servants, who came down to

the beach, and, when the infuriated negroes came, they said, "Don't kill our dear mother." The little party was saved, but they saved no clothes and but a few doubloons. On board the vessel they found F. Varet, who was afterwards a celebrated merchant in this city. The vessel came to this city. Accompanying Madame Voisin and her daughter were two female slaves, her property, who had remained faithful in her sad fortunes. The little party were landed at the Battery. Not one of them spoke a word of English. They had to do something. They hired a small place at 128 William street, where D. F. Tieman's large paint store now stands.

One of the vessels belonging to Mr. Stevens, in the Bordeaux trade (1796), was wrecked off Sandy Hook. A large part of the cargo was saved and brought up to the city. Madam Voisin took with her the two slave girls, both wearing on their heads the old Madras or bandanna handkerchiefs, and went down to the store of Gen. Stevens. One of Mr. Stevens's sons — probably Horatio Gates — spoke French. He translated to his father the sad tale. "Cheer up, cheer up," was the kind reply. She was a woman of great energy of character, and she wished to do something. She saw the damaged prunes — white, old-fashioned French prunes, such as we do not get now — damaged badly. Mr. Stevens let her have a lot of boxes very cheap. She and her negro girls took them home to No. 128 William street. There was a large yard. They opened the boxes, spread out the prunes, and then dried them; after this she procured large willow baskets, and filled them with the luscious looking white prunes,

bought of Gen. Stevens. The negroes carried them all over New York, and sold them at a very large profit. Then more prunes were bought of Mr. Stevens, dried, and sold in the same manner, until the whole cargo was sold.

This was her first start. Then one of the girls died from the change of climate, and the other would have died, too, but she went back to the West Indies and was never heard of any more. Then Mr. Stevens advised her to open a little store at 190 William, opposite the new Dutch church, and she did so in 1799. Before, 1805 her husband arrived here from France. Gen. Clerck, Napoleon's brother-in-law, had gone to re-annex St. Domingo to France. Mr. Voisin went to Havana to await the result. It failed. Mrs. Voisin waited months for letters. None came: her husband had died of yellow fever. The daughter was sick. Old Dr. Berger, father of the Dr. Berger of this generation, attended her, but she died. In 1806, her son, Joseph A. Voisin was born. Mrs. Voisin continued to make money until the close of the war, in 1815, when, having a large stock of dry goods on hand, prices fell, and she was ruined. Old Gen. Stevens again came forward, and aided her to purchase a new stock of goods, and told her to keep up courage — took the little boy upon his knees and said, “Your mother says you are a very good boy — always be so; always keep good company, and avoid bad; always go into the company of your superiors.” She afterwards went to the old place, 128 William street. Her son became an eminent French importing merchant, and the mother lived to see him succeed. She died in 1835, while he was in France,

He afterwards married a daughter of Joseph Bouchaud, an old and very wealthy French merchant, and has a son, who is in Paris.

I now return to Ebenezer Stevens. His son William Stevens, went into business, in 1818, with Henry Mactier, under the firm of Stevens & Mactier. They continued in business until 1823. I think at that time Mr. Mactier died. He married one of the beautiful daughters of Augustus H. Lawrence, by whom she had three children — William L. Mactier, who resides in Philadelphia; Fanny, the widow of the late gallant Charles F. Smith; and Henrietta, who married, and who died recently in Baltimore. Mrs. Henry Mactier, early left a widow, afterwards married Commodore Jewett, of the Brazilian Navy, by whom she had one son, the Rev. Augustine D. L. Jewett, who is now settled near this city.

After the dissolution of Stevens & Mactier in 1823, Mr. Stevens was taken into the firm of E. Stevens & Sons.

I think, in 1826, Horatio Gates Stevens died, and the same year Byron R. was taken into the house. In 1827, old Ebenezer Stevens died at 42 Warren street. His funeral was attended by all the citizens and by the Cincinnati Society. The firm was not changed until 1834, when the law compelled it, and became Ebenezer Stevens Sons. Previous to this, I think Henry H. and Samuel had been taken into the firm.

One of the sons married the only daughter of Albert Gallatin. I wish I was sufficiently acquainted with the family history of the sons and grand-sons, but I am not.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I alluded in one of my chapters relating to the old Van Zandt family, to portraits of Wynant Van Zandt. I thought they were destroyed. It seems that they are in possession of Thomas Van Zandt, now in France. They were on exhibition at Peal's Museum, in Broadway, at the time of the great fire. The pictures were found by Wynant Van Zandt in his father's garret, rolled up in a bundle, and by him given to old Paff to restore.

Mrs. Wynant Van Zandt was very beautiful. She had a fine figure and magnificent black eyes.

The Bible from which I gave extracts in Dutch was taken to Iowa by William Van Zandt. His house was burned, and at the same time this old rare Bible.

The late Alderman Van Zandt was the first to propose a dispensary.

He proposed also that Canal street should be 200 feet wide with a canal in the centre for boats. The other alderman agreed to 80. So he got 20 feet, and this made it 100 feet as it now remains.

His son, Doctor Charles A. Van Zandt, became as celebrated as any other member of his distinguished family. For a long time it filled a large space in the public eye, and as I have stated, maintained an honorable rank

for nearly a century. It has shared largely in the political and local affairs of New York, and at all times has been respected for its devotion to the country.

Doctor Charles A. Van Zandt, one of the sons of the late old merchant, Alderman Wynant Van Zandt, was born on the 18th of September, 1798. The father, in his day and generation was regarded as first among the legitimate Knickerbockers, and who at the same time held a commanding influence in the affairs of this metropolis. In the year 1813, when young Van Zandt was in the fifteenth year of his age, taking a fancy to the life of a sailor, he entered on board of a ship commanded by Captain Thomas H. Merry, one of the oldest shipmasters in the port, and made a voyage to Liverpool. Immediately after his return to the United States, and after the declaration of war against Great Britain, he commenced a voyage to Brazil with the same commander, but left the ship at Savannah on his homeward passage, and when in sight of Sandy Hook light, the vessel in which he sailed was captured by his Majesty's frigate, the "Belvidere," and carried into Bermuda. In that place Doctor Van Zandt was held a prisoner of war for the long and tedious period of six months.

An incident occurred while the ship was on the voyage to Bermuda, which is worthy of record, inasmuch as it evidences the native pride and indomitable spirit of the Anglo American.

Two British midshipmen had charge of the ship, and the day previous to their arrival at Bermuda the two gentlemen placed their clothes and boots on deck, and ordered Mr. Van Zandt to clean them. The insult was indignantly repelled with all that native spirit and lofty

pride which becomes the character of an American; and, in despite of menaces and threats, he declared that he would die before he would perform any menial service for the enemies of his country. In consequence of his refusal, he was attacked by the two midshipmen. He defended himself with a handspike, and drove his assailants into the cabin, but not before he had been severely wounded. After this affair he was kept in close confinement until the ship arrived in Bermuda. He was subsequently returned to the United States in a *cartel*, and remained a number of years at Little Neck, Long Island, then the residence of his father, who, having accumulated a large fortune in the city of New York, has retired from business.

In the year 1820, Mr. Van Zandt entered the office of the celebrated Doctor John W. Francis, who died not long ago. With him, he commenced the study of medicine and surgery. In the year 1825, he was graduated at Rutgers College, and took with him the first degrees and highest honors of *Alma Mater*. From that time to this, he has followed his profession with unceasing diligence.

In the year 1835, he was appointed Deputy Health Officer of the Port of New York, and in consequence of his constant personal attendance, and assiduous duties while attending to the sick — professionally and otherwise — he was attacked with the ship fever, and nearly forfeited his life to the great cause of benevolence and humanity. From that time until now he has been engaged in his profession, though with but little profit to himself, as most of his time and active services have been gratuitously given the poor of the city who were unable to pay for medical attendance.

Doctor Van Zandt has always acted with the Democratic party, and as a Democrat has at all times been distinguished for his entire consistency and propriety of action. He was nominated at one time for the office of Coroner of the City and County of New York. He is now a resident of Brooklyn.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

It is nearly half a century since the house of Phelps & Peck was founded in this city. Both of the partners were New England men.

The senior partner, Anson G. Phelps, was, I think, from Connecticut. He was originally a tinman, and served out his time as an apprentice to that trade in his native town. These were the golden, or rather the *tin* days of prosperity for pedlars. Mr. Phelps rose to the dignity of pedlar, and travelled through the Southern States as a pedlar. He sold wooden clocks, japanned ware, as well as the ordinary tin ware; and this business laid the foundation of his great fortune. He came to New York, and started in business alone, at No. 27 Burling slip, in 1814. He continued alone until 1818, when he took into partnership Elisha Peck, and the firm became Phelps & Peck, and their place of business was No. 181 Front street, corner of Burling slip. Mr. Peck was from Connecticut. He married a lady, whose father owned a woolen factory near Patterson. He remained with him until he formed a partnership with Mr. Phelps. In Liverpool the firm was Peck & Phelps; to that city Mr. Peck went, and remained sixteen years. He was a man of great energy of character. Phelps & Peck did an immense business with

other cities. They had a line of Charleston packets. They imported copper, tin, and iron in immense quantities, and there was not a tin-shop of note in the United States that did not buy goods of Phelps & Peck.

In the year 1831 their business had increased to such an extent, that they purchased the corner (30) of Cliff and Fulton streets, and erected a large store thereon. They moved into it in 1832. Then came a calamity that will long be remembered. I was coming up Broad street in the afternoon. I met a man who was running. "Hullo, what's out?" said I. "Phelps & Peck's new store has tumbled down, and killed ever so many people. I, as well as everybody in New York, knew all about the great store, for we had all been to look at it. It was as great a curiosity to New Yorkers as is the store of Clafflin, Mellen & Co., in West Broadway, at this day. Up I went to the scene of disaster. I shall never forget the look of the mass of ruins. I went to work with a will to help rescue the victims. I was up until 12 o'clock that night. It was a short time before the cholera broke out. Eight persons were killed: among them his son-in-law.

Soon after the accident, the firm divided. Mr. Phelps took in Mr. James and Mr. Dodge, and the firm became Phelps, Dodge & Co., here, and Phelps, James & Co. in Liverpool. Mr. James went out to Liverpool to take the place of Mr. Peck, and has been there ever since.

Mr. Peck, after leaving the old partnership of Phelps & Peck, went into the manufacturing of iron, under the firm of E. Peck & Son. He had brought from England all the machinery necessary to erect iron works.

It was taken up to Haverstead in Rockland County. He put up the manufactory and made bar and sheet iron. Mr. Peck had a man to superintend it, and he used to go up himself regularly and attend to the business. Mr. Peck never was a clerk, or brought up regularly to mercantile business. He left a princely fortune when he died, and his son John J. succeeded him, and still carries on the iron works. Mr. Peck was a very influential man in this community while he lived, and was prominent in the great enterprises of his day, such as the New Jersey Central and the Hudson Railroad.

The house of Phelps, Dodge & Co. is still doing an immense business. I believe grandsons of old Mr. Phelps are now in the firm. One of the sons of Mr. Dodge is a General in the army. Mr. Phelps was a popular man in his day. He was a very enterprising man and took a great interest in the American Colonization Society, and was its friend and backer as long as he lived. I think it was through his influence that Russworm & Daily (that was their style of firm in Liberia), went to Africa. Russworm was a full blood dark. He afterwards became Vice President of Liberia. Joseph Daily, his partner, was a mulatto. He was educated by Lewis Rogers in Richmond, and afterwards brought to New York city, when he became acquainted with Mr. Phelps. Daily chartered vessels between here and Liberia, and carried out large quantities of tobacco. Whenever he or his partner Russworm were in New York, Mr. Phelps used to invite them both to his house to dinner and tea, the same as if they had been white merchants of note. Mr. Phelps did what was right, regardless of the opinion of others. However, in his day,

he had the support of Henry Clay and other prominent Colonizationists. There was a wide difference between Colonization and Abolition, though the latter class of people have got the whip hand now and control the government, and will do so for some years.

George W. & G. Betts was the firm of a large carpet house, 434 Pearl street, thirty-five years ago. Old Mr. Betts had in his possession the "Battle Grounds of the Revolution." There were three old lithographic maps discovered by him among a number of ancient papers left by his father. One showed "the position of the detachment under Lieutenant-Col Baum, at Walmscock, near Bennington," and "the attacks of the enemy on the sixteenth of August, 1777." Another was a "topographical chart of Narragansett Bay, with all the isles contained therein, &c., &c., to which had been added the several works and batteries raised by the Americans, taken by order of the principal farmers on Rhode Island," and the third was a map of "Boston and its environs and harbor, with the rebels' works raised against that town in 1775, from the observations of Lieutenant Paige, of his Majesty's corps of engineers." All these maps were engraved by William Faden, geographer to the king; the last of the three in 1778.

Mr. Betts took these antiques with him to Boston, on the day of the celebration of the Bunker Hill monument raising, and I can easily imagine that they were looked upon with great interest. The map of Boston and its environs is large — about three feet by two — very handsomely engraved, and presenting all the redoubts, positions, &c., with great particularity, among which Bunker's and Breed's Hill are capaciously visible.

I believe Mr. Betts has been out of the carpet business for many years.

It seems almost impossible to realize that the accomplished Ambassador in Paris of the Southern Confederacy, John Slidell, is a New Yorker. His father, John Slidell, I have written about. He was a popular man in this city. He was Assistant Alderman of the First Ward in 1807 and 1808. He died on Sunday morning, the 30th September, 1862. He was President of the Tradesmen's Fire Insurance Company. He was seized with cholera in the course of Saturday night, and died at eleven o'clock the following morning. The death of Mr. Slidell was long lamented as one of the most afflicting that had occurred from cholera in the city. Well known and much respected by his townsmen generally, he was more particularly endeared to others, not less by the warmth of his friendships, and the benevolence of his disposition, than by his uncompromising integrity and spirited independence of character. To his bereaved friends, when they recovered from the shock of this sudden stroke of calamity, it was a solace to reflect that the worth which made it to them irreparable, ensures its having been a gain to him: And the summons, however violent it may seem, can hardly be considered abrupt when it came to one every way so well prepared to meet it.

Mr. Slidell, was 61 years of age.

John Morton was a merchant of note in this city previous to the Revolutionary war. He was also a member of the Provincial Congress, and a man greatly respected in the city. His store was in Dock street near the Exchange. (Pearl, near Broad.) He was a very large importer from London.

He was father of Gen. Morton, who was so long a City Clerk. A daughter married the Hon. Josiah Quincy of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. Maria S. Morton, the wife of old John, died there Sept. 22, 1832, aged 95 years. She was distinguished through her long life for her active piety, and was beloved by a large circle of friends.



CHAPTER XXIX.

I have spoken of Phelps & Peck, large merchants here, of which firm Anson G. Phelps was the senior. There was another of the name, who was also a large merchant in this city for many years. I think he was born about 1740. His father was a farmer. Young Thaddeus came to this city when only nine years of age, and with but ten dollars in his pocket. He determined to succeed, and he did. He procured employment in a store, and worked himself up to be a clerk. While a clerk he bought cotton. He got into the cotton trade, went South, and when only twenty years old was taken as a partner in the Southern firm of Howard & Phelps.

He came North in 1812, and went into business on his own account. In the year 1816 he married Miss Ellsworth. She descended from the family of Gov. Ellsworth, of Connecticut. By this marriage he had five daughters. They were all very handsome girls. The eldest married Charles Anderson, then Secretary of Legation to General Cass, who was at that time Minister to France. Another daughter married Governor Mason, of Michigan. He died suddenly in the early part of his career, and the widow afterward married one of the McVickers. The third Miss Phelps married Mr. Routh, of the firm of L. Routh & Sons.

A fourth married Mr. Ashmore, an Englishman ; and the youngest married Mr. Mott, a son of the celebrated Dr. Mott.

Mr. Phelps was a large operator in cotton for many years. He was a great shipper of the article to all parts of Europe, and he possessed a thorough knowledge of it. He was a fine looking man, and had a splendid head, which was covered with hair as white as the driven snow. Any stranger who met him in the street would turn and take a second look at him, and set him down as a remarkable man. He went on crutches for the last few years of his life. He lived in Park place. He attended the Presbyterian Church of Dr. Phillips in Wall street, between Nassau and Broadway, and took a deep interest in the affairs of that church. In politics he was a Democrat, a remarkable fact, for there were few Democratic merchants thirty-five years ago, when Gen. Jackson was President. Mr. Phelps was one of the warmest supporters of the old hero, and enjoyed his confidence. Mr. Phelps exercised great influence at Tammany Hall — in those days all powerful in the politics of the State. He was a great favorite with all who knew him personally, but more especially with those who were on an intimate footing with him, as to dine at his house and to have him for a guest at their own. His wit and humor was without limit. He would make all around him laugh and cry. Mr. Phelps was a man that can never be forgotten. He was a founder of some of the numerous lines of packet ships in their infancy.

S. V. S. Wilder, a large cotton merchant in former years, was a great friend of Mr. Phelps. He was also a very religious man, and very strict in his observance

of stated prayer. Mr. Phelps, though religious also, and a regular attendant at his church, was also a passionate man, and, when very much vexed, could swear like a trooper. On one occasion his friend Wilder took him to task about it, and said, "Phelps, you have got a shocking bad habit — why don't you give it up?"

"My friend Wilder, you pray a little, and I swear a little, but we neither of us mean anything by it," was the reply of Mr. Phelps.

Mr. Phelps made his own fortune. He was a man of the strictest honesty, and his integrity was never doubted. Every one respected him. He died about the year 1852.

In my article some time ago about John H. Talman, I stated that he had made two loans, one of \$60,000, on some Broadway property. I find that he was asked to do it, but declined from some cause. Mr. Talman is one of the oldest members of Trinity Church. He has now a pew in Trinity Chapel, and is almost exact in his attendance. When he first began business in this city, there was but one bank and one insurance company. Now, how many are there? He is the oldest merchant now living in the city of New York.

I made an allusion to the large East India merchants and their difficulties with the Custom House in 1826. By the way, the Custom House has been removed to the old Exchange in Wall street. It was in Washington's time in Mill street. Then it was removed to the Bowling Green; then to Jauncey's buildings in Wall street; then to the old City Hall, corner of Wall and Nassau; then to Pine street buildings, running through to Cedar, while the new marble building (where the

old one stood) was building. Then it was removed back to the marble, where it remained until 1863, when it was removed to its present location in Wall (old Merchant's Exchange.)

The business of Edward Thomson, our East India merchant, was so great and his failure in 1826 did so much damage, that I propose to devote more space to its explanation. When the war of 1812 was going on, the first class auctioneers in Philadelphia were appointed by the Governor, and the number being limited by law to two or three, the strife to obtain the appointment was great, and it was conferred on some personal friend of the Executive. John Humes was one of these — but being no man of business he associated with him Joshua Lippincott, an active, careful, and shrewd man, and they soon became a leading auction house — J. Humes & J. Lippincott. Wm. Lippincott, a younger brother, soon joined them, and the firm of J. Humes & J. W. Lippincott took rank among the first houses in Philadelphia. In a few years the law was changed, and Mr. Humes being no longer necessary to the concern to obtain a license, he was left out, and Benjamin W. Richards, an intelligent and shrewd Jerseyman, who had just married a daughter of Joshua Lippincott, was admitted a partner, and the firm became J. W. Lippincott & Co., and their business for several years was a large one — they sold nearly all the groceries and general merchandise that went to auction, and they had large warehouses in South Front street, with back store houses opening on Chestnut street. Mr. Thomson had employed them to sell cargoes of teas. They were in fact in some respects better situated to sell such cargoes

than Messrs. Weir, Lewis & Co., as a large share of the business of the latter was in dry goods. But the largest auction house in the city during the war was Thomas Passmore & Co., whose trade at one time no doubt exceeded that of any house in this country. Philadelphia up to this period having a larger foreign commerce than any of our other cities, the receipts of goods here were greater, and it was not unusual for Thomas Passmore & Co. to dispose of entire invoices, exceeding in value one hundred thousand dollars, by a single stroke of the hammer. But as the number of merchants increased, business changed, and auctioneers sold in smaller parcels. Every importing merchant was entitled to a liberal credit on his duties, provided he gave satisfactory bondsmen. Merchants in fair standing signed each other's bonds freely, because generally it was a great mutual accommodation to get the credit, and because even in case of failure, few lost by it, for the laws gave the United States a preference over all other creditors, and no merchant possessed of honorable principle who failed, ever hesitated to set apart from his assets a sum adequate to meet his duties, even before he provided for borrowed money — a loss arose only on the failure of a merchant whose bonds had rolled up very large amounts, beyond the whole value of his assessments, and this, of course, was the case with Mr. Thomson. He had induced J. W. Lippincott & Co. to place sufficient confidence in him to go upon his bonds to a large amount, and when he failed, things looked so bad, and the effect upon their credit was so unexpectedly disadvantageous, that they also suspended payment till they could ascertain their exact position by investi-

gation. Learning the full particulars respecting the clandestine removal of the teas from the Government warehouse, Benjamin W. Richards, one of the firm, and a man of fine abilities, proceeded to Washington, and representing by petition to Congress for relief the facts, he managed to show the Custom House had been at fault in allowing Mr. Thomson's own clerks to have charge of the warehouse.

They obtained the necessary relief, and immediately resumed payment in full, and continued their business. Wm. Lippincott, however, one of the partners, could not stand the shock his nerves had received, and dying, the firm became Lippincott & Richards, who continued a successful business; and Mr. Richards being a man highly esteemed, as well as a man of abilities, Councils elected him Mayor of the city the year succeeding his misfortune. He was a fine, portly gentleman, over six feet high, of very dignified and commanding manners, and made a most excellent Mayor. After that Joseph Rispham became a partner in the firm, which was changed to Lippincott, Richards & Co. Then Mr. Lippincott retiring, the firm became Richards & Rispham for several years, until Mr. Richards died, 13th July, 1851. His eldest son took his place, and Mr. Rispham dying a few years later, a Mr. Miller became a partner, the firm being changed to Richards & Miller, but their business gradually fell off, and two years ago the house was discontinued.

Joshua Lippincott had been an influential director of the bank of the United States, but being left out of the board by Nicholas Biddle after the suspension of his firm, he took umbrage at that gentleman, and was

ever afterwards his bitter opponent, joining with Austin Montgomery, when the bank failed, in the useless prosecution against the chief officers of it. Mr. Lippincott was also, during many years, an active manager in that important link in public works, the Schuylkill Navigation Company, and aided by his abilities and means in sustaining it in popular favor through its discouraging trials, until it became what it is now, an indispensable auxiliary to the trade of the city, and a prosperous Corporation of large means. During his long connection with the management of this Company, he travelled on foot the whole line of the improvements, exceeding one hundred miles, repeatedly; and no manager in the Board displayed more untiring zeal in its welfare. Mr. Lippincott erected for his residence that capacious house in Arch street, first door above Tenth, on the north side, now owned and occupied by a son of the distinguished John Hare Powell, and being yet, after the use of over forty years, one of the most convenient residences in the city. After the suspension of his firm, Mr. Lippincott, like a prudent man, sold this large house, and went into a smaller one. He was a master spirit in every concern or corporation he engaged in, and instead of allowing his energies to stagnate by misfortune, it seemed only to bring out all his inward resources. He died 11th August, 1856, aged eighty-five years, having long outlived Mr. Nicholas Biddle, though the latter was much the youngest man. Mr. Lippincott married into the Wetherill family, so justly celebrated in the Revolution for their active participation in the war, though Quakers, and to their establishing a new Society, called "Free Quakers," or fighting Quakers,

and the erection of a house of worship on the southwest corner of Arch and Fifth streets, still standing, and now occupied by the Apprentices' Library Company. The organization of the Society of Free Quakers is still kept up, but their meetings for public worship have long been discontinued.

When the great fraud of Edward Thomson was discovered, he endeavored to escape to England; and he was conveyed in the private carriage of his son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Parker Norris, Jr. (the gentleman who has just deceased, aged sixty-nine) to Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, with the intention of taking shipping at that point; but the United States marshal having got wind of it, was at Newcastle before him, and nabbed him just as he alighted from his son-in-law's carriage.

That very distinguished politician and lawyer, Charles Jared Ingersoll, who died last May in his eightieth year — father of Mr. Charles Ingersoll, recently under arrest by the Lincoln Government — was United States Attorney for his district at the time Mr. Thomson's fraud was discovered; and it has often been asserted, doubtless with correctness, that he made out of this business a large part of his fortune; for he filed separate bills of libel against each chest of tea that could be found in all the warehouses, public or private, amounting to several thousands, and his bill of costs was swelled up to a fabulous sum, all of which the Government was compelled to allow.

We have lost several merchants lately. Among them E. G. Faile, a celebrated grocer for many years; and Mr. Benkard, one of the firm of Benkard & Hutton, an old French importing house.

CHAPTER XXX.

Since my last volume was written several of our old merchants have died, among whom was Pelatiah Perit. Another is William Brown of the great Brown family of merchants. I gave the history of the first, Alexander Brown, of Baltimore — the one who first came to this country, about 1800. He had, as I stated, four sons : George Brown of Baltimore, John A. Brown of Philadelphia, James Brown of New York (firm of Brown Brothers & Co.), and William Brown, who was of the Liverpool house of Brown, Shipley & Co. He, as well as all of the brothers, the sons of Alexander Brown, was born in Ballymenas, County Antrim, Ireland, before the old gentleman came to America, and they accompanied him. William Brown was created a baronet before he died. At that time he was a member of the English Parliament for South Lancashire, and resided at his mansion, Richmond Hill, near Liverpool. William did business in the United States for some years, made a fortune, and then he went abroad as agent for the other American house of his brother. In Liverpool he was the head of the well known firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., to which place he returned from this country, after a residence of many years, and established the leading firm already referred to. After establishing

himself in one of the greatest commercial emporiums in England, so popular did he become with the government of the country, and the people of South Lancashire, for integrity and justice in his extensive dealings, that he was called upon to contest the representation of South Lancashire on the Liberal interest, and this he did successfully and triumphantly, having been returned as one of its members to the House of Commons by a large and overwhelming majority. He continued faithfully to serve his constituents for many years, and no opposition could move him from this high and honorable public position. An attempt was made to effect this on Lord Palmerston's last coming into power, as Prime Minister, when the Hon. Algernon Egerton and another Tory of the Derby school thought to oust both Sir William and his coadjutor, Mr. Warren. The latter was beaten, but Sir William remained immovable, and was returned by an overwhelming majority over both of his Tory opponents. He and Mr. Egerton then became the sitting members, and he continued an honest and independent member of the House of Commons for three years afterward, supporting the Palmerstonian dynasty until the opening session of 1850. Age and physical debility induced him then to resign his seat, and he retired from public life in his 78th year.

Shortly after his retirement, and her Majesty Queen Victoria being made aware of the fact that the venerable and respected member had betaken himself into private life, she at once conferred the title of baronet on him and his heirs and successors. This generous act of her Majesty to honor one of her best and most faithful Commoners was duly appreciated by Sir William, as the honor was deservedly conferred.

When the Crimean War was at its height, when the hopes of victory were trembling in the balance and a public panic appeared inevitable, the millionaire of Liverpool came spontaneously forward, and like Rothschild in London, offered his influence and aid in supporting the honor and dignity of the country. The same unostentatious spirit of philanthropy led him to take an active part in sending relief to Ireland during the years of 1846 and 1847, known as the famine years.

In the House of Commons, Sir William was the intimate and warm friend of Earl Russell, who, with Lady Russell and family, were often the invited guests at Richmond Hill. At the Social Science meeting in Liverpool in the year 1859, the then Lord John Russell (now Earl Russell), Lady Russell and children, Lord Brougham, Earl of Shaftesbury, and a host of other distinguished personages, found a hearty welcome at the baronet's beautiful mansion.

The nobility and gentry of South Lancashire deeply deplore his loss, and none more so than the Earl of Derby, although opposed to him in politics, and Lord Stanley of Knowsley Hall. In all matters of public utility and improvement, Sir William was certain of being consulted, and his word was sufficient for any great project being carried out or having it upset if it was not for the public good.

One of the great crowning acts of Sir William's life, and which exhibited his philanthropy and esteem for the citizens of Liverpool, was the erection of a Museum and Free Library adjoining St. George's Hall in Lime street. This an all-wise Providence permitted him to see completely finished and furnished; and when distin-

guished personages and merchants in Liverpool turned their back, and gave this noble project the "cold shoulder," his reply was, "I shall do it myself;" and those few yet emphatic words he fulfilled to the letter. The noble structure was finished and opened with much *eclat*, having cost the deceased baronet close on £100,000. This gift he bequeathed to the people of Liverpool, and was often heard to say, "I am doing this for the people, and to the people shall I bequeath it." For its chasteness and modern architecture it is magnificent to look upon, and surpasses St. George's Hall in these respects. It will remain there as a memento of its generous-hearted founder.

The late Sir William had seen his eighty-first year, and was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, both rich and poor. In private and public life, he was a sincere and devoted friend. His liberality and charitable feelings toward the poor of Liverpool knew no bounds, and wherever destitution presented itself, it was certain of being redressed. He has now gone to his last resting-place, full of years and full of honors, and it will be long, very long, indeed, before the equal of Sir William Brown shall be found in the great commercial emporium of the West of England. His loss will be felt for a long time to come, and by none more so than the suffering poor. He died, as he lived, a Christian and a philanthropist, and his name and memory shall ever hold a high place in English biography. His title, estates and effects, are inherited by his eldest grandchild.

These Browns are model merchants, and the one above is an honor to his American education, for it was in our Atlantic cities that he received his commercial education.

I have had much to say of Goodhue & Co. and its partners, but here is more detailed information of Mr. Perit than I have yet given. He died at New Haven, aged seventy-nine. He was born in the State of Connecticut, and taken to New Haven to school with an elder brother by their mother, sixty years ago, to get an education. He became a member of the Hopkins Grammar School, and afterward of Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1802, under the recent Presidency of Dr. Dwight. From the class to which he belonged came two Governors of Connecticut, two United States Senators, three College Presidents, two College Professors, two Judges of the Supreme Court, and other notabilities.

Choosing a commercial career, Mr. Perit came to New York, where he soon rose to eminence. In 1812, he became a member of a militia company composed of the young merchants of this city. Becoming a member of the well-known house of Goodhue & Co., he joined the Chamber of Commerce in the year 1819. Of that institution he continued an honored and foremost member till his death, being elected President of the Chamber in 1853, and thereafter annually honored with a re-election by acclamation. Those who have habitually attended the Chamber will remember with pleasure his dignified discharge of the duties of presiding officer, and his quiet, quick dispatch of business.

He married, in 1825, a daughter of Daniel L. Coit, of Norwich. She survives him, and they had no children.

Though a model merchant, closely applying himself to his vocation, Mr. Perit liberally contributed his ser-

vices and his substance to promote every philanthropic enterprise of the day. He was an earnest member of the Congregational Church. In the foundation of Sunday Schools he took a leading part ; he became a member of the Union, and the visiting committee, and rarely absented himself from the Sabbath School. Among many other positions of trust and honor which he has filled, he has been President of the Board of Foreign Missions, of the American Bible Society, Trustee of the Seaman's Retreat and Sailor's Snug Harbor, was for many years a Director of the Bank of Commerce, and President of the Seaman's Saving Bank.

A strong Whig, when that party was in existence, Mr. Perit subsequently became a Republican Unionist, and stoutly labored to sustain the Government in its struggle for self-preservation. At the time of his death he was engaged in the preparation of a work for the Government on the Commerce of the United States, which he recently remarked was so far completed that in case he should be called away, it could be finished by the gentlemen associated with him.

About five years ago Mr. Perit sold his valuable real estate in this city and removed to New Haven. In 1861 he retired from business, and since that time has lived a life of comparative seclusion and repose. About ten days ago, when returning from a visit to a friend, Mr. Perit was taken suddenly ill in the street, and carried into the residence of Prof. Silliman, where he remained unconscious until morning, when he was conveyed to his own residence. This attack culminated in dropsy on the chest. He retained his intellect in full vigor up to the period of his dissolution.

He was a grand old merchant, and yet there are many more of the same sort left. It is a great mistake to suppose that there are no great merchants in the present day.

One of the curious matters of the present day was the trial of a Mr. Turner, of the Custom House, for forgery. Mr. John J. Cisco is an old New Yorker by birth, and was an extensive merchant, dealing heavily in clothes before he went into politics. He went into business in 1826, and retired in 1844. He was out of business ten years, and in the year 1854 was appointed Assistant Treasurer in this city by President Pierce. He was re-appointed to the position by President Buchanan, and a second time re-appointed by President Lincoln. Being a man of unquestioned integrity and experience, he will of course be kept in his present responsible place so long as Abraham Lincoln retains power. Mr. Cisco is a man widely respected. He has devoted friends. He would scorn to tell a falsehood, and is incapable of malice, and yet he can be — mistaken. In the trial of Turner, Mr. Cisco swore to a signature being genuine that Turner declared was a forgery. Mr. Cisco was positive: he said he could not be mistaken. Meantime, the counsel for Turner got hold of a note written by Mr. Cisco only a few days previous. Mr. Payne, a bookkeeper (who ought to be looked after, for he forged several names so that the real owners could not distinguish them), forged Mr. Cisco's name — "Your ob't serv't, J. J. Cisco" — the original was carefully cut out of the note, and the forged one put in. It was then shown to Mr. Cisco. He *knew* the note, and declared the signature to be his. It was a set trap.

The note was a little blurred, and so was the signature. He was amazed, too, at the treachery that should have placed the confidential note in the hands of a lawyer. It was an adroit trick and trap, and Mr. Cisco was caught. He declared it was his signature. The lawyer then proved that Payne wrote it. Let this be as it may, it reminds me of the time that was made about Redmond some years ago, and shows how easily shrewd bankers may be deceived. Timothy B. Redmond kept the United States Hotel, at No. 178 Pearl street. It ran through to Water street. He had a very large custom, and his hotel was crowded with guests from every part of the Union. Suddenly he was arrested and locked up in the Bridewell that stood in the Park. He was charged with the crime of forgery by three of the principal banks — the Bank of America, the Union Bank, and the Merchants'.

He was charged with having forged the signature of G. G. & L. Howland and several other leading houses. The amounts obtained were several thousand dollars. He was sworn to as the person to whom the money was paid by James Taylor, who was paying teller of the Bank of America; by Thomas Williams, who occupied the same position in the Merchants' Bank, and by Daniel J. Ebbits, the cashier of the Union Bank. They all swore to the identity of Mr. Redmond, as the forger. It was impossible that they could be mistaken. He was the man who received the money from each of these three men, and they were all clear-headed business men, of undoubted character. It was all over with poor Redmond. His fate seemed certain. No one doubted his guilt when the trial came on. A little girl was

brought upon the witness stand. She was an adopted daughter of Mr. Redmond, or a daughter of his house-keeper. She was at a boarding-school on Long Island. She had come home on the day of her vacation. She swore that on her arrival she asked for Mr. Redmond; was told that he was sick, and had not left his room for three days. She went to his room, and found it was so, and knew that he did not get up for three days more. There was no doubt of her testimony. There was no doubt about the day when the vacation occurred, and it was proved she came home that day. It was also proved that it was the same day that Ebbits, Williams and Taylor, the bank officials, swore they paid the money for the forged checks to Mr. Redmond.

The result of this testimony was, that the jury brought in a verdict of "*Not guilty.*" Nothing else saved him from the State Prison. Thousands believed it was all a got up affair with the little girl, and that she swore monstrously and falsely. Yet it afterwards proved that she swore truth. Meanwhile, the guests of the hotel had all left. The report of the forgeries had travelled all over the United States. His business was ruined. He tried to recover it, but it was of no use. He left it a broken-down man, and never recovered again. I think he died not long after. Several months passed away after the Redmond trial, when old Mr. Hays arrested a man for some crime. At once he noticed that he was a *fac simile* of Redmond. So did hundreds of others. The bank clerks went up to the Bridewell to see the No. 2. There they recognized him as *the* man they had paid the forged checks to. He was tried for the offence for which he was arrested (stealing, I think),

and convicted. Before he was sent up, he confessed that he was the forger, and told how he got possession of the means. He entered the stores of the persons that he intended to forge checks for, by the scuttle. He found blank checks, or old paid checks that had been paid at the bank cut, and returned to the merchants with their names upon them. This gave him all he needed. He filled up *real* checks, and copied the signatures on the paid ones; and they were all paid at the bank without hesitation.

One night I was at a book auction, some time after No. 2 was sent to prison, and I sat by the side of Mr. Ebbits, the cashier. We got to talking about the Redmond affair. He said he felt very bad about it, and after the real man had been arrested he laid the whole subject before the Board of Directors of the Union Bank, and that body authorized him to take \$1,000 and go to Mr. Redmond and make him a present of it, as a slight testimony of their regret at his great misfortune. I do not think this fact has ever been made public before. Mr. Cisco on the late trial was convinced that he was right, as was the cashier I have named, until the real forger was caught.

CHAPTER XXXI.

How many of the aged of this city, who are rapidly passing away, will remember the venerable Noah Talcott, as he passed along Wall street, with a slight stoop. He was mild and gentle as a lamb, yet what a magnificent merchant he had been in his prime of life. He had a brother, David Talcott. They were in partnership together. Afterwards David went to New Orleans, a large commission merchant, factor, &c., under the firm of Talcott & Bowers. Mr. Bowers was a brother to N. Bowers, now living in Brooklyn, and very rich.

These Talcott brothers came from New England. I think they were descended from Noah Talcott, who was from 1724 to 1741, a period of seventeen years, Governor of the Connecticut Colony.

When the New England Society of the State of New York was formed in this city, in the spring of 1805, for the purpose of friendship, charity and mutual association, among its first members were David and Noah Talcott and George Talcott, Jr. Noah was a life member.

I presume that Noah Talcott, on his arrival in this city, went through the usual lengthy clerkship with one of our large houses. In 1798 he had formed a partnership with one of the Ellis merchants. I do not know

whether it was Henry or John. The firm was Talcott & Ellis, and their place of business was upon Steven's wharf. In 1809 the firm dissolved, and Noah Talcott established himself as a commission merchant at No. 228 Front street. In 1803 he moved his store to Murray's wharf. That year, March 5, he was married to Miss Eliza Woods, by Bishop Moore, at Trinity Church. Two years after he removed his store to No. 64 South street, and his residence to Bowery Hill.

How very soon a smart young son of New England would get into a large business in the olden time. Whenever the old ship *Joseph* arrived from London, she had a valuable invoice for Noah Talcott. The schooner *Peggy* traded between this port and Martinique, and belonged to Mr. Talcott. The schooner *Ann Margaret* also was owned by him. He was largely in the Holland trade. The schooner *Robert Martha* was owned by him.

In 1810 there was no merchant in New York who was doing as large a business as Mr. Talcott. He was on Murray's wharf. In the Havre trade he had the brig *Eliza*; Captain Gray. She carried freight and passengers. He also owned the brig *Weymouth*, Captain Howard. He also had the brig *Rambler*. She carried a cargo of eighty-nine boxes brown sugar, thirty hogsheads white sugar, thirty-five barrels green coffee, six hundred dry salted hides, and one hundred and thirty-two hogsheads molasses.

While one merchant was doing this enormous business it must be remembered that the business of the United States was not what it is now. The domestic exports of all the States, for 1810, was not quite sixty-seven millions of dollars,

New York exported about eleven millions, Massachusetts nearly six millions, and South Carolina nearly five millions, she ranking, at that time, the third State in the Union ; and next, Pennsylvania. The cotton exported was only 93,000,000 pounds.

In 1811, when at No. 64 South street, Noah took into partnership his brother, David, under the firm of N. & D. Talcott, and they kept together until 1819. He was alone again until 1825, when he took into partnership a Mr. Lyman, under the firm of Talcott & Lyman, and it continued until 1827. During the years 1826 and 1827 the operations of this house in cotton alone were enormous, but I think not particularly fortunate. The consequence was a dissolution of the firm, and Mr. Talcott went at business again upon his own account.

In 1831, he opened a cotton broker's office at 58 Wall street. How well the venerable old gentleman was known in this city at that period of his history, now nearly thirty-five years ago ! He had a gentle way with him, that commanded deep esteem. His samplers went to every merchant who had cotton to sell, and they were glad to have it in the hands of Noah Talcott. His office, where the tables were covered with hundreds of samples of large lots of white cotton in blue paper, will never be forgotten by the old school merchants. I ought to mention that Mr. Talcott was one of the best judges of cotton in the city of New York. In 1834, he took into partnership in his large business his son, Frederick L. Talcott, and the firm became Noah Talcott & Son, and so continued for many years, or until 1839, when the fine old gentleman died. He had another son named William W. Talcott.

It is a good old race, these Talcotts, and creditable to the city. They are a regular breed of merchants, honorable and worthy of the good old founder. His widow, I believe, is still alive, beloved and respected by her numerous descendants.

I have had occasion to allude to Mr. Talcott several times since I commenced writing these articles. On one occasion, I alluded to the importance of cotton brokers in former years, when the article of cotton was never advertised. Those who wanted it went directly to the office of Mr. Talcott, or to other brokers, in those days.

Robert Nichols was born in New York in 1799. His father and grandfather were residents of the city; his mother was a Ten Eyck, and daughter of David Ten Eyck. The present Mrs. Robert Nichols is a great-great-granddaughter of Rip Van Dam.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Few merchants of this city have been of more note than James McBride. He was from Armagh, in Ireland, and commenced business in this city in the year 1795.

As early as 1796, there was a large firm of McBride & Watson, soap and tallow chandlers, at 98 Beekman street. The firm was composed of James McBride and William Watson.

That house dissolved, and James McBride, in 1803, started in business on his own account, at 101 William street.

In the later years of his mercantile career, he was better known as an importer of Irish linens and dry goods than as a general merchant. It was not so in the earlier part of his mercantile career. In 1805 he owned vessels, among them the ship "Support." He owned the steamboat wharf at the foot of Courtlandt street, and his counting-house was at No. 2 Dey street; he lived at No. 4. In 1810 he had increased his business very largely. He imported from London by every vessel, and besides Irish linens, sheeting, &c., he sold hundreds of crates and casks of glassware. His great rival in the business at that time was William Bailie, who sold the same kind of merchandise.

Mr. McBride was a successful merchant for many

years. He was a splendid-looking man, and in the last years of his life lived in Collège place. His widow survived him, and a daughter (Eliza) by his first marriage, and two daughters by his second. Mr. J. L. McLau-
chan, late Member of Congress from Chambersburg dis-
trict, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Aaron Vanderpoel, late
Judge, and once known as the "Kinderhook Roarer."
He was in Congress for some years, and was a very in-
timate friend of Martin Van Buren. The Judge fol-
lowed his great leader into the Abolition ranks, where
he now is. He was a fine-looking man in his prime, and
a more magnificent couple than the Judge and his bride,
when he married Miss McBride, could not be found.
The Judge has two sons. He resides at Saugerties in
the summer, and in Seventeenth street in the winter.
Mrs. McLauhan died about two years ago. Mrs.
McBride is now an aged lady, but retains her faculties,
and is distinguished for her grace, piety and benevolence.
Mrs. Judge Roosevelt, who made such a fame as a
Dutch dame of 1623, in the Knickerbocker kitchen at
the Sanitary Fair, in Seventeenth street, is a niece of
Mrs. McBride. Mr. McBride accumulated a large
fortune. In 1825 he purchased No. 174 Broadway,
built by John G. Glover (now the Howard Hotel). He
was known among his friends as Judge McBride, and a
very true man. He was a prominent man of the St.
Patrick's Society. Although this society was instituted
in 1784, yet an act to incorporate the Society of the
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in the City of New York,
did not pass our Legislature until February 13, 1827.
The charter reads thus: "Whereas, the members of a
society instituted for the relief of indigent natives of

Ireland and their descendants, have petitioned the Legislature for an act of incorporation, the better to enable them to obtain the objects of their association; therefore, be it enacted by the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, that James McBride, John Chambers, James Magee, Alexander Charters, John B. Montgomery, John Caldwell and Daniel McCormick, are hereby constituted and declared a body politic and corporate, in fact and in name. The Society,' &c., &c.

At a meeting of the society in 1832, a revision of the by-laws was thought necessary, and a committee was appointed to do it. This committee was composed of James McBride, John T. Dolan, Jacob Harvey, Joseph Alexander, and Samuel Osborne. They made their report at a meeting held in Niblo's Bank Coffee House, corner of Pine and William, in 1832. Such is the evidence of the esteem in which Mr. McBride was held by his countrymen in this city. I believe he was at one time President of the St. Patrick's Society.

He was a director in banks, insurance companies, and in fact all moneyed corporations, where he would consent to have his name used.

In the war of 1812, Mr. McBride loaned the U. S. Government \$10,000.

He moved his residence from 5 College place to 70 Fifth avenue, where he died in 1858.

Dr. Hugh McLean, who died a few years back, in this city, was for many years one of the most eminent and successful practitioners in the city. He had under his medical charge most of the old families of New York, and was the fashionable physician of the day.

He was the first physician who was placed over the old New York City Dispensary, during the prevalence of the yellow fever, in 1799, and during the pestilence of that and several succeeding years he attended to all the poor of the city who were struck down with the disease; he never deserted his post, and had it twice himself. He lived in the large building on the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets — where the office of the Dispensary was — with Mr. Glass and his sisters, Mrs. Gerard, and Anne S. and Eliza B. Glass, for many years; none of whom, except Mrs. Gerard, were ever married.

Dr. McLean, in early youth, was the school-mate and friend of Washington Irving, and afterwards was the patron of art in all its branches, and of the great succession of artists who lived in his day; also of all the literary men who flourished with the writers of *Salmagundi* and the *Knickerbocker*. Doctor McLean was one of the handsomest men of his day, and of most agreeable manners, and no circle of society was considered complete without him.

Mrs. Gerard and her sons, for many years, received great acts of kindness both from Mr. Glass and Doctor McLean.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

There are names, once famed in New York, that are now extinct. Look in the Directory of 1864 for Desbrosses, and not one can be found. It is retained as the name of a street in the Fifth Ward, terminating on the North River — Desbrosses street. It was so named from Alderman Charles Desbrosses, who was a great merchant in his day, and in the year 1767 to 1770 was Alderman of the East Ward. The reason that the street was named after him was this: It was on the Trinity Church property, and old Elias was a vestryman of Trinity Church from 1759 to 1770, and a warden from that date to 1778; and all those streets, Chambers, Reade, Duane, Harrison, Jay, Moore, Laight, Desbrosses, Clarkson, Vandam, King, Morton, &c., — were named by Trinity Church after her prominent vestrymen a hundred years ago.

James and Elias were sons of James Desbrosses, who was a merchant of the city as early as 1720. When he died, I am not aware.

In 1765 the Desbrosses family had their great distillery on the East River. It occupied all the space on the water that is now covered by the foot of James, Oliver and Catherine streets. The first was named from James Desbrosses, the second from Oliver, and the

third from his daughter, Catherine Desbrosses. Catherine married Joseph Waddington. The property was near the ship-yard.

James Desbrosses, Jr., on Dec. 30, 1762, married Elizabeth Batten. In 1768 he was one of the assignees of Nathan Fish, when he failed.

In 1770 Elias was made, by royal proclamation, one of the incorporators of the Marine Society of this city, and a life member.

James was among the loyalists of the city who signed the address to Gen. Howe in 1776. He and Elias were both in the city during the Revolutionary war. James was a vestryman of Trinity from 1775 to 1779, and warden from that date to 1784.

In December, 1777, the poor of New York were in the very greatest distress, and General Robertson, the commander, appointed nineteen gentlemen of the city, of the best known and most reliable character, to go through the streets and solicit contributions for their relief. By the "Proclamation," Elias Desbrosses was the first named by the commander, and was chairman of the committee.

When the Chamber of Commerce was started in 1768, Elias Desbrosses was its first Treasurer. He was promoted to be Vice-President in 1770, and President in 1771. He continued so until 1774.

August 1, 1795, Charlotte Desbrosses, the daughter of James, was married by Doctor Linn to Henry Overing, Esq., of Newport, Rhode Island. It was a grand old wedding, and all the aristocracy from New York was there. It was at the house of the father, No. 174 Pearl street. The house next door, 172, where lived

the old grandmother, Mrs. Magdalen Desbrosses, was also flung open. At the wedding, the gayest of the gay was a bright, promising boy, named Elias, a brother of the bride. Only three years later, in the same summer month of August, those portals were once more opened, and mourners gathered at the funeral of young Elias, who died, aged 19.

I think Elias Desbrosses died at 8 Queen street, 1778. James lived next door at No. 9. The houses were only a few doors from Wall street, and afterwards became known as 172 and 174 Pearl. I have mentioned that in the early years, when the city was first numbered, the houses were numbered as built, and not, as now, odd numbers on one side and even ones on the other.

James Desbrosses, the elder, was an English importer of goods, for I find, in October, 1751, he advertised for sale a large invoice of paper hangings. At that time papering walls was an unheard of thing. The hangings were for window curtains, such as we now see in many parts of New England and New Jersey.

James Desbrosses died November 8, 1807, and was buried from the old mansion in Pearl street. His funeral was a very large one, and his body was taken into Trinity Church.

His son-in-law had moved to this city and became a large merchant as early as 1801. He was in business until 1708.

I feel proud of having done some good. The regular readers of *The Leader* will remember how urgently, nearly two years ago, I pressed the claims of broken-down merchants to be provided for by an asylum or

refuge of some sort. When the chapters relating to that subject were gathered up in book form, and the first volume of "Old Merchants" was published, it attracted the attention of many wealthy merchants. The *Journal of Commerce* published letters from several merchants who offered to donate large sums for the good object that had been indicated and urged by Walter Barrett. It attracted the attention of others who saw that reputation and money were to be made by it, and the following circular has been sent to me. It shows that the charitable matter is in good hands, and influential capitalists will make it succeed :

NEW YORK, April, 1864.

WALTER BARRETT, ESQ.—*Sir*: You will no doubt excuse the liberty taken in calling your attention to the effort now making under the auspices of the following prominent names: Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.; Duncan, Sherman & Co.; A. A. Low & Bros.; Jerome Riggs & Co.; Sturges, Bennett & Co.; D. Appleton & Co.; Geo. S. Robbins & Son; and David Hoadley, Wm. A. Booth, Peter Cooper, Wilson G. Hunt, E. W. Dunham, Sheppard Gandy, and Amos R. Eno, Esqs.; with many others of like position, in creating a Fund for the Relief of Indigent Merchants. This will be commenced by organizing a Fire Insurance Company, with a capital of \$200,000 in shares of \$100, with the promise and understanding that all profits over 7 per cent. shall be donated to the Fund for that purpose (to which Fund, when incorporated, say next year), one of our retired merchants has signified his intention to donate the handsome sum of \$50,000). If this benevolent undertaking meets your approval, please fill up the inclosed contract for the number of shares you will take, and inclosed the same to

Yours, with respect,

A. B. MORRELL.

(Care of Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Bankers, No. 56 Wall street.)

The retired merchant is one who offered the donation of \$50,000, in a letter to the *Journal of Commerce*, after having read the first volume of "Old Merchants."

A fire insurance company now with \$200,000, will

support three or four old merchants, if the broken-down men are given the offices of president — salary \$5,000 ; vice-president, \$2,500 ; and secretary, \$3,000.

At seven per cent., the interest of \$200,000 will be \$14,000. That sum goes to the stockholders. It will take as much more to pay the officers, so that the profits cannot support many old merchants, unless the insurance has a great run of luck, and does a good business.

The \$50,000 will go some distance in securing the stockholders of the new fire insurance company from loss, if the retired merchants will consent to be victimized in this way ; but, in the name of all that is holy, what broken-down, broken-hearted, retiring old merchant will ever receive a dollar benefit, or be provided for in the way the class should be provided for ? A. B. Morrell, of Brown Brothers and Co., will probably make a good thing of it, and become president or secretary of the new insurance company, at a large salary, and he will be provided for.

I only hope the genuine \$50,000 merchant will not allow himself to be swindled out of his money — \$50,000 — for any such purpose.

A lottery would now be a better way of raising a million of dollars for the benefit of, and to start, a Merchants' Asylum. It used to be the way to raise money for any great purpose, and I dare say if the wealthy persons engaged in starting an insurance company to pay them *seven per cent. on all they invest* (why there is not one of them now that would not be glad to get *six per cent.* for the next five years on his), was to appear at Albany, that the Legislature, for such a holy purpose as benefiting old merchants, would repeal all laws against

lotteries, and authorize one under such responsible financial officers to benefit old merchants. Charity, relief, Divine mercy to the broken down merchants *paying seven per cent. interest* to Brown, Brothers & Co., Duncan Sherman & Co., A. A. Low & Brothers, Peter Cooper, and the charitable set who wish to found a great charity to broken-down old merchants. It is worthy of the year 1864, and on the marble portals of the Old Merchants' Charity Asylum Fire Insurance Company Building ought to be cut the names of the great donators who go in for seven per cent. in charity, when they can't get six in regular business.

What ought to be asked of a Divine Being for a city whose leading capitalists are so rotten with avarice that they want seven per cent. for a Divine charity? In these days of insurrection, anarchy and bloodshed, those very merchants, who think they are beyond the reach of misfortune and poverty, are as likely to be paupers as any one else. If the reign of blood and anarchy visits us in the next ten years, is James Brown, with his million, and the bankers, with their tens of millions, safer in life and property than Bill Smith, the mechanic without a dollar, or Pat McGrath, without money or work?

For the sake of a great and holy charity, let some of our leading merchants come forward, headed by the retired merchant, with \$50,000, and build a merchants' asylum worthy of the great City of Commerce — one that shall stand a monument of charity a thousand years hence, long after the names of the merchant mousers of the houses named in the circular, who are after their seven per cent., have passed into oblivion.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An old mercantile name in New York is that of Cushman. The family of that name came originally from England. The founder was Robert Cushman, who came over first. This Robert, in June, 1620, hired in London the "May Flower" (famous now throughout the world) to bring passengers to America. He came over in her, and arrived in November of that year.

The descendants of this Robert were scattered all through the New England States. Allerton Cushman was settled in Coventry, Conn., where he married in 1760. He had a son named Morrison, born in November, 1762. He married in 1784, and removed with his wife to Richfield, Otsego county, New York. He was one of the early settlers of that part of our great State. He was a farmer. He had nine children. He taught his own and neighbors' children in his log cabin. He lived to be 80 years old, and died in 1842. When only 17 years old, Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, commissioned him to carry dispatches of great importance to General Washington, then in New Jersey. He arrived safe, and General Washington said: "If you are always as faithful to duty as you have been in delivering this message, you will be a blessing to your country." And he was a blessing, in an humble, quiet way. He was a

pioneer in settling Otsego County. In 1794 he was one of the founders of the church in that section.

He had a funny way of naming his children. He gave all a name that commenced with D. His first child he named Deborah. His second Diodama. The third Delia. His fourth was a son, whom he named Diodate Dr. He was a merchant at Coventry, N. Y., and died in New York city in 1838. His fifth was a son born October 1, 1792. He named him Don Alonzo. He became a celebrated merchant in after years. He had a sixth son, named David. He had fifteen children. The seventh child was a daughter named Harmony. The eighth was named Hannah. She married William Hannahs in 1822. He is now a large commission merchant in New York city. One of his sons is William C. Hannahs, a merchant in Pearl street. The ninth child was Maria. She married Doctor James Stewart, of this city, and had four children.

Don Alonzo Cushman is still living and is now 72 years old. He was only a year old when his father emigrated from Connecticut to New York, and from eight years old and upwards helped the old gentleman on the farm in the summer months. In 1805, when only twelve years old, his father placed Don Alonzo in the store of E. H. Metcalf, in Cooperstown; and there he commenced his mercantile career, by learning how to sell all sorts of dry goods and groceries, and to distil liquors. Old Metcalf was a politician, neglected his business, and failure was the consequence. When young Cushman left his father's cabin to go in the store, he had no education except to be able to read and write a little. At the age of thirteen he knew nothing of

figures, and it was at this time the business of the store began to fall off. He felt his want of knowledge of arithmetic, and got a man who was on the jail limits to instruct him in Daboll. When fourteen years old his mother died. In 1808, he went into the store of Colonel Russel Williams, in the same village, and here he was made head clerk and book-keeper, and became a sort of companion of his employer. In the spring of 1810, Col. Williams went to New York city to buy goods, and while there procured young Alonzo a clerkship in a retail dry goods store, 125 Broadway. His employer was Charles Weed. He lived at 189 Broadway. He had a brother named Harry Weed. It was on the 8th of June, 1810, when young Cushman arrived in this city, and went with his new employer. Weed was a man of limited mercantile qualifications. He was careless in his business habits, and it made no difference to him whether his clerks were honest or not, so long as they made money for the concern.

When Cushman reached the city he had but seventeen dollars in his pocket; but that was quite a capital in those days, for many of our most eminent merchants since, had but twenty-five cents on their arrival. The seventeen dollars were soon gone, and young Alonzo wrote home to his father for more. The mail brought it, but the postage of the letter was fifty cents, and the enclosure was only one dollar. His father had no more to send. This was very discouraging to the young clerk, who was in the city without a friend. It was a lesson to him. He saw clearly that he must look to himself for support. After this Mr. Weed took him into his own family, and gave him his board and \$75

per annum. This was quite a start, and more than is usually obtained by a beginner in the outset of his New York career. Very few clerks when they enter the counting rooms of the larger merchants get any salary for the first two years. The great object is to learn business, and there is no school equal to it.

In the store was another clerk, younger than himself, named Archibald Falconer. Young F. was pious, he and Alonzo Cushman became devoted friends, and afterwards were for many years partners. Young Cushman sadly felt the neglect of his early education, but there was very little time to remedy it in a store where he had to be down at daybreak, and not close until nine o'clock in the evening. However, he did study all the while, and became a good grammar scholar, with large knowledge of history, geography and chemistry. He was with his first employer until after the war of 1812. The troubles and derangements consequent upon it fell heavily upon his employer. He failed and gave up business. He was succeeded by his bookkeeper. The latter retained Cushman and Falconer in his employ, and the business became very prosperous, and so continued until 1814. That summer the military were called out, and young Cushman took his place in the ranks and served his country three months, defending one of the forts in the harbor. Then the troops were discharged.

In January, 1815, his employer proposed to sell out his stock of goods to Cushman and his fellow clerk, Falconer. Neither of them had any capital, but their employer generously agreed to trust them, and also to put in \$3,000 and become a partner with them. Of course they accepted, and in February they took account of the

stock of goods, bought at war prices, and they were enormous. While making up the account rumors of peace reached the city; and one Saturday night, when they had finished taking stock, the last article of their first purchase having been entered, they heard shouts in the street of "Peace, peace, peace!" This was a sad blow to the new house of Cushman & Falconer. They signed the notes almost in despair. Peace had reduced the value of the stock just purchased fifty per cent. in a few hours, and they had not a cent of capital! The next day, Sunday, they went to church, but their thoughts were more of dry goods than hymn books. There was no written agreement, but they determined not to back down from their verbal arrangement, and to pay for those goods at the enormous prices. Goods did not decline as badly as then expected. They were energetic, and sold the stock off before eight months, and then proposed to the partner to withdraw, they paying him \$3,000, his original capital, and \$3,000 more — his share of profits for eight months.

During this lucky year of 1815, a young school-girl used to pass the store of Cushman. He fancied her. Her father was old Peter Ritter, who kept a hardware store corner of Maiden lane and Broadway, and lived at 172, where the Howard Hotel now stands. In December of that year Miss Ritter became Mrs. Cushman. It proved a most fortunate marriage for the young merchant. After this, for eight years, Mr. Cushman had about as much as he could do to keep up his firm and support his family. He worked very hard, and became a confirmed dyspeptic. In 1824, they gave up the retail dry goods business, and did nothing but wholesale,

at 188 Pearl street. In 1828 the health of Mr. Cushman became so wretched that, to save his life, his physician recommended his immediate departure for Europe, and he left this city. He left in a sailing vessel. He travelled on the continent, and at Mentz met the Royal Family of France, and was introduced to Charles Tenth, who, in 1830, was obliged to quit his throne to make room for Louis Phillippe.

He got back to New York in November of 1829. He found that his house had done an immense business, but had made two bad debts that swept off all the profits. He determined to pull off his coat, and go to work in earnest. He was more inclined to this as his partner, Falconer, had become very feeble, and in the spring of 1830 he left for Europe, and the whole care of an immense jobbing and importing house fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Cushman. He was equal to the emergency. He got rid of dyspepsia, collected the old debts deemed bad, and carried on an immense but prosperous business. In December, Mr. Falconer sailed from England for South America, and died on the passage. The business was continued for a few months under the name of the old firm, for the benefit of the widow Falconer. On the 1st of July, 1830, he took into partnership three clerks, under the firm of D. A. Cushman & Co.

In 1834, the firm commenced to do a Southern business. In 1837, they had increased it to such an extent that they lost, by bad debts alone, in the Southern States, \$120,000. He had also been a large purchaser of real estate. In 1838, he determined, owing to his losses, to keep in active business a few years longer, al

though he had previously determined to retire from business with a competency. He adopted the short credit and cash system, and great success followed. Mr. Cushman became a very active citizen. In religion, he was an Episcopalian. In politics, a Whig of the old Henry Clay school; he did all in his power to achieve a great Whig success. He raised eleven children, six sons and five daughters. In 1846, Mr. Cushman became so ill that he was once more obliged to go to Europe for his health. He took with him his wife and a daughter. He was for a long time under the care of the celebrated Doctor Presnitz. He was not cured, and returned to New York city in December, 1846. Before going to Europe he dissolved his business connection with his former partners, and took into the concern his two eldest sons, Alonzo R. and John H. Hobart Cushman. They managed very well, but on January 1, 1855, Mr. Cushman dissolved the house and retired, after being in business thirty-seven years. He was very much respected while in business, and is now in his old age.

His children have intermarried with some of our most aristocratic families — his daughter Mary a French gentleman, named Phillip Frederic Pistor, a large merchant in this city. They have several children. Alonzo R. married Miss Elizabeth, a daughter of Isaac Jones. He was President of the Juniatta Coal and Iron Company.

Catherine married N. B. Smith, a merchant in New Orleans.

Caroline married James Talman Waters, a merchant in this city.

John Henry H. Cushman married Mary, daughter of the Rev. R. T. Huddart, who had a celebrated school in this city a few years ago.

Angeline Cushman married Gustavus William Taber, a merchant in this city. The other children are Emily, Archibald, Ephraim, Julia, James, William and Elizabeth.

Mr. Cushman has made his mark in this city as a merchant. He has added to its wealth and glory, and his children, and their children, may well be proud of their descent from an honorable old merchant.

In following up our intention of taking notice of the bankers and merchants of New York, we will introduce here the well-known firm of A. H. Lawrence and Co., (before spoken of,) who entered into the banking and commission business about 1790 or before, and so popularly known more than fifty years since.

A. H. Lawrence was the intimate friend of the late General De Witt Clinton, called by him, for his financial abilities as the manager of the city funds and chairman of the finance committee, alderman of the third ward, "The *Chancellor* of the Exchequer." His son, Colonel Augustine N. Lawrence, is now the survivor of the firm, and he served on the staff of the late General Morton, in the war of 1812. He is now known in literary circles by the *sobriquet* of "Knickerbocker, Junior." The family of the Law

rences (originally spelled Laurens) have been distinguished since the days of Richard, the lion-hearted king of England, called *Cœur de Lion*. Since then they have distinguished themselves in the cabinet and the field! Effingham Lawrence intermarrying with the Lord Effingham family, also General George Washington's, as far back as Henry III. of England, when Sir John Lawrence married Margaret Washington, or Wessington, (as it was called in those days;) but unfortunately this Sir John Lawrence was of a *turbulent, violent* temper; for in a conflict he killed one of the gentlemen of the court, for which he was *exiled and banished* to Holland, and there he died in obscurity. We find that the family comes from Robert Lawrence, a gentleman of large landed property in the north of England, a gallant youth, who won a high reputation by his extensive charities and genial disposition, and he accompanied the lion-hearted King to Palestine, and in one of the great battles, or at the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, for his indomitable courage, his consummate skill in marshaling the English forces, was particularly noticed, and made a Knight, "Sir Robert Lawrence," in that terrific battle. Since then no *spots* tarnish their fame, but we hear of them as Lord Mayors of London, Generals in the English army, a Governor-General of India, Lawrence Washington, brother of the father of our country, (General George Washington,) at the siege of Carthagera, South-America. All the above may be relied upon, in the pages of history, as well as from General Washington, Parke Custis, Colonel Aug. N. Lawrence, being inti-

mate with him for many years, as also a soldier of the war of 1812. At the time the banking firm was commenced, they were known for their energy, close application to business, and subsequently to all the commercial world at London, Paris, and Amsterdam. Their bills passed everywhere. The surviving partner, Colonel Augustine N. Lawrence, still lives, and at a great age, and we think is the only survivor of the original board of brokers. Of this we are *not certain*. His mind, still vigorous and unimpaired, is intently engaged in prosecuting some *large claims*, under the advice of able counsel. Among his intimate school and college companions to the days of their lamented deaths, were Hon. Ogden Hoffman, the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton, and others; which are contained in his "Knickerbocker, Junior," still unpublished. The great General Hamilton is there seen in all his brilliant courage on the battle-field of Monmouth, New-Jersey, in that desperate fight aiding all in his power by his unexampled, daring acts of bravery to recover the fortunes of the day. Subsequently, as is known to the world, he displayed his remarkable talents in the councils of our beloved country, managing and arranging their finances, and indeed engaged in every way requisite to place our country on a sure basis, so as to start and commence our race with surrounding nations. Knowing full well that with our great Washington, he will live forever in the remembrances and in the hearts of his beloved countrymen. Before this notice closes of the Lawrence family, I must not omit to notice the memory of their relative,

Captain James Lawrence, commander of the unfortunate frigate "Chesapeake." His dying words, "Don't give up the ship!" are now inscribed on his monument in Trinity churchyard, to immortalize his memory forever. And now, Colonel Aug. N. Lawrence's present family must not be passed over. He married on the 6th of May, 1846, the beautiful daughter of Captain Joseph Powell, of the English army. She being a great favorite with her father, he would frequently have her to accompany him in his hunts, for she was remarkable for her grace and spirit in the management of the horse. At her present age she exhibits great remains of her former beauty. Her second sister, a very amiable lady, married Dr. Edward H. Calvert, of the Lord Baltimore family, distinguished in the annals of our country's history. Her third sister, a very beautiful and highly accomplished lady, remarkable in private circles for the skill she displayed on the harp and piano. She married the son of Captain Hill, of the British army, a family well known among the *élite* of England. Their only issue, Hattie Hill Lawrence, is the niece and adopted daughter of Colonel Aug. N. Lawrence and the present Mrs. Lawrence. Miss Hattie Hill Lawrence married, in 1867, Andrew T. Huntington, Esq., and their issue, up to the present date, consists of three *cherubs*, Mary, Louise, and Guy. Andrew T. Huntington, Esq., is a lineal descendant of the old Lord Huntington's family that visited this country some years since, and was most hospitably received by the late Alderman Lawrence, the father of Colonel Aug. N. Lawrence. There

need nothing be said further of Andrew T. Huntington, as it is a well-known fact that he has stood *high* in the confidence of Jay Cooke & Co., bankers, for six or seven years past, and is still so engaged. Colonel Aug. N. Lawrence's remaining family now consists of five children, namely, Frances Catherine Lawrence, Joseph Dangerfield Lawrence, George McKay Lawrence, Luquer Lawrence, and Augustine Hicks Lawrence. It is said that when they all are assembled around the family board, it is not often that you can find so much culture, beauty, and true refinement of manners in each and every member of one and the same family.







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